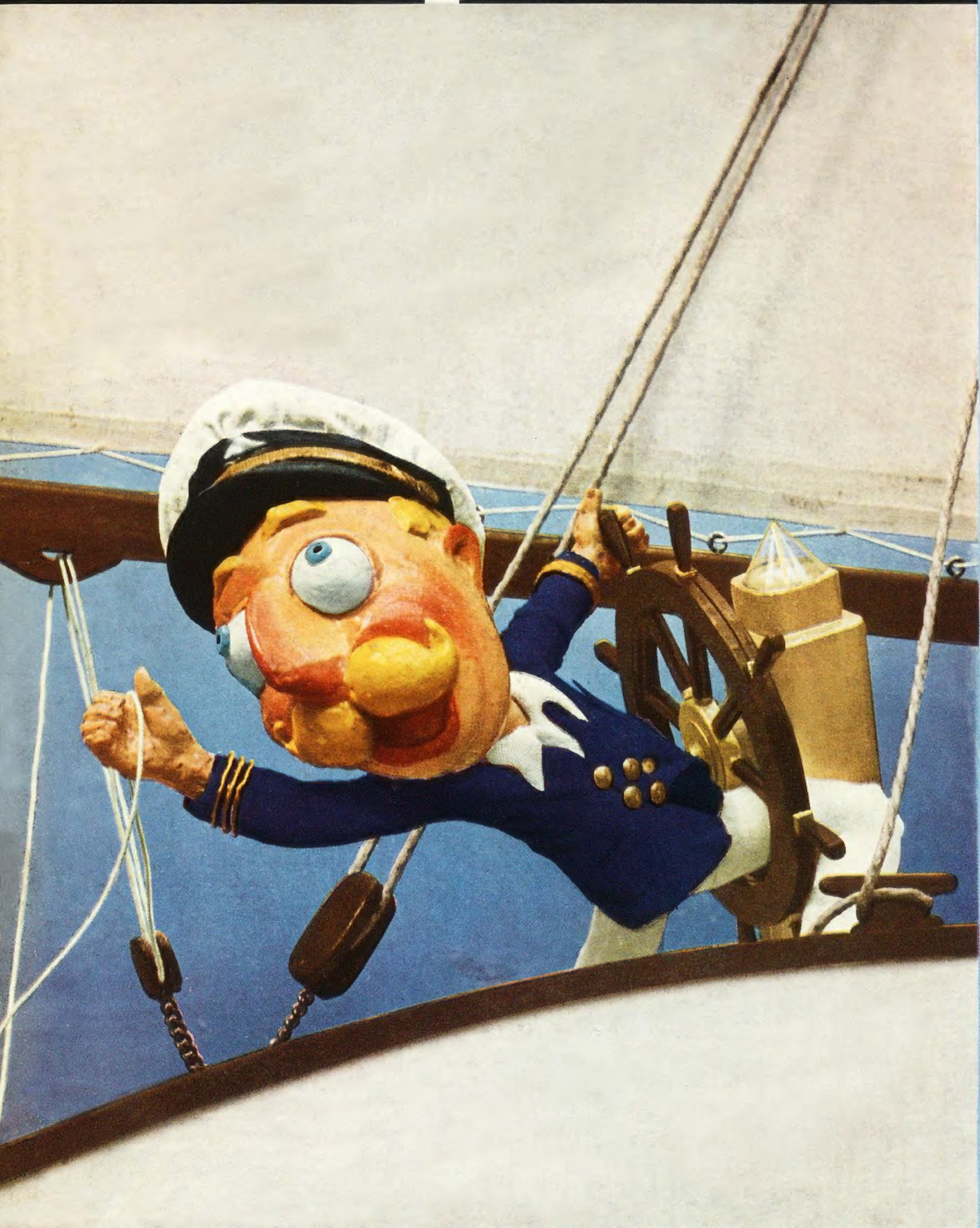
A. N. C.

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER



ARTICLES

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
BERTRAND RUSSELL
ALAN VILLIERS
W. C. FIELDS
FRANK SCULLY
ALBERT PARRY
THEODORE PRATT
CHESTER T. CROWELL
PAUL W. KEARNEY
WILLIAM C. WHITE
DAY EDGAR
CARLTON BROWN
JAMES MARLOW

FICTION

KNUT HAMSUN
THOMAS BURKE
EDW. L. McKENNA
PIERRE MILLE
FREDERICK SCRIBNER
LOUIS PAUL
MICHAEL FESSIER
RION BERCOVICI
CHESTER B. HIMES

SPORTS

DICK HANLEY
VICTOR WEYBRIGHT
LAWRENCE PERRY
HORACE WADE
EDWARD VAN ANTWERP

HUMOR

ANTHONY GITTINS
EDWARD ACHESON
BAYNARD H. KENDRICK
RAYMOND KNIGHT

DEPARTMENTS

GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
SIGMUND SPAETH
JOHN V. A. WEAVER
MEYER LEVIN
A. de SAKHNOFFSKY

CARTOONS

JOHN GROTH
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TY MAHON
JAY IRVING
RODNEY de SARRO
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(COVER)

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FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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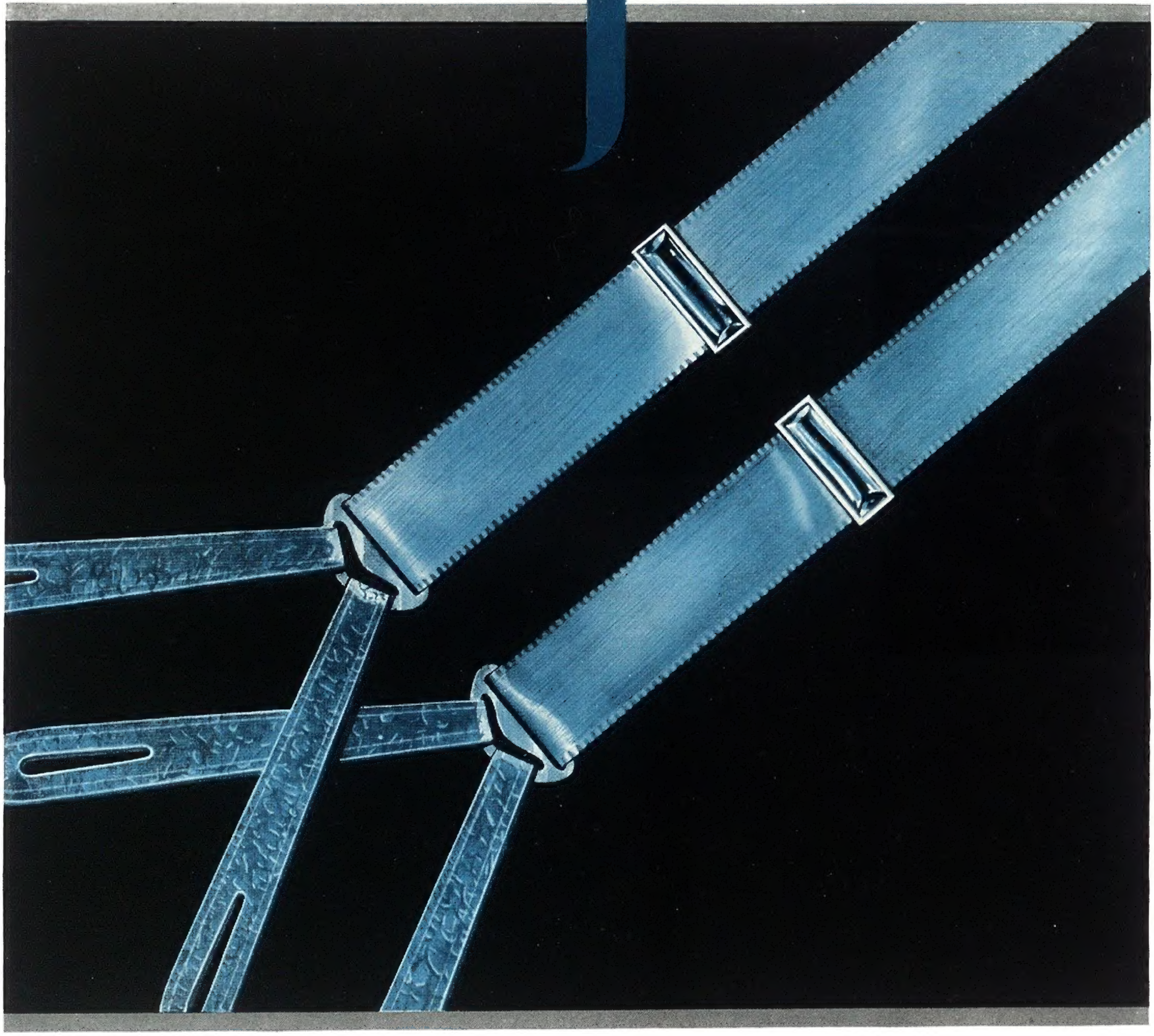

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HICKOK

STYLE LEADERSHIP

ESQUIRE
October, 1934

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Vol. II, No. 5
Whole No. 11

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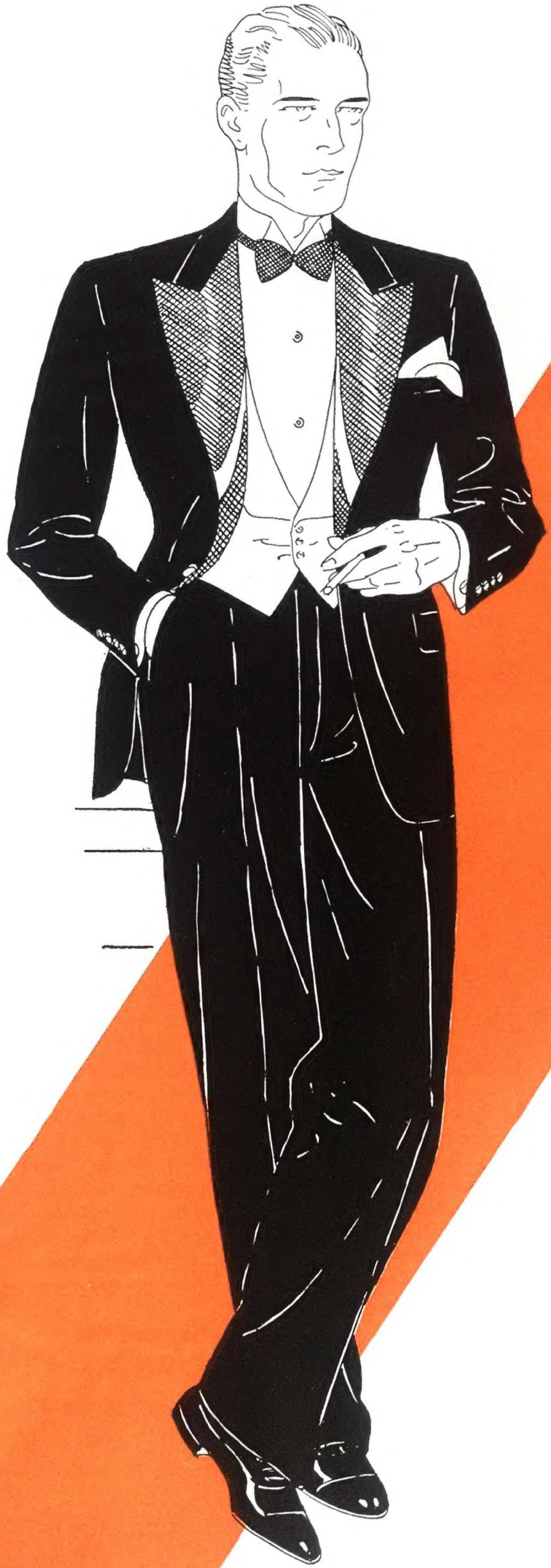

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

VIDE ET CREDE

WHEREVER YOU ARE

IF YOU WISH YOUR TUXEDO TO EMBRACE ABSOLUTE CORRECTNESS, SUPERB QUALITY AND THE VARIOUS CURRENT CHARACTERISTICS OF STYLE AND ELEGANCE, YOU ARE NOW OFFERED AN OPPORTUNITY TO ORDER BY MAIL. THE TUXEDO ILLUSTRATED IS THE FINCHLEY INTERPRETATION OF LONDON'S MOST DISTINGUISHED AND RECENT CUSTOM-TAILOR MODEL. IT NOW MAKES ITS INITIAL APPEARANCE, AND MAY BE HAD IN EXCELLENT UNFINISHED WORSTED, WITH EVERY DETAIL OF TAILORING OF THE INCOMPARABLE FASHION PARK STANDARD. CUSTOM TREATED SHOULDERS, LAPELS AND SLEEVEHEADS. PURE SILK LINED. INFORMATION AND SAMPLES ON REQUEST. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

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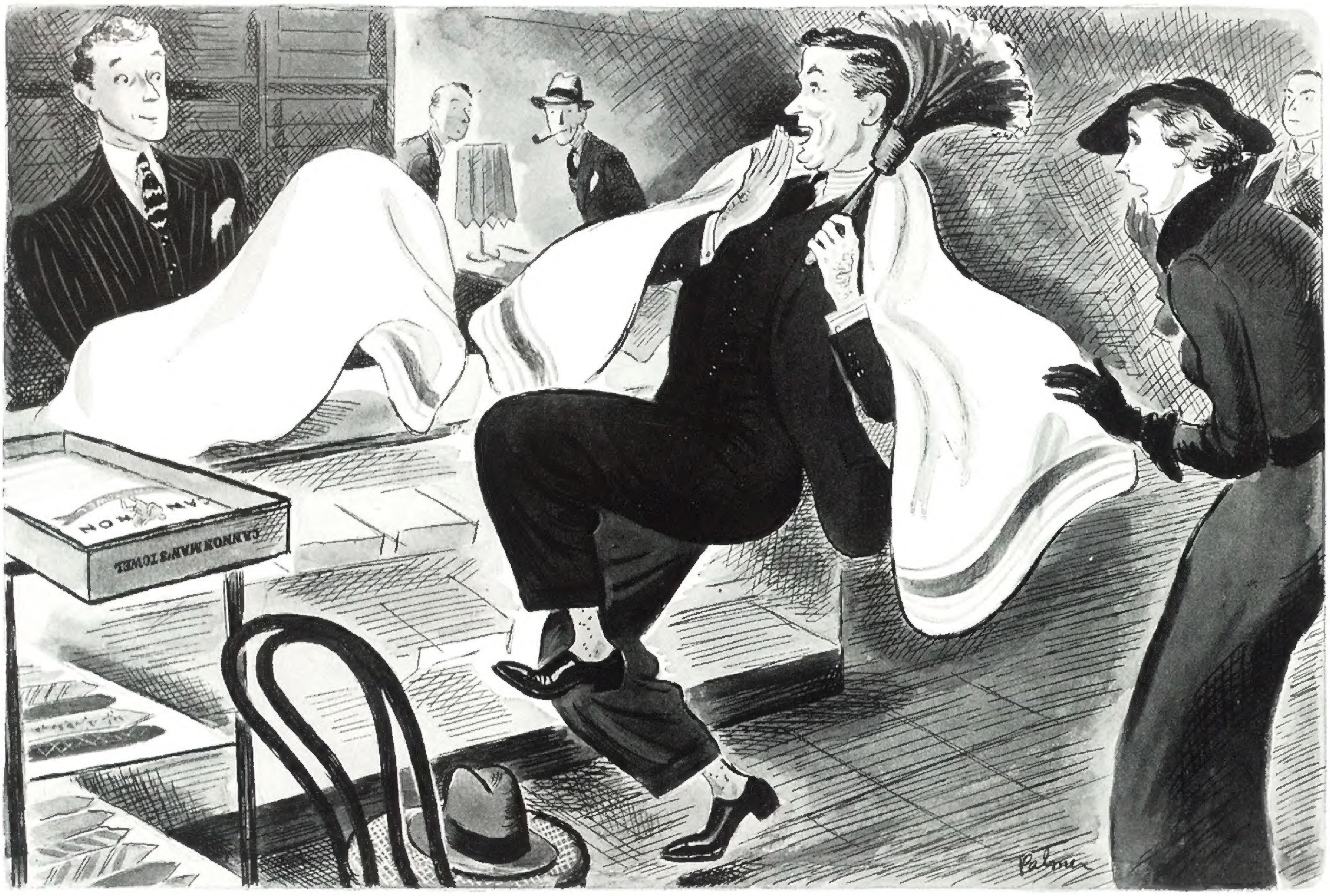

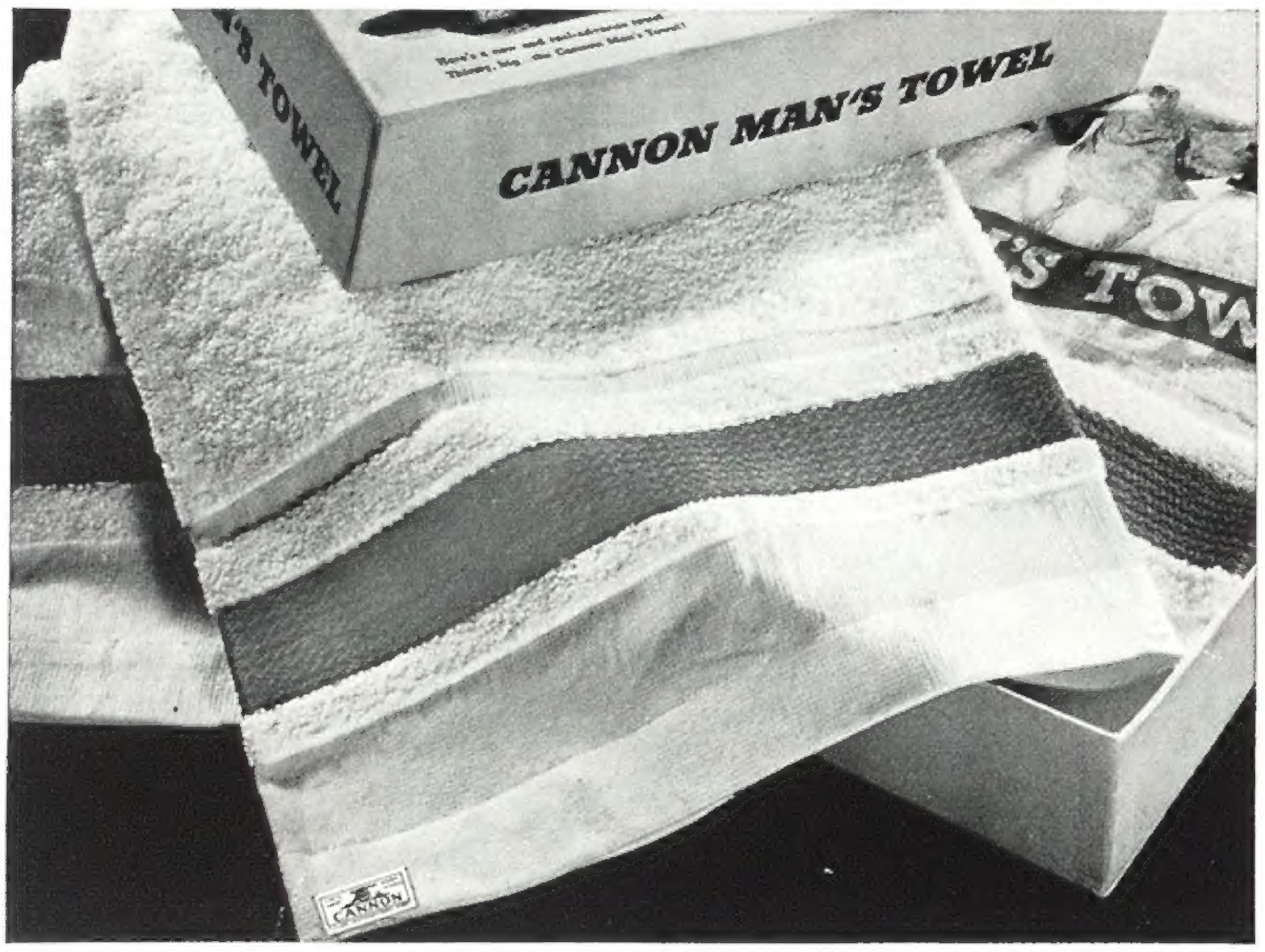

WILMER, as you can see, is elated. He has just discovered a towel which, to his imaginative mind, resembles nothing so much as an Indian Chief's blanket.

Wilmer is right. But the new Cannon Man's Towel, under whose heavy folds he is cutting up, has many an advantage which an Indian Chief's blanket does *not* have.

It's thirstier, for one thing — thirsty as a couple of acres of desert. And it's more than four feet long and two feet wide. Which makes it yours-all-yours, for no fragile female could ever muster enough muscle to wield it. But don't let your wife hear about its *special thin strip* for getting into wet ears. She might sidle up to the monster and use it on her own ears!

The new Cannon Man's Towel, to tell you the truth, has all the features of those towels you've reveled in at the really up-and-coming hotels and clubs. $3.50 at any good men's store will buy you all of three, done up in a special box. And you can take your choice of all-white or white-with-colored-borders. So why not? . . . Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

LIKE CLUB TOWELS

In the *best hotels and clubs you*
Never find a towel that snubs you.
So at home why dry on "meshes"
Meant for only female fleshes?

FOR MEN ONLY

Here's *a towel that's down your alley;*
Much too big for Beth or Sally.
Four feet long, it's big and "beary,"
Meant for guys whose chests are hairy!

REMEMBERS EARS

Even has *a special thin piece*
Serving as an ear-get-in-piece —
Cannon Man's Towel! At all nifty
Men's shops. Price? Three for three-fifty!

CANNON MAN'S TOWEL 3 for $3.50

"IT WAS BACK IN '65"

Paul Jones
FOUR STAR
Fine
Whiskey

NO year in history is quite so momentous to these old soldiers as 1865.

It marked the end of a great war, the re-birth of a nation. And it marked, too, their first acquaintance with a whiskey that has been their friend and comrade ever since. *Paul Jones Whiskey!*

For it was back in '65 that this whiskey first sparkled into a glass. And it's been the increasing choice of connoisseurs ever since.

Today, it's made as it was in the old days—from the finest, aged-in-the-wood, hand-made whiskies. *No tricks!* And it's made today by the same company that first produced it four generations ago. *Frankfort!*

To know how great a whiskey tradition and skill like this can produce, get a bottle of Paul Jones. Compare it with other whiskies *in mellow flavor, in its genial, old-fashioned smoothness, in its absence of headaches.*

Paul Jones is bottled *only* in full pints and quarts, and comes sealed in the exclusive Frankfort Pack, a tin-top-and-bottom carton *that must be destroyed* before the bottle within it can be removed.

"Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book"—written in the inimitable style of the famous Paducah Colonel—is now ready for distribution. Send 10c in stamps for your copy to Frankfort Distilleries, Dept. 401, Louisville, Ky.

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful

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that Lead in
Men's Apparel -

TROUSERS TAILORED WITH TALON

WHY **TALON** MEANS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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1 Talon Trouser Fastener is a special slide fastener made expressly for trouser use . . . very small and extremely flexible.

2 Talon Trouser Fastener is absolutely invisible when the fly is closed—almost invisible when the fly is open.

3 Talon Trouser Fastener scientifically applied—it is impossible for it to catch in underclothing.

4 Talon Trouser Fastener creates a continuous closure so smooth and *thin* that only a fine line indicates the opening.

5 Talon Trouser Fastener eliminates the ugliness of the button fly. Side wrinkles and gaps between buttons are gone.

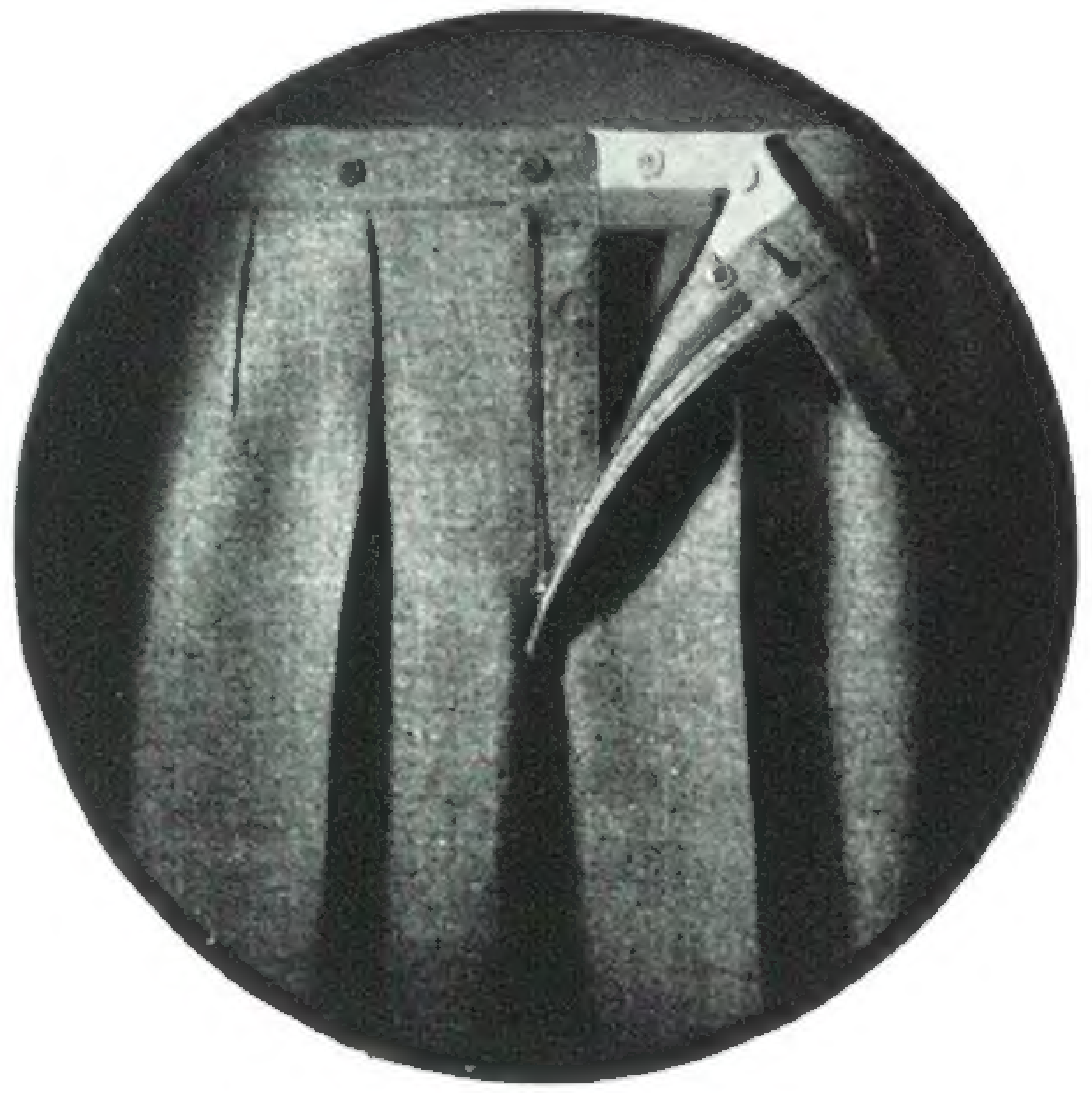
6 With Talon Trouser Fastener, the old buttonhole strip is omitted—eliminating the bulkiness of fly tailoring.

7 Talon Trouser Fastener excludes the possibility of embarrassing disarray. It gives complete assurance of security.

8 Talon, in use, does not require undoing the top trouser button. It moves smoothly from top to bottom of the fly.

9 Talon Trouser Fastener is the slide fastener that is not harmed by either dry cleaning or pressing.

10 Talon, unlike the old buttons and buttonholes, gives perfect, unchanging service far beyond the life of a suit.



THE NAME IS ON THE SLIDER

in Clothes Correctly Styled

Trousers closed with Talon Slide Fasteners are now established beyond question. The dictators of styles for men have decreed that, this Fall, smart clothes will have trousers tailored with Talon.

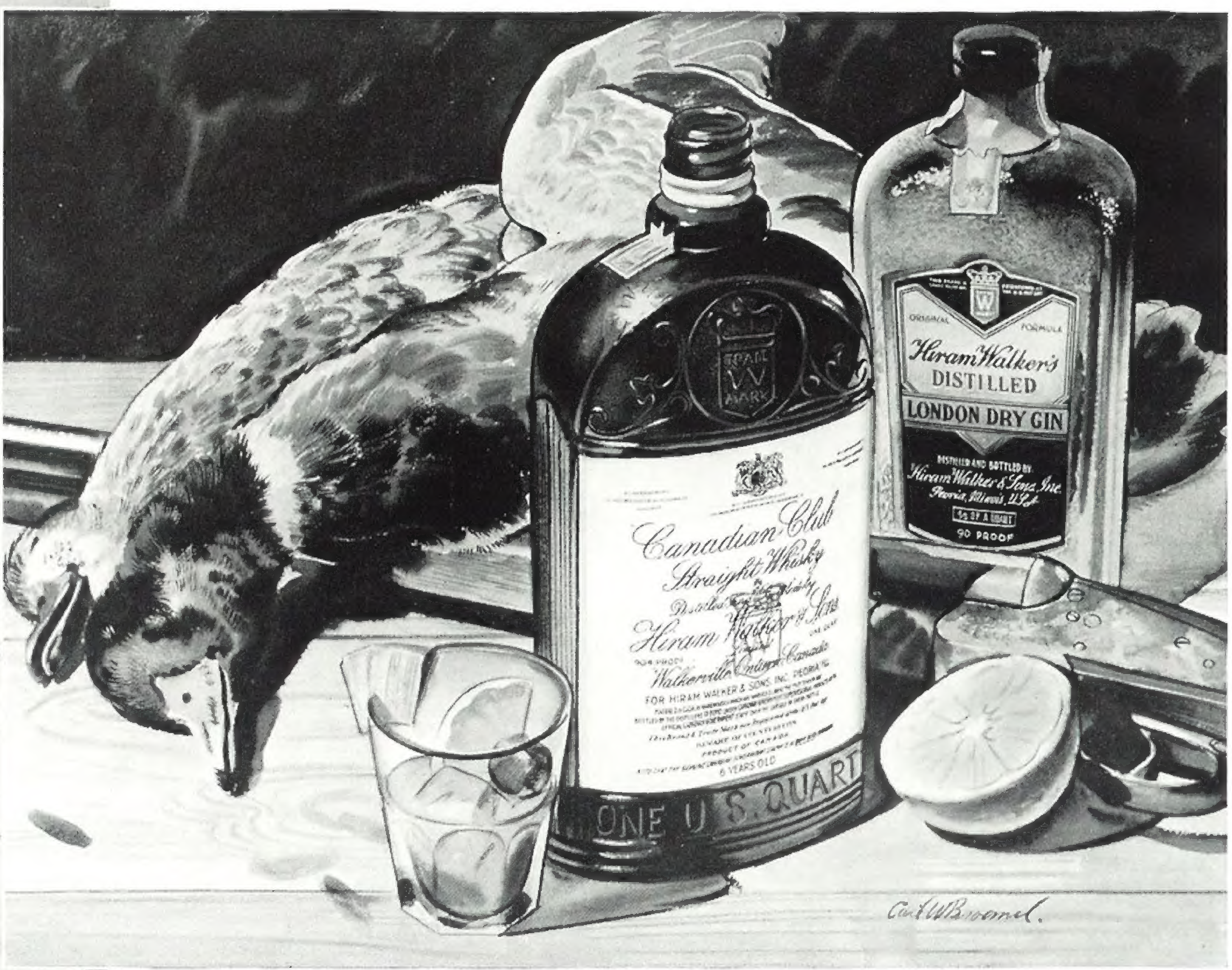
The foremost designers in America have sponsored this newest contribution to fine tailoring. The great names in the clothing industry have adopted it for their Autumn models.

The leading custom tailors of the country are using it to achieve that perfection of detail in tailoring for which they continually strive.

Today, in almost every fine men's clothing store in America, Talon-fastened trousers are established as the latest refinement in the tailoring of suits for men of all ages—for business—for dress; and of the better clothes for boys, as well.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PA. · NEW YORK · BOSTON
PHILADELPHIA · CHICAGO · LOS ANGELES · SAN FRANCISCO · SEATTLE

"CANADIAN CLUB"



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If you like a fine, bonded whisky—try "Canadian Club," favorite the world over for more than three generations in the best hotels, clubs and restaurants, as well as in the finest homes. Its uniform quality and purity are assured by selection of the choicest grains. Every drop is aged five years or more in charred oak casks under Government supervision. Constant vigilance is maintained to safeguard every process of its manufacture. Only the 75-year-old house of Hiram Walker could produce a whisky so distinctive in flavor, so delightful in aroma. It is today's value, as you will learn when you compare the price of "Canadian Club" with that of any other high-grade bonded whisky on the market. Another splendid product that is sure to please you is Hiram Walker's Distilled London Dry Gin—a perfect running mate for world-famous "Canadian Club" from every standpoint. Make these two Hiram Walker values your next purchase.

Hiram Walker & Sons
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
DISTILLERIES AT PEORIA, ILLINOIS, AND WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA

Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the new clothes and accessories in sketches .... *by* Fellows and Hurd, beginning on page 89

Art Directors: John Groth, Maurice Freed

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

As for the toes we tread on

A number of letters of protest followed the appearance of Fred C. Kelly's "How Banks Betray the Public" in the August issue. Reflection upon them has led us to the general conclusion that bankers are more tolerant toward Mr. Kelly than he is toward bankers. Typical of this attitude is the letter of the Ohio Bankers Association: "We are not disposed to defend any avoidable errors committed by bankers. We do feel, however, that those able men who brought their institutions through the money panic deserve praise rather than sinister insinuation. If it be your policy to condemn and scorn those who failed, might it not be more vividly drawn by contrasting them with those whose ability brought their banks through the fire? If it should be determined that the purported historical facts cited by Kelly be true as to two institutions in Cleveland, would that justify a sweeping indictment, even indirectly, of the thousands of banks carrying on today and performing the legitimate banking services so important to any city? It is on behalf of these that we write to you in protest. We put it up to you. Should all bankers today be forced to undergo such unfair reflections? . . . The title, 'How Banks Betray the Public,' is certainly not in keeping with justice or truth . . . This letter is not written in a spirit of controversy, but rather to leave with you some ideas which you might wish to have in case similar articles are submitted to you in the future."

Esquire regrets, and regards as unfair, the too general nature of the title. Esquire also regrets that this article, or indeed any signed article in any issue, should be taken as a statement of policy. Esquire has no policy of "condemning and scorning" anybody or anything. It seeks only to provide varied entertainment to civilized adults. In the course of so doing, it may frequently and consciously offend certain cherished prejudices, but it has no wish, need, nor intention of going beyond that point. If we permitted Mr. Kelly to indulge in "sinister insinuation" as to the probity of all bankers, then that was a foul by our own rules and we apologize.

As for the A and B pages

Why there should be anything offensive about a page marked 18A, when a page marked 18 is all right, is beyond us. But then so many things are. Those pages, if you must know, represent advertising gains over the expected lineage for which we have allowed in making up our issues. Feel any better about them now? We do.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

RETORT TO TULLY

I'm not quite the ass that Tully tries to make me out.

One of my reasons for going to Mexico in 1927 was to see Diego Rivera's murals at the Bureau of Education. I was looking at them the morning I arrived in Mexico City, and didn't meet Rivera until nearly a week later.

When I got back to New York on a Monday morning in August, no other ship being due that day, the ship's reporters interviewed me. I confined my remarks on Mexico mainly to its artistic Renaissance and Rivera and said he was the greatest living painter. That made a headline in The World next morning. It was the first time, I think, that anyone in this country had called Diego that without qualifications.

In 1928 when I became the editor of Creative Art, I wrote an article on Diego's philosophy of art and quoted at length an interview with him. Shortly afterwards I published a translated article by him, that he wrote for the paper, one of the first, if not the first, to appear over his signature in this country and accompanied it with the most complete set of illustrations of his murals that had been printed up to that time.

Sincerely,

Westport, New York LEE SIMONSON

RIPOSTE FROM RAPALLO

In the interests of accuracy:

I. It was not I (as stated in "El Sol" for May 28th) but Mr. Hemingway who caught the grave of the Unknown Sailor.

II. Much as I hate to contradict Jimmie Charters, had he been at the center table instead of the one nearer the door, he would have seen that Mr. McAlmon tackled the dope peddler. ("Esquire" for August, pages 42, 43.)

III. (or thirdly), your printer has mixed illustrations 4 and 6 in my article on Gaudier. The "Telludid" on Page 74 is not by Gaudier but by a living sculptor named Heinz (the small print under the halftone is correct, but the paragraph in column 3 does not correspond to it).

yrz,

Rapallo, Italy EZRA POUND

P. S. Minor error on Page 126. I never said Craig was a snob. He can't help being English. I have known him since about 1912. J. C. is correct in saying that Mr. Craig and I have not met in Rapallo, tho' we were both here at the same time, for a few months, in somewhere about 1925. E. P.

PANEGYRIC TO PEORIA

I read with passing interest Theodore Dreiser's "An Address to Caliban" in the September issue of ESQUIRE. Mr. Dreiser seems to be greatly discouraged with Chicago's inability to progress in accordance with his desires. If people must be made unhappy by such trivial faults as those of Chicago, then let them listen to the sad, sad story of my environment:

Peoria, Illinois, the dirtiest city in the United States, is situated within easy smell of three distilleries, two breweries, a slaughter-house, a glucose plant, and a stagnant lake.

The weather is worse than that in hell. When it does not rain in Peoria, the inhabitants congratulate one another and exclaim, "Vot a vine day." All business houses close and the whole community declares a holiday. When the sun shines, it is only last week's rays just penetrating the soot which constantly chokes the neighborhood.

The streets of Peoria are littered with garbage and insect-breeding refuse. Hogs run through the sidewalks with impunity.

The smoke and dust are so dense that one dares not enter the city unless equipped with gas-mask, lantern, and compass. I had a friend who once attempted to escape this hell-hole by ascending the bluffs. Upon reaching the top my friend became hysterical and ran for the swamplands of Peoria (the main street of Peoria winds its way through the center of this swamp), where he quickly revived. He later testified that he experienced nausea from the comparatively rarefied atmosphere of the bluffs and knew of no remedy except to rush back to the smoke-fog of the city.

Last month all two-story buildings were torn down, because tortured citizens would seek escape from their deplorable environment by leaping from top-stories. Demolishing the high structures decreases the mortality rate.

There is a popular Club in Peoria intended for the man who wishes to bemoan his miserable situation with another. The total membership and waiting-list of the club equals the entire sane male population.

Excuse me, I must go and take a bath.

Peoria, Ill. A FUGITIVE

OR GET MORE ADVERTISING?

Your September issue is better than ever. I have read it from cover to cover—ads and all. What I'd like to know is—How do you do it for 50c? I have a fair idea of color plate and production costs. I can only imagine what your editorial costs are, but they're plenty, I'm sure.

As I figure it, you're giving us the best magazine obtainable today—and you're losing money on every issue. You're either going to have to lower your standards—literary or production or both—or cut down on the material.

Bouquets: Harpo Marx's funny Russian skit; the very amusing "Tourjours l'Amour" by Joseph Schrank; Brennan's article on the current cinema; and "Gods of the Stick," fearless and discriminating article by Carleton Smith. Incidentally, why not let the last two, Brennan and Smith, run your Movie and Music Departments for a while. I, personally, dislike Meyer Levin's cocksure ignorance, and I haven't much faith in Spaeth's musical intelligence. Keep on publishing Joseph Schrank.

Brickbats: John Groth is slipping. Gilbert Seldes is so damned superior, he gives me a pain. And the cover this month isn't so hot. The "Direct Color Process by Rosenow" isn't as clear and rich as previous color work.

I suppose you'll keep on surprising me by appearing on the newsstands every month. Good luck to you!

Very truly yours,

Chicago, Ill. I. HALLEN

TO WINIFRED N. CATERSON

I applaud you, Winifred,
After having thoroughly read
(With much amusement, I'll admit)
Your rhymely, timely little bit
In which you mourn the woeful passing,
With much alacking and alasing,
Of that basis of Man's zeal—
The so-called "myth" of Sex Appeal.
For me you've rightly shattered faith in
The opinions of one George Jean Nathan.
Men as cynically inclined
As he are pretty hard to find;
For most of us still like to think
That there's a smile and there's a wink
Behind the face that, on the stage,
Is so adept with mirth or rage.
I'll grant him that a mere physique
Will lose attraction rather queek
Unless there's something deeper there—
A mind beneath that golden hair.
A person who can speak and act
Is really, in herself, intact—
But that's no right for saying "Ergo,
There's practically no reason ter go
On and add that little spiel
About evasive Sex Appeal."
Ask the man who nightly handles
Ticket-taking at the "Scandals";
Or the one who always callies
Taxis after every "Follies"—
They will tell you, mark my word,
That there is always quite a herd
Of those who crave a great array
Of female beauty on display.
Personally, I find the Drama
The outstanding panorama
In this entertaining age—
May we say "Long live the Stage!"
But I think Nathan goes too far
In his anti-S. A. war.
For Sex Appeal suppose we give
Another one—"Long may IT live!"

York, Pa. W. C. LUCAS

EDITOR'S NOTE: It seems necessary to explain, for the benefit of those who may be tuning in on this show for the first time this month, that the foregoing is in response to a verse by Winifred N. Caterson which appeared in the Sound and the Fury for September commenting upon George Jean Nathan's article *The Sex Appeal Myth* which appeared in ESQUIRE for August.

POUND ON ECONOMICS

It is very swell to read your magazine every month out here in the Michigan dunes and your list of contributors is the most brilliant I've ever seen in any American magazine. I was particularly glad to see Pound's name and read his strong sketch on Gaudier. I've liked Kelly's stuff on bonds and banking too, but would it be too presumptuous to suggest you get Pound to do some economic sketches? His little *A B C of Economics* is the clearest presentation of that subject, and the honestest, for the plain reader, that I've so far seen.

Yours,

Holland, Michigan PAUL DE KRUIF

EDITOR'S NOTE: Ezra Pound is doing several papers on economics for ESQUIRE. The first will probably appear in the December issue.

A LANDLUBBER QUERIES . . .

My first attempt at literary criticism is to give what help I can (poor landlubber that I am) to your author of "sea stories," Bill Adams. The Sea is an almost sacred being, and in writing or speaking of it one should at all times try to know the facts and use the correct language. Though my knowledge of these is very limited, I have been able to find many weak spots in his narratives.

Apparently Mr. Adams' fondness for the sea centers itself in wind-ships, as does mine. But unfortunately he does not use his knowledge of the sailing of them to the best advantage. In "Captain Barlow's Pride" in the August issue he has the captain keep all men *on deck* for 72 consecutive hours with only half-hour periods of rest for part of them every twelve hours or so and with little food.

This was supposed to be in bad weather, snow, rain, sleet, and huge seas running. Let me see the men that do that; not even the boys in the Cape Horners go so long. Would a wise captain keep all his men on deck so long or foolishly set and take in so much sail in squally weather? Working with sails takes time; squalls can easily blow out several before the ship can be shortened down.

Though the plots are good, I feel that Mr. Adams spoils his stories by an apparent lack of intimate acquaintance with the sea.

In "Mother Carey's Chicken" the narrative is again spoiled. All's well to page 147. Then, how could anyone expect a ship of over 100 tons to keep on into the wind with her wheel LASHED and no one to steer her? It seems the natural thing happened, too. *Because* no one was at the wheel, the ship broached-to, and a great wave rolled her over.

The worst mistake of all is in the middle of that page—"the bulwarks gone," "the HATCH gone," "the ballast gone," "the deck stove in," "a crack two inches wide." I wager anything that not even the *Petrel* could stand that! Picture a ship with all those vital things gone from her, in a terrific hurricane, with hundreds of tons of water pouring green over her decks, sweeping down the hatch!

No ship would float ten minutes; no man could live on that deck; life-lines are useless! Even in fiction one must keep to the possible, or a story becomes absurd.

I hope this lengthy harangue will show you what I mean by "know the facts." If Mr. Adams wants to write with genuine knowledge of the sea, he should take a voyage in a wind-ship. Also, he should use abbreviations—t'gall'nts'ls, mains'ls, foc'sle—they always sound better. Try again, Mr. Adams, and bring in another, better story.

Sincerely,

Lancaster, Pa. JAMES G. DODGE

. . . AND A SAILOR REPLIES

With regard to the criticisms of Mr. Dodge, in my story "Captain Barlow's Pride"—It is very evident that he knows nothing whatever of life in square-riggers. I was myself, when in the barque *Silberhorn, ninety-six hours* with only six hours' rest. We were riding out a very heavy gale.

The weather was wintry, "with fog, mist, falling snow, and heavy rain squalls." In "Captain Barlow's Pride" nothing is overdone. Nothing. If you like, I can put you in touch with several retired sailing skippers who will advise you as to whether I know of what I write.

Mr. Dodge may perhaps remember how, during the great German attack in March 1918, the Canadian troops fought for a full week without rest; trying to stem the advance of the German army. It is almost incredible the amount of endurance that is shown, at times, by the human body—when said human body has a mind behind it to give it courage.

As regards the criticism of the little tale "Mother Carey's Chicken," that was not fiction, as the heading above the tale stated. That was fact, plain and simple. Did Mr. Dodge visit the Shetlands he would be able to corroborate the story. The Petrel turned turtle, and was handled just as described in my story. Mr. Dodge does not know the meaning of the term "broach to." That tale was taken by me from records of the actual happening. There was nothing at all absurd about it. Mr. Dodge knows nothing of what he speaks. I may state that I was round Cape Horn in a square-rigger before I was twenty-two years of age, *seven times*.

I will state further that I made those voyages in a Blue Nose ship. As fine a ship, sailed by as fine a skipper, as ever went to sea. I am at all times ready and glad to reply to any criticisms.

Sincerely,

Berkeley, Cal. BILL ADAMS

RE: TUNIS AT TENNIS

Upon my return from Newport, I read the article on Mercer Beasley, my tennis coach, by John R. Tunis in the September issue of ESQUIRE.

All I can say is Mr. Tunis does not know "Beas" any more than he does his tennis. He states that Beas can not play tennis and after watching Mr. Tunis try to play the game, I am willing to back Beas in a match any time, any court, any place, for my coach can at least execute the proper strokes correctly as well as teach them to me. I am writing this without the knowledge of the man I love and admire and whom I personally know has helped hundreds without being paid one cent.

Misquoted facts by Mr. Tunis in his ignorance are unfair and prompt me to write you.

Very truly yours,

Philadelphia, Pa. FRANK PARKER

REWARD OF THE CANDID

I.

I noticed in your August issue that Mr. Robert Rinehart has an antipathy for your "Candid Cameraman," which he expresses in bombast heaped upon bombast.

May I rise in defense of Mr. Levin? Personally, I have unlimited confidence in his cinematic judgments. Have gone to countless movies on his recommendations and have, as yet, to be let down. He seems to me an exceptionally shrewd and intelligent critic, with a nice gift for strikingly characterizing the qualities of individual plays and players. Mr. Rinehart deplores the fact that Mr. Levin is not an "authentic flicker critic." I should be interested in learning what Mr. Rinehart understands the definition of "authentic" to be, particularly as applied to criticism. It is a dangerous term, a fact which no less a person than Anatole France discovered some time ago.

Mr. Levin has no obvious bias; nor is he easily "taken in." Perhaps most important of all, he seems to recognize the true function of the cinema—entertainment, but entertainment which does not too crudely jolt our intelligence.

This letter represents not the opinion of myself alone, but that of numerous friends of both sexes, who are readers of your magazine.

Sincerely yours,

Philadelphia, Pa. MARIE PLANTS

II.

In your August issue, Mr. Robert Rinehart denounced Meyer Levin, your "candid cameraman," as being anything but a critic. Evidently, Mr. Rinehart doesn't know what taste is or else he doesn't have any. I have never read as entertaining articles on movie reviews as those Mr. Levin writes. He IS candid in every sense of the word. He doesn't recommend a picture just because Greta Garbo is in it. His columns are a relief after reading those cheap reviews in movie magazines and newspapers that have a good word for every show put out whether it's punk or not just because it's playing in town. Here's to Mr. Levin and his candid reviews and still better, ESQUIRE!

Very truly yours,

Atlantic City, N. J. ABRAHAM LEVIN

P. S. No, I'm not his uncle.

Continued on page 14

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

ANYTHING FOR THE LOCKER ROOM?

I have just finished reading Mr. Burton Rascoe's piece in your September issue and cannot resist the impulse to tell you how much I appreciate finding someone who can keep his composure when exposed to the rave and Durante type of humor.

And now for a good word about ESQUIRE itself. I started with the first issue (quarterly) and have nothing to pan except the rich pay dirt I find in each number. (The sixth word back has no connection with the running scrap between the guys and the lads over Mr. Hemingway's virtue.)

I like "The Sound and the Fury"—especially the way you handle your replies so as to put on a good show for the rest of us without offending the writer of the letter. In fact there's so little I don't like about ESQUIRE that I forget what it is or was—maybe one of those vulgar things by Hoff, eh?

May I offer a suggestion? Why not have a page devoted to tall stories and funny ones that readers might swap? Might call it "The Locker Room" or something similar. We'll try to keep it clean out of deference to N. Pilka (Majoren Per Glorian), remember?

That's all, except that I wish you plenty of nice, fat advertising accounts and an increasing list of appreciative subscribers.

Sincerely yours,
Overbrook, Philadelphia EDMUND E. SMITH

PRETTY GOOD SHOT AT KOMROFF

Permit me to deplore the publication in your periodical of the story "A Pretty Good Shot" by Manuel Komroff. It might be a good idea for authors to visit a court room or to consult any attorney before giving court room scenes as they can't happen. The court room dialogue in Komroff's story is impossible. The prosecuting attorney asks questions calling for opinions and conclusions of the witness, the sheriff, and the objection of the defense attorney gives any lawyer the jitters. Witnesses are allowed to testify as to what they saw or what they heard, with some exceptions not present in the Komroff story, and can't be questioned as to whether someone was a good shot or what they thought the intentions of the defendant were.

The whole story is as carelessly put forward as the court room scene in Mae West's "I'm No Angel" which may have caused laughter to the uninformed but could cause nothing but annoyance to those informed of legal procedure. In addition, the pretty good shot turns out to be the sheriff's son, a trite turn to the tale, vaguely imitative of O. Henry. All in all, the story is just plain poor. Maybe, as the heading says, some who read it will get a catch in the throat, but more people, particularly attorneys, would like to catch the author by the throat.

Yours very truly,
Sacramento, Calif. E. A. LACKMANN

ADD QUERIES TO BILL ADAMS

I never expected to wax sufficiently indignant to expend three whole cents to the criticism of your material.

Let's skip what I like—there's no need for comment upon that.

But just why is Raymond Knight? In a magazine of your calibre, his slapstick is as ludicrous as the traditional skunk cabbage in a flower show!

And what have you done to Bill Adams! There are only three Limeys who ever could produce a real sea story. Kipling could, but he went crasiatic, with his Indian stuff. Masefield has forsaken his old love for a hybrid style of verse. And now, ye gods, I find Bill Adams' seamen "tying down" mains'ls, and "rolling" sails upon entering port!

I freely admit I've never sailed aboard a square rigger, but I have a deep interest in them. The use of such lubberly language makes my hair crawl! I have always maintained that proper use of the vernacular is the greatest proof of authenticity. So when I see an Honest-to-God shellback using such sissy terms, I become suspicious.

Did Bill Adams really stoop to such expressions, or are they the work of a self-appointed interpreter on your editorial staff?

Have we all become such hothouse pansies that a magazine for *men* must have an interpreter for its sea stories? God forbid!

I have always had the greatest admiration for Bill Adams, but my faith in him will be shattered if I find he is guilty of such linguistic infidelity. Can you clear his name?
New London, Conn. JOHNNY RYAN

IN RE *GODS OF THE STICK*

It has come to pass that many managers of artists and soloists, instrumental as well as vocal, have given preference to artists of the more demonstrative or showy variety, those who build their success and popularity not only on legitimate artistry but also depend upon strongly developed individual traits to captivate and fascinate their audiences.

The same may be said of the conductors of symphony orchestras. On the one hand there is the kind that adheres strictly to what might be called the "musical" side of conducting—the artistic interpretation of the text on hand, within the composer's own intention, in more or less undemonstrative fashion. The other kind bases its conductorial principles on showmanship before the public. Their intentions are confined not only to the reading of the score but also to conveying the idea to the public that their individuality is so strongly pronounced and developed that it may rise above the interpretation of the music itself, the merits of which they seek to overshadow or minimize through the display of personal grandeur and the dominating force of their personalities.

In debating this there is no doubt but that the question resolves itself into the point of musicianship vs. showmanship. I have myself always upheld that a conductor should be a musician par excellence, a fine teacher and always a tactful disciplinarian in order to obtain the best results from the men under his charge.

It has been my experience that with advancing years even those conductors most demonstrative in their physical demeanor have grown to be more conservative in their general attitude before the public: that they have experienced a change of heart by which they find themselves willing to let the music speak for itself and avoid striving for effects which are extraneous and devoid of real artistic significance. "Youth" of course has much to recommend itself in orchestral conducting but "youth" must learn to distinguish between conducting for the public and conducting for the orchestra and should not forget that a leader should be heard more and seen less, which is just the opposite of what we expect from small children.

A first class orchestra needs very few outward movements (which are the technical part of conducting). What it needs lies between the text on hand and the players. They must be made to realize that above all it is their task to play music and not merely notes while the conductor seeks to unravel all hidden mysteries and solve for the players all those riddles of which the notes are but an outward symbol. To recreate and reproduce the composer's aims and vision in strictest conformity to his wishes—this after all is the supreme art of conducting; one which is only attained in fuller years.

While it is true that real conductors are born and not made, yet the fact remains that all have a long and arduous road to follow, that to achieve enduring success means endless struggle and effort.
Chicago, Ill. FREDERICK STOCK

REVISING THE RECORD

My attention has been called to an error in your August issue, in an article entitled "Navy's Master of Mitts," by Arthur Grahame.

The writer makes a statement that William V. "Mickey" O'Reegan, Navy 1923, was intercollegiate champion for three years.

On March 5, 1921, John Lukas, Captain of the University of Pennsylvania boxing team, defeated O'Reegan in the 175-pound class. That year Lukas was generally recognized as the intercollegiate Champion.

Realizing that you desire accuracy in your paper, in all its stories, it is my feeling that you will want to make some mention of the above record of Mr. O'Reegan.

Very truly yours,
JOSEPH T. LABRUM
University of Pennsylvania Director
Philadelphia Sports Publicity

PAINFULLY TO PEGLER

When Westbrook Pegler hit the circle of syndicate scriveners, I was amazed that such an intelligent young man had apparently purchased a typewriter from which the periods and commas had been removed. Perhaps it was Pegler's oversight, I granted, for one never knows what to expect from second-hand portables, does one? His ordinary sentences ran longer than a Hopi's explanation of the sun dance. Every sentence was a paragraph unto itself; thus every paragraph was a mystery until—

I read his stuff in your September issue. The guy has actually become cryptic. He has ceased to be a breathless paragrapher. He can be read well and his views can be reasoned without mental rupture.

In only one viewpoint do I differ with Pegler and the fact that it has to do with the alley of the newspaper where he began his own career as I understand it, the sports department, makes me wish I could call him in for a private talk. Pegler, ex-sports writer, says: "A man whose entire experience in the business has been confined to the sports department, with its free-and-easy style and loose editorial discipline would have a hard time meeting the standards of the city desk."

Listen, Pegler, it works both ways. Staff men and general news writers whom I have been forced to recruit (at long intervals) to lend a helping hand, have written such weak stuff that I've cried for a world of men to which would be born only a few with an ounce of writing versatility. When a news reporter pinch hits in this department and writes that a *basketball game* was "a most satisfying demonstration of cooperation and strategy, pleasing to the eyes of fashionably attired young women and gaily shouting boys in the audience," I want to slit his throat with the copy scissors.

Yours painfully,
Lowell, Mass. JOHN F. KENNEY
Sports editor, The Lowell Sun

ANSWERED ON PAGE 11

You may tell Gus Berkes that although practice has not, as yet, made him perfect he is coming closer to the ultimate ideal. However, will you ask someone for me what is the idea of having a couple of "A", "B", and "C" pages each month? In the September issue I find Page 14, 14A, 14B, 14C, and 14D, also 158, A, B, C, and D. What's the matter, don't you want to have more than 170 pages per issue or is there some other secret reason?
Ft. Wayne, Indiana EDWIN D. MEISNER

CHECKUP ON SAKHNOFFSKY

May I offer yet another criticism of Alexis de Sakhnoffsky's beautiful but horribly inaccurate illustrations of "New Foreign Cars"?

Let us say to start, that Bentley (the old company) was famous for its sport cars, very few having been produced as racing cars. Next, what earthly good would leather hood straps do in such a place as illustrated? I doubt whether a 3½ liter Bentley could be found with hood straps. Where are the racing-type hub caps that De Sakhnoffsky so kindly mentions? As a matter of fact the new Bentley carries a cap similar to the Rolls-Royce, and not a false hub as shown in the drawing.

The good old Mercedes-Benz is always brought into a discussion of this sort. A new model? Not the one shown. The same car minus some of the decorations of the artist was brought out in 1928 as the 36-220 H. P. About 1930-31 the model was changed to the S.S. 38-250 H.P. A car nearly the same but with a larger engine.

De Sakhnoffsky seems to be a fine artist, but he should brush up on his cars.

Sincerely,
San Francisco, Calif. W. N. BREEZE

HOW SHALL WE LABEL THIS?

May I call your attention to serious omissions in the September issue: Your cartoons are not clearly designated "CARTOON" and your style pages have no "FASHIONS" captions under them. While you are at it, you might insert "PUN" in parentheses after every second word of Ray Knight's articles. I am glad to see that you make it clear on the front cover that ESQUIRE is a magazine.

Yours,
Newark, N. J. S. K. FENICHEL

FROM THE MINORITY BENCH

I like everything about your magazine except "The Sound and Fury." It's too good a magazine to have a department like that. Gives the impression of a reading public composed of adult morons.

Newark, N. J. CHARLES HART

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are cheered to print the above comment as a counter-irritant to the comment, all too frequently received, that this is too good a department for a magazine like this.

CORRECTION FROM CARMEL

Although delighted to see "A Little Old Spy" in ESQUIRE, I regret your running it as an article. I do not want to be a Halliburton. It could have gone very well as fiction, or even semi-fiction (since you have such a department) but certainly not as an article. There are several reasons: One is the time element. I haven't been in Cuba for three years, and this story is of *this* year. Certainly, when the Negresses attacked the officers' wives, as reported by *Time* a few months ago, I was right here in Carmel. . . . Another thing, had I been writing an article, I would have used exact names of authors, etc., and authentic place names or else none at all. Certainly, the danger of running a bit of fiction as fact concerning a country like Cuba now under military dictatorship, is that probably every Carlos or Mata I may have known down there is placed in danger, if the Cuban authorities should happen to read and believe the "article" . . . And a final reason, and being still at work on, a series of *real* articles on Soviet Asia, I certainly do not wish to get the reputation with either editors or public, as one who confuses fiction with truth.

Yours very truly,

Carmel, Cal. LANGSTON HUGHES

EDITOR'S NOTE: Classification of material in ESQUIRE is always made by the editor, never by the author. This may be a nice thing to know whenever you draw a blank in the Humor section.

WHO SAYS WE'RE LITERARY?

Say, why don't you people stop trying to kid the American public concerning the place that ESQUIRE has made for itself among American periodicals? That ESQUIRE is the best in the literary field is about as true as the propaganda that has gone out from Chicago to the effect that Chicago is the worst American city. After living there for two years I came away with the impression that Chicago is not only America's most beautiful city but the most polite, and one of the most moral—and after reading three issues of ESQUIRE I am thoroughly convinced that it is not only the lousiest magazine in America but the lousiest in any land. I had been taking the matter with a pinch of salt from the beginning, but the thing came to a head with the August issue. If it were left to me, I would fire the whole editorial board for publishing that ridiculous story, "Covered All Night" by Allan Vaughn Elston. I suppose that is why I have never been able to write stories, I wouldn't have the nerve to try anything like the ending in that story on a bunch of kindergarten kids, let alone upon an intelligent American public. If it was not that you happened to publish "Crazy in the Stir" in the same issue I would burn the book, or worse yet, mail it away to one of the hungry hounds that are always clamoring for old issues of ESQUIRE in "Sound and Fury." I think I have never read anything as unconvincing! But you won't have the nerve to publish this letter—you won't have the nerve!—I've just bet a fellow soldier five dollars that you won't! You had better go easy, Boys—you had better go easy! We're not all imbeciles, and when soldiers start to complain things are getting pretty bad.

Honolulu, Hawaii M. E. TEAGUE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Did it occur to you that your fellow soldier might split the five bucks with us? Go easy, soldier, you'll never get rich this way!

FINE PEOPLE MAKE DULL COPY

I note that the lower order of thought, action, emotion, people and conditions make up the entire fiction section of the September issue.

In addition we have

An Address to Caliban.
How to Win a Medal.
War Without a Truce.
Notes on a Hangman.
The Clew of the Bar Rag.

Perhaps you may some day find material about a fine person doing something pleasant.

I always read your advertisements because they boost the best things in life and the market.

Sincerely,

Chicago, Ill. E. PURDY

Continued on page 166B

His Gracious Majesty William the Fourth, reigned 1830-1837

When It's poured

IT REIGNS

Because King William tastes so very good when served, it's very good taste to serve it. Another thing, this mellow and peaty old V. O. P. leaves you with a head in the morning —a *clear* head for business or bridge, matrimony or mathematics... Request King William at your club, cafe or hotel. Every case is delivered from an U.S. Customs bonded warehouse. *Sole U. S. Distributor, Bluebell Importing Corporation, Graybar Building, New York.*

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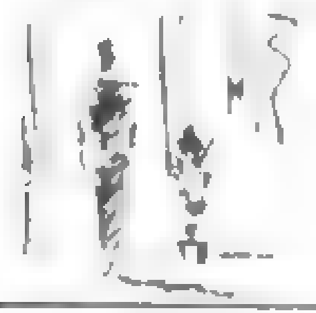

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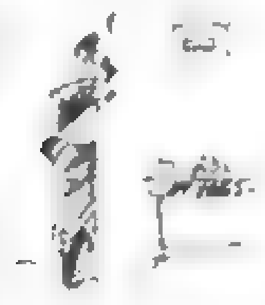
THE HISTORIC AMEN CORNER of the Fifth Avenue Hotel—conveniently located on lower Fifth Ave. at 9th St., N. Y. For two generations a joyous gathering place of the great and near-great—politicians, authors and artists—at the Cocktail Hour and after.



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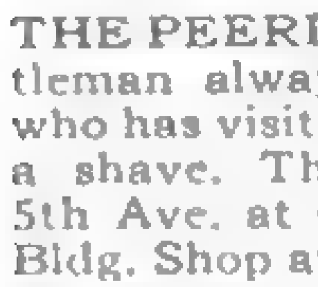

BARBER SHOPS

THE PEERLESS BARBER SHOPS—A gentleman always has that spruce appearance who has visited our shops for hair-cutting and a shave. The French Bldg. Barber Shop, 5th Ave. at 45th St. The Lefcourt National Bldg. Shop at 521 5th Ave. The Britain Bldg. Barber Shop, 1441 Broadway.

As for thingumajigs and gadgets, the one that kept Esquire's ruddy nose pressed against a shop window longest is a cocktail shaker with self-starter, now featured by some of the more alert shopkeepers. No manual labor involved. You wind a little key near the top of the cap and release the button, whereupon the thing churns away all by itself, until the Bacardis are thoroughly mixed and nicely frosted. Another neat item is a new cocktail pick which follows fairly accurately the lines of a military sabre. It clings to the side of the glass. Many of the New York drinking shops are carrying copper-bottomed old-fashioned glasses (or glasses for old-fashioneds, if you will) calculated, so they say, to withstand a deal of knocking around. And, speaking of steamboats, the latest craze among jig-saw puzzle fans is one which, when and if put together, reproduces a modern trans-Atlantic liner in complete and glamorous detail.

Some of the better hatters are featuring midnight blue in the Homburg model. This comes close to the black Homburg that has been a fashionable item in London for well over a year but has been somewhat slow in catching on over here. At night the midnight blue shade is practically black. Incidentally, either the black Homburg or the opera hat may be worn correctly with a dinner jacket. With tails, custom specifies only the opera hat or a high silk. There is a new riding stock that attaches to one's collar buttons and ties into the perfect shape of a bow tie. The effect is not like that of the regular ratcatcher which is characterized by loose, straggly ends. Getting back to hats, though, the thing that's going over biggest is the pork pie shape, reminiscent of the hats last seen hereabouts some twenty years ago. Young English sportsmen gave it its start and it's going strong. It has the low, flat crown which is oval shaped and the effect, however goofy it may seem at first sight, is currently rated as being very smart. It gets its name, if you care to know, from the way in which the dough is kneaded around the top of a pork pie.

There's quite a vogue right now for checkered riding breeches. The influence of town clothes on riding clothes seems to work both ways, however, as it won't be long before you will find the deep side vents that are a practical feature of your riding jacket used as an element of design in your clothes for both town and country wear. As for your velvet smoking jacket, if you have one and if you smoke, all the better smoke shops will be pleased to sell you a velvet tobacco pouch to match it. The Harvard red carnation is so popular for formal evening wear that the smart haberdashers have made one of feathers that look so much like the real carnation that only a bee could tell the difference. We'd hate to spoil its sale by saying so, but the Prince of Wales has lately switched to a lemon yellow carnation for his own boutonnière.

Speaking of feathers, one of New York's old smoke shops, which still sports a wooden Indian out front, is the creator of an air-cooled pipe that is almost lighter than air. The better men's shops are featuring English racing umbrellas with pigskin handles in which gold pencils are inserted. And the better jewelry stores are showing crystal cuff links in which actual trout flies are mounted. These crystals are also used as a decoration for silver cigarette boxes. The newest stunt is to mix your dinner jacket and tailcoat jewelry by wearing the white studs in your shirt and the darker stone buttons in your waistcoat. Eighty-five shopping days till Christmas. So long.

MERCHANT TAILORS

JOSEPH DILLON MERCHANT TAILORS—present a most interesting array of imported fabrics designed for the approaching fall and winter. The Cloth is here that should meet your every requirement, perfectly tailored in the new mode, to your personal measurements. 381 Fifth Ave., New York.

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MEN'S OUTFITTERS

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THE NEW YORK MANNER—There is distinction and individualism about the well-dressed New York man. Attuned to this fashion demand are the clothing, furnishings, hats and shoes in the New York manner from WEBER & HEILBRONER, N. Y. C.

CUSTOM SHIRT MAKERS

THE ART OF SHIRTMAKING, as developed by Budd, has attracted New York's most particular clientele to our shop for over half a century. Special attention to the desires of men who care about fine handicraft, with fashion detail and comfort. Order dress shirts now. BUDD, 590 5th Ave., N. Y. C.

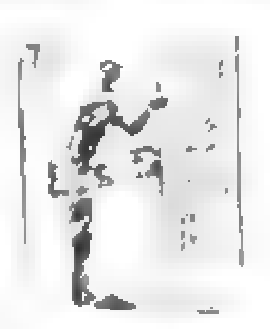
HERE COMES THE GROOM—To outfit himself and his ushers, for over 75% of *The* weddings about New York are "groomed" by DUDLEY Eldridge, whose new appointments for Fall are now to be seen in his shop at 5 East 52nd Street, N. Y. C.

VALET SERVICE

"FOLLOW THRU" is important in everything. Being well-groomed doesn't stop with good clothes. They must be cleaned *right* to keep their high-priced shape. Let Landsman clean and hand-press them. It's worth the $2.50! The Landsman Method, Inc., Waldorf-Astoria, N. Y.

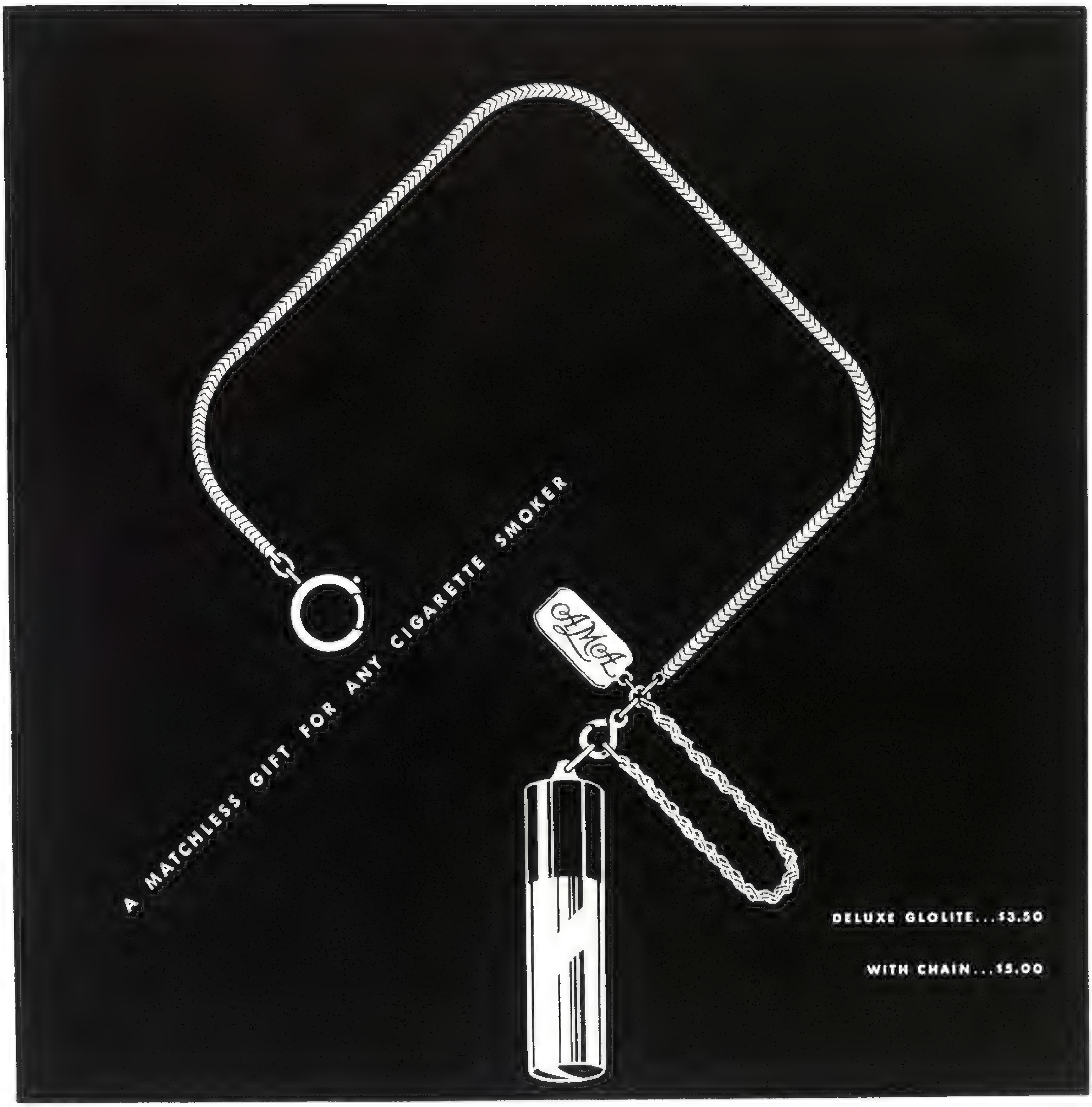
LUGGAGE

WHAT LUGGAGE SHALL I BUY? If you can't call and see the finest of new luggage on sale at our 34th Street Store, write for our miniature catalog: "*A Guide to Fine Luggage*" . . . Sent on request. OSHKOSH TRUNKS, Inc., 8 East 34th Street, New York City.



FLORISTS

FLOWERS—At Goldfarb's, New Yorkers find a veritable daily flower show. The display and profuse variety of color and fragrance is extraordinary. This shop is the largest of its kind in the country, affording finest quality and exceptional floral artistry at surprisingly low prices.
M. GOLDFARB — MY FLORIST, INC.
Plaza 3-3730. 160 East 57th St., N. Y. C.
Established 1889.


A MATCHLESS GIFT FOR ANY CIGARETTE SMOKER
AMcA
DELUXE GLOLITE...$3.50
WITH CHAIN...$5.00

LEWIS & CONGER are the first to introduce this most practical and convenient of modern accessories for cigarette smokers—the GLOLITE Key-Chain Lighter. The DeLuxe chrome and black cylinder opens with a half turn to make this unique flameless cigarette lighter ready for service. Without effort GLOLITE gives a faultless performance in providing immediate light for your cigarette. In use the lighter is free from the convenient key-chain and may be passed around for limitless lights among your friends. No flint to soil your fingers or gloves, no flame to scorch eyebrows and lashes. No wheels, no smoldering wick, no moving parts, no odor and no taste. Just hold cigarette to the lighter's tip, puff, and smoke—that's all!

The GLOLITE Lighter is guaranteed for one year to give perfect service. Bottles of GLOLITE FLUID are available everywhere for only 25 cents.

It has been discovered that brown stains upon fingers and teeth have been caused by high temperature tars formed in the cigarette by contact with the initial intense heat of a flame. This is avoided by using a GLOLITE which gives a flameless light at lower temperatures. Thus throat irritation and unsightly stains are banished. Use the GLOLITE in the strongest wind, for there is no flame to extinguish. Send in the coupon below and we will mail you prepaid the GLOLITE Deluxe—$3.50, or complete with key-chain—$5.00.

★

LEWIS &
45th STREET and 6th AVENUE

LEWIS & CONGER
45th Street and 6th Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Please send me one Deluxe GLOLITE—$3.50 ☐
with Key-Chain—$5.00 ☐
(Check or Money Order Enclosed)

NAME ____________________
ADDRESS ____________________
CITY ____________ STATE ____________

CONGER
NEW YORK, N. Y.

To The EXECUTIVE Whose Signature Is Required On Advertising Contracts

Advertising Should Sell PEOPLE

Always think of advertising in terms of *People.*

You have heard much about the importance of Copy or Message; but how often has the discussion been turned to the importance of People.

Medium, copy, space, are the instruments or tools employed by skilled brains to sell . . . *People.*

How many People?

An automobile, retailing for $16,000 counts *its* People, by *dozens* or *hundreds;* while a car at $500 or a package of cigarettes at 15c, counts by *millions.* (People, always.)

The *number of people* advertising should influence, is determined by the *Volume* objective of the product; that is, the number of *People* who can *buy that particular product.* A Volume objective may vary anywhere from, say 400 (People) to 40,000,000 (People).

Any sales executive would condemn as impractical, a selling plan for the "400" product, based upon the useless expenditure of soliciting 40,000,000 People. And it is just as easy to see the fallacy of a selling plan for a *Volume* product, which solicits only "*fractions*" of its Volume objective, and at high costs.

The profit per sale on a Volume product is the same, whether the purchaser's income be $2000 or $200,000.

The *Where* of selling, is not nearly so important as the *How Many* . . . the *number* of People who have the money to buy what you have to sell.

If you have two men whom you must sell on an important project, you won't devote much time to regretting that you sold them while riding in your limousine, instead of at the club or in your office.

What you *may* overlook is that while you are riding in your limousine, millions of others are riding in street cars; and that these are the *People* who now hold squarely in their hands *the buying power of the nation.*

That street cars carry people is not so important. The IMPORTANT fact is that the *People* who ride in street cars are *the very People you must sell,* whether the cost of reaching them be high or low.

But please consider this cost item quite seriously: Imagine, if you will, what the *cost* of Car Advertising would have to be if, like other mediums, it depended upon *Advertising* for its chief support! Something like 40,000,000 riders every day pay the car companies . . . to take them to work, to shop, to play and home again.

This merely provides the *Opportunity* for you to mold the daily buying habits of this vast army of Earners and their families . . . *every day* at a lower cost than in any other one medium or combination of mediums.

Elsewhere you may reach "fractions" of them, at higher costs . . . but only in street cars can you reach ALL of them at the low cost of Car Advertising.

Now is the time to use Advertising in terms of *People* . . . All the People who can buy . . . *your product.* W. S. B.

STREET RAILWAYS ADVERTISING CO.
220 WEST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK

MARIE BRIZARD

French Liqueurs of World Fame

Since 1755 the name Marie Brizard has been famous in all civilized countries. It symbolizes the highest excellence in French Liqueurs . . . a quality which has been standard among connoisseurs the world over. Insist on "Marie Brizard" when ordering Liqueurs in Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants and Retail Stores.

Marie Brizard & Roger
EST 1755
BOTTLED IN BORDEAUX, FRANCE

- APRY (APRICOT)
- CRÈME DE MENTHE
- CRÈME DE CACAO
- ANISETTE
- PEACH BRANDY
- CHERRY BRANDY
- CURACAO TRIPLE SEC
- RHUM CHARLESTON

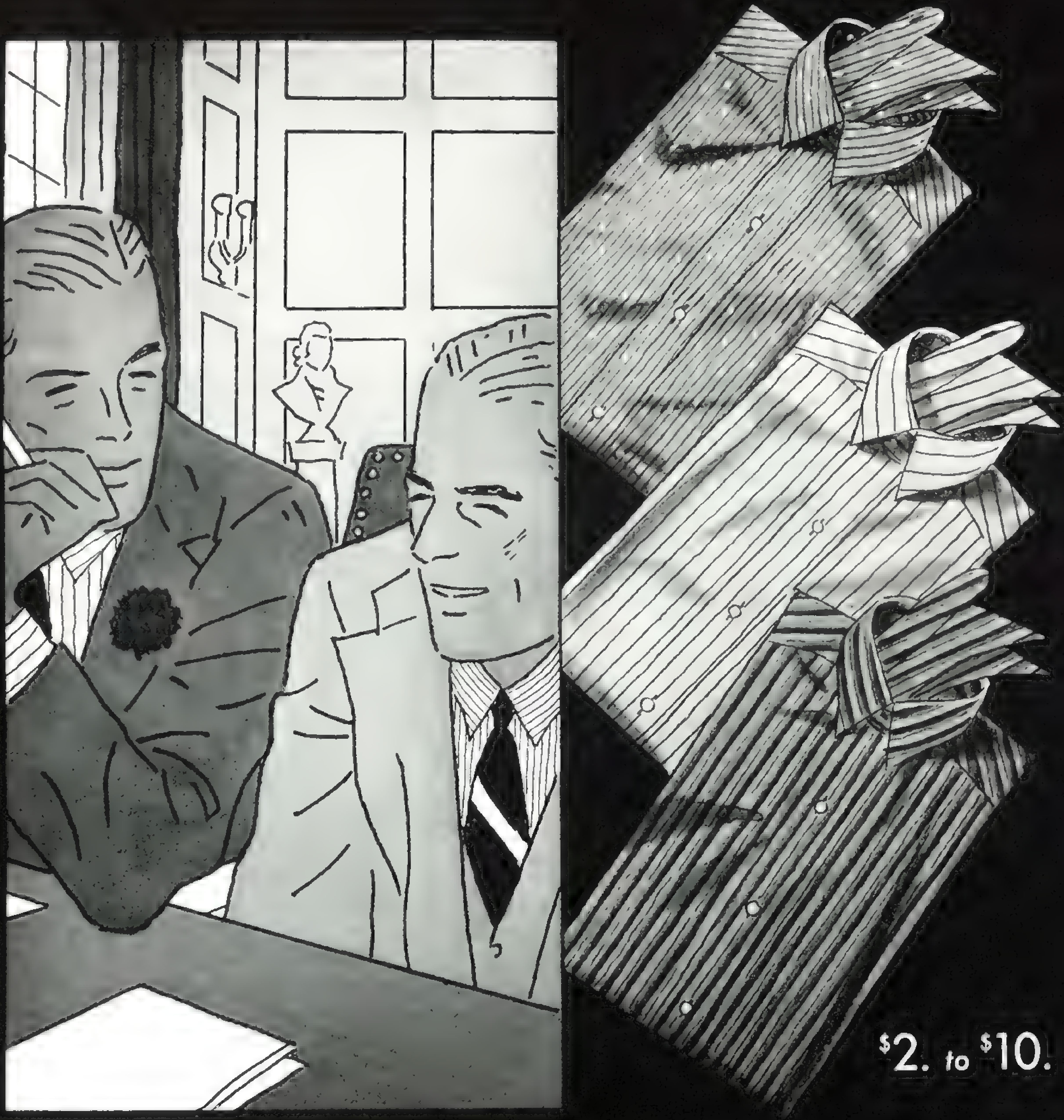
Marie Brizard *Crème de Menthe*—alone or as a frappé—and *Crème de Cacao,* are perfect after-dinner liqueurs. Marie Brizard Crème de Menthe is also the basis of the famous "Stinger"—and Crème de Cacao of the "Alexander." A de luxe 24 page recipe-booklet in full color will be sent free on request. Address Park & Tilford.

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. *Exclusive U. S. Representative* 485 Fifth Ave., New York

MARIE BRIZARD
CONTENTS 1 PT 9 FL OZ
CRÈME DE
CACAO-CHOUAO
A LA VANILLE
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
BORD
MENTHE
VERTE
Established 1755
Marie Brizard & Roger
à Bordeaux
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
MARIE BRIZARD

Manhattan
SHIRTS

Separate starched collars to match will be popular for Fall and Winter



$2. to $10.

This Fall and Winter the diversified wardrobe will include, in addition to collar attached shirts, a liberal number of shirts with separate starched collars to match. The Manhattan patterns and fabrics in the new seasonal presentation are in distinctive good taste, and can only be obtained in shirts bearing the Manhattan label. These fine shirts are tailored by master craftsmen with strict adherence to the traditional Manhattan standards. True individuality and quality, at moderate prices, are embodied in the new line of Manhattan shirts for Fall and Winter wear.

THE MANHATTAN SHIRT COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

The World's finest Rye—Bottled in Bond under U.S. Govt. Supervision
Bottled in Bond
OLD SCHENLEY
under U.S. Govt. Supervision
Pennsylvania
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
Schenley Distributors Inc.
BOTTLED IN BOND
NEVER SOLD UNTIL FOUR YEARS OLD
MARK OF MERIT
Schenley

OLD SCHENLEY RYE

BOTTLED IN BOND

More than four years ago, under United States Government supervision, Schenley planned to make, without regard to expense, trouble or time, a quality whiskey so superb that it would stand without a rival.

More than four years ago this distinguished product was distilled and stored away in government-supervised warehouses to be aged by the gentle hand of time. Only Wisconsin and Michigan Rosen Rye—the most compact and flavorful rye kernels that Mother Earth produces—were used for this luxurious brand. Old Schenley Pure Rye was distilled by distillers with 30 years of pre-Prohibition experience.

Every drop was left in charred oak barrels for more than four years before a single barrel was bottled. Buy it as a de luxe whiskey for all special occasions . . . or to make *any* occasion a special occasion!

• • •

Made by the distillers of Golden Wedding, Mayflower,
Cream of Kentucky
Schenley PRODUCTS CO., INC., 20 W. 40th ST., NEW YORK

FULFILLS ALL REQUIREMENTS of the U. S. PHARMACOPOEIA (U.S.P.)—U. S. DISPENSATORY—PHARMACO-THERAPEUTICS

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Frederick Scribner has a story in the new *Story Anthology*, and has contributed to various "little" magazines. He was born in Maine in 1907, was graduated from the University of Maine in 1928, and since then has been an English teacher—at present in the English department of Greenwich High School, Greenwich, Connecticut. *One Friend to Mourn* on page 24 represents his first appearance in the large circulation field, although Esquire is still holding another story of his, purchased some months ago, waiting to get up nerve enough to run it. It concerns the struggle of a Protestant husband and a Catholic wife over the education of their child. They tell us that theme is dynamite although we find it hard to understand why. The story expresses no bias toward either character. What would you do in a spot like this? After the Langston Hughes hullabaloo, we are hesitant about asking your opinion, even in this quiet manner.

●

Baynard H. Kendrick left a job in a Detroit automobile plant to enlist in the Canadian infantry at Windsor, Ontario, within an hour after Canada entered the war in 1914. He spent 26 months in hospitals from fevers contracted in Saloniki. He was born in Philadelphia in 1894, educated at Tome school and the Episcopal Academy in Philadelphia. Since 1932 he has devoted his time entirely to writing. His first book won third place in Liberty's first serial contest last year. *Blood on Lake Louisa*, a mystery laid in Florida, is scheduled for October publication.

●

Donald Charles is the pseudonym of a well-known writer whose work appears regularly in one of the national weeklies. His story on page 28, *A Man from Vienna*, is a new variation on that old theme of doubles' pinch-hitting for statesmen. We have heard this same type of yarn about Mussolini and even Roosevelt. It has no factual basis and is presented and classified as fiction. Perhaps it calls for a new classification, Contemporary Folklore.

●

An early issue of *The Ploughshare*, published in Woodstock, New York, will be devoted to short stories by **Carlton Brown**.

●

Louis Paul's first published short story, *No More Trouble for Jedwick*, which appeared in our February issue, has been chosen as one of the eighteen stories to be published in connection with this year's O. Henry Memorial Award.

●

There has been so much comment on **Frank Scully's** Jimmie Walker article in the August issue that we propose to have him do another, called *Lord Jim*. He says there is more than the obvious parallel to Conrad's funking hero. Incidentally, people are always asking Scully when Walker will come back to New York. He says never—that no guy goes back to a town that's licked him. Scully considers Jimmie Walker the perfect Esquire character—every other inch a gentleman.

Frank Scully

Theodore Pratt

Theodore Pratt reports that his work is regularly translated into Danish for a reason he hasn't yet been able to fathom.

●

Victor Weybright is a Maryland farmer by ancestry and by proxy, now living in Westchester and dividing his time between writing and rural sports. He is just past thirty, married to Hildegarde Fillmore of *McCall's*, and was managing editor of *Adventure*, from which position he resigned to finish his biography of a forgotten man, soon to be published.

●

Call Me Up is one of **Rion Bercovici's** first published stories, though he has sold articles to *Scribner's*, *Vanity Fair*, *American Mercury*, *London Mercury*, *Bookman*, *Common Sense*, and other magazines. He is engaged in publicity work in New York, and is the eldest son of Konrad Bercovici, whose work has appeared in Esquire. He has written, in the course of a freelance career, everything from the dialog for a Mae West drama to a treatise on riveting machines. Outside of writing short stories, the biggest kick he gets is when his press-agent yarns get printed (generally on Monday mornings). He is married to a blonde actress, and will defend marriage in a debate, duel, or airplane combat.

●

Chester T. Crowell is a contributor to many magazines. He began his writing career as editor of the *Mexican Herald* in 1908, later working on newspapers in various Texas towns. His collaboration with Colonel James A. Buchanan, a widely known examiner of gold mining properties, was made while the latter spent a month in Washington last spring for the purpose of obtaining data from the Bureau of Standards.

●

Edward Van Antwerp is an attorney in St. Paul, Minnesota. He became the owner of his first shotgun at the age of eight. Since then he has burned a lot of powder over the ricebeds of Minnesota, as well as in the mountains and deserts of the west. He has been an occasional contributor to technical and outdoor magazines for some years.

●

Social note: **Meyer Levin** has been spending week-ends at a Nudist Colony in Indiana since last June.

●

Harry Salpeter is perhaps best known for his reviews and interviews which appeared in the old *New York World*, with which he was associated for something like seven years. He is supposed to be a cutting character analyst, but personally is a very nice guy. He is the author of "Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell" and has written at various times for *Vanity Fair*, *Scribner's*, *Current History*, *Creative Art*. His interest in art, and American art chiefly, is a result of the depression. After *The World* went under and his radio speaking contract expired he got into the habit of visiting galleries and museums and even, when finances allowed, acquiring an occasional lithograph, water color, etching, or woodblock not to mention a very, very occasional oil.

Horace Wade was the most widely exploited boy prodigy in the country ten years ago. In 1920, at the age of eleven, he wrote his first novel, which was published with a preface by George Ade. Upon its publication he went to Hollywood to play in a picture and for five years thereafter he wrote feature stories for the Hearst papers. He will have two new books published this winter, of which one is a biography of Judge Joseph A. Murphy and the other is his fourth novel.

●

Lester V. Berrey has just completed his comprehensive collection of material for *The Dictionary of American Slang, Colloquialisms and Cant.*

■

Lawrence Perry has been a contributor to the leading magazines since 1915. He founded the successful magazine *Yachting*, and was its editor for three years.

●

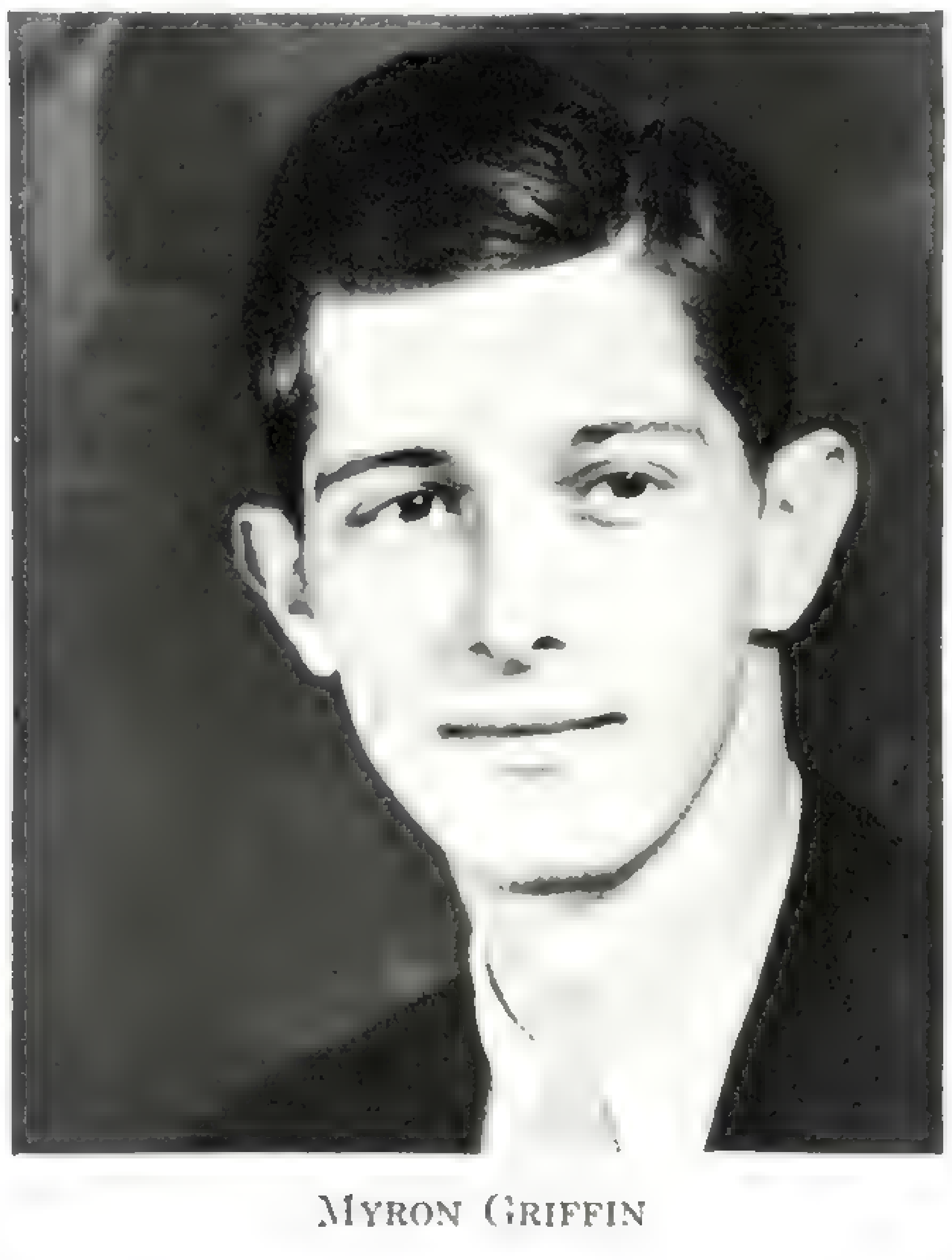
Albert Parry says: "I was born in 1901. While learning to write I did such things as sailoring; selling candy, paints, real estate, and diamonds (the latter, for a wholesale concern); bookkeeping; newspaper work. My articles were meanwhile appearing in a number of American periodicals; I owe my start largely to Mencken and Angoff of the *American Mercury*. My two books are: *Garrets and Pretenders—A History of Bohemianism in America* (New York: Covici-Friede, 1933) and *Tattoo* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1933). My main interests are belles lettres and American folklore, but the book I am working on now is about my adventures in the land of the Don Cossacks and America."

●

There was a hurry call for smelling salts backstage at Esquire when the plate came in for the Caron Perfume ad, for which space had been reserved opposite Hemingway's he-prose. The editorial department thought there must be a mistake somewhere, having worked here all along under the impression that this was a magazine for men, but the advertising department explained all: Those *are* perfumes for men—for men to buy to give to ladies. We pass the information on with the idea that it will obviate the necessity of a lot of explaining on the part of our already overworked correspondence department.

■

Discovery of the month is **Myron Griffin**, who makes his first professional appearance with "The Belle Dame" on page 70. He was born in Colorado in 1911 but has lived in Portland, Oregon, for the past ten years. He is a graduate of the University of Oregon. *The Midland* and *The Outlander* accepted stories of his and shortly afterwards ceased to exist. He warned us, before we accepted this one, to muse upon this peculiar coincidence.



Myron Griffin

Arrow introduces two new shirts for dictators

To the man who wears the new styles first—who "dictates" the clothes that other men follow . . .

. . . Arrow offers two new shirts . . . Sudbury and Weston.

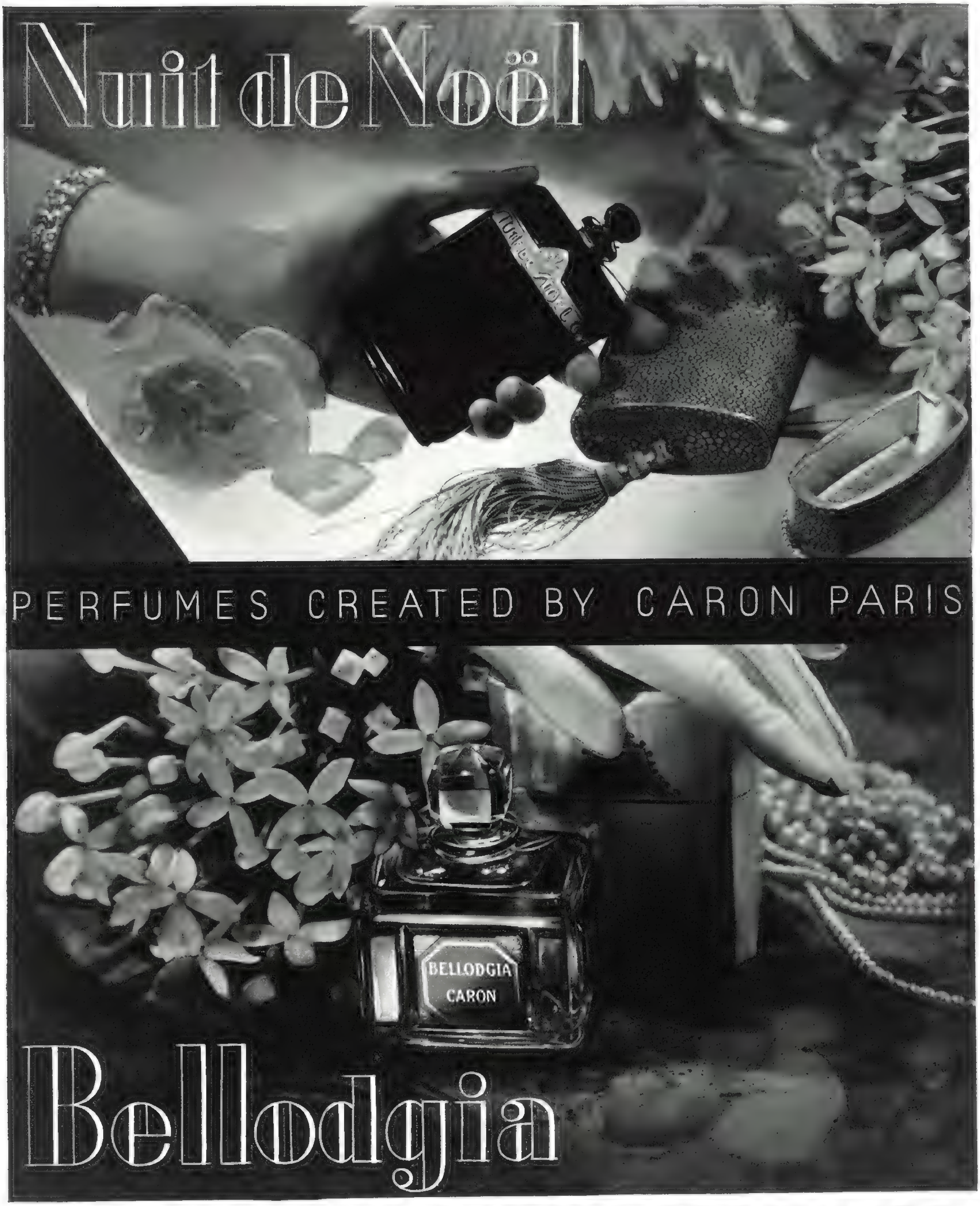
The Sudbury is a collar attached shirt—designed especially to be worn with a collar pin. And to add still further smartness its smart collar has a special underlining that prevents creasing and wrinkling. Comes in a choice of blue, red or brown dots on a white background.

The Weston is a fancy neckband shirt that comes with two detached matching starched collars. It is a colorful shirt that doesn't go too far. The slight touch of formality—its detached collar and unusual fabric—fit in perfectly with the trend toward formality in Fall and Winter suits.

Both shirts, of course, are Arrow tailored throughout. Both are Sanforized-Shrunk—guaranteed to fit permanently. And both are Mitoga models—*shaped* to follow the lines of your body. See them at your Arrow dealer's now. $3.50 each.

© CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y.

sanforized shrunk · ARROW SHIRTS · *a new shirt if one ever shrinks*


Nuit de Noël
PERFUMES CREATED BY CARON PARIS
BELLODGIA
CARON
Bellodgia

TWO FAMOUS CARON PERFUMES

Genio after Josie

A Havana Letter

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Last year working a big fish was much simpler. The boat was handled by Captain Joseph Russell, known to his intimates as Josie Grunts, and when a big fish was sighted or hooked Josie would rouse instantly from whatever degree of sleep he was experiencing and take the wheel. All you had to say was, "Hook her up, Cap." Josie would repeat, "Hook her up" and hooked-up she would be and after the fish when he made his run, the boat following at the right speed and at the correct angle for the fisherman to work on the belly of the line. Then later when he sounded you would say, "Get him astern, Cap."

"Astern, Cap," Josie would say and you would keep just ahead of him in the direction he was moving deep down.

Sometimes it would be, "Keep him out there on the quarter and go with the circle," when the fish was circling on the surface and we were trying to shorten the circles to get him alongside.

"I've got you," Josie would say. And walking back across the stern, holding the rod high in both hands, you would bring him slowly alongside, his fin and tail out, leading him to where Carlos could hit him with the gaff.

This year Josie was doing such good business with his beer place with the destroyers in port in Key West that he couldn't get away.

"I want to go just as bad as you do, Cap," he said. "But I've got to make it while I can."

"I know it," I told him. "But we'll lose about ten fish before anybody learns how to work them."

"I feel just as bad about it as you do," Josie said. But how was he to leave a place doing a good business, such a good business indeed that some pay-nights Josie said, "Ernest, you ought to have seen it. Skinner had to mop the blood off the floor with a mop and a bucket. Fights! I never saw better fights in the ring. And all night long."

"Did you have to get the cops in?" I asked him.

"I never put a man in jail in my life," Josie said.

"If they break anything let them pay for it when they're sober. That helps the good name of the place."

"What if they take a swing at you, Cap?"

"What would they want to take a swing at me for? They like to fight among themselves."

But he had the good old cut off billiard cue behind the bar in case anyone ever should make a mistake.

You can't expect a friend to leave a place doing that sort of a business even though he loves to fish big fish as much as Josie does. He offered to come over and help break in a helmsman but I knew if we were going to break one in we would really have to start doing it as soon as possible because Josie would never let anyone handle the wheel while he was around, so we came over without him.

Juan, the cook, has learned to handle the wheel pretty well and is getting better. But he is no Josie yet and the atmosphere is very changed. It is all in Spanish now and in Spanish you cannot tell a man just to put her ahead. You have to tell him to put her ahead for the love of God and his mother or he does not believe in the existence of an emergency. When you want her thrown out, the clutch that is, you must say throw her out, disengage her, remove her from functioning, for the love of God such stupidness, throw her out. At which time all members of the crew shout back and forth throw her out, what's the matter with you, throw her out, can't you hear, throw her out.

At which Juan, who speaks very pure old style Spanish, says, "For the love of God let one speak at a time; what sayest thou, Emangway?"

"Put her ahead," I say and complete confusion returns.

"But a moment ago Juan was told to throw her out," someone suggests.

"The situation has changed," I say. "Throw her out again. Come back on her. *Pá atras!*"

During every fight there comes a time when, the nervous strain tightening up, they would prefer to fight among themselves to continuing to fight the fish. It is at this moment that your correspondent delivers the speech about how they are breaking his heart. How he, alone, the only man of intelligence on board, is forced to struggle not only against the fish but against the imbecilic handling of the boat. How much the boat weighs, how fast the current runs, is he, alone, expected to reel the weight of the boat against the pull of the fish, against the current, alone, by himself, not aided but simply betrayed by these self-called fishermen who cannot hold a chair; for the love of God bring him a drink of water and let us be calm, calm, calm because they have all broken his heart.

This speech is a wow and brings tears to everyone's eyes and everyone is calm for some time.

Then, when the fish comes near the boat and is gaffed, comes the heavy cursing period in which everyone insults everyone else so that they perform prodigies of strength and bring the fish over the roller on the stern so fast that the bill nearly goes through somebody's belly (he only being saved by being opportunely knocked down by Carlos), after which everyone embraces, all hard words are forgotten, and your correspondent goes

E. H. with 420-lb. blue marlin; Sydney Franklin on right wearing beret.

Carlos with two mackerel baits.

E. H. at wheel of the Pilar.

The Pilar *in Havana Harbor.*

down below, takes off the harness, shirt, undershirt, and sloshes water on his head and rubs down with alcohol.

This method of talking and giving commands on a highly emotional basis while action is in progress is called by Carlos "genio," and he says no man can really fish big fish who has not "genio." Personally I believe "genio" is very hard to have after your tongue starts to stick to the top of your mouth or when you get so completely pooped that you cannot remember the words in English let alone Spanish. But as soon as there is any sign of "genio" failing they all commence to look so gloomy that I manage to get out a remark about somebody's mother and everybody brightens at once, sure that the old man's "genio" is returning and that we will whip this fish yet.

E. H. in fishing chair on the Pilar.

A Cuban sailfish.

Pilar *alongside 324-lb. marlin which Hemingway party helped to land.*

E. H., Arnold Samuelson, Charles M. B. Cadwalader, on board the Pilar.

But me, I miss Josie. Old Josie with his broken whisper of a voice, his "What about a really cold one, Cap?" his diamond stickpin that he always wore in town, and those gulf-blue eyes that can judge cards, clients, risks, the weather and the speed of a fish with the same exactitude. Give me a man with gambler's eyes that you know you can trust as a partner and you can have all the "genio" that ever came out of Spain.

There has been almost no current in the Gulf Stream off the Cuban coast and the fish have not come to the top yet to move to the Westward. Marlin stayed much later than usual up around Bimini and up till now, the thirteenth of August, we have not seen a big fish riding the swells. There have been plenty of heavy fish deep down in from forty to one hundred and fifty fathoms that the market fishermen have been catching and what strikes we have had trolling have all been from fish that came up from below to smash the bait in their rush.

So far the biggest fish we have taken is a "blue" marlin of four hundred and twenty pounds, twelve feet four inches in length. This fish was hooked on a trolled cero mackerel bait, on a 12/0 Pflueger swordfish hook, No. 13 piano wire leader, Hardy 20-oz. tip and Hardy 6-inch reel with 500 yards of 39-thread line and was gaffed and taken on board in one hour and twelve minutes from the time he was hooked. He jumped twelve times and was a male fish.

We also landed a female "blue" marlin of 324 pounds which had been hooked by two anglers fishing in a small launch and fought for three hours. They had him on a Coxe reel holding 600 yards of 30-thread line and a Leonard rod with a 20-oz. tip. They had fought the fish for a little over three hours without a chair and the fish had sounded with five hundred yards of line out when, the sun starting to set, we ran close alongside to ask if they wanted us to stand by during the night. At their suggestion we took them on board to fight the fish from our chair, but working him so long under impossible conditions had worn both anglers down so that they could not get any line on the fish. The rod was too heavy for the line and it was almost impossible to get line without putting on such strain that you were liable to break the fish off.

The angler who had hooked the fish asked me to take it over and after working an hour and three-quarters we brought it up to gaff at half past eight in the dark, stone dead, the cable leader twisted around the tail. During this process of getting the fish up fifteen hundred feet from a seven hundred fathom depth of ocean a forty-seven foot motor yacht full of drunks circled the Pilar, our boat, sometimes less than a yard away, raising a bad swell which threatened to break the fish off time and again and necessitated loosening up on the drag while the man who had chartered the yacht waved a bottle and shouted, "Bring him in. What's the matter with you? Pull him in, etc." There was a lot of etc. In a high class burst of highly sincere "genio" I promised to beat the etc. out of him wherever and whenever I should run into him on shore.

It seemed this gallant sportsman was the owner of the tackle the fish was on. The two anglers had gone off from the yacht to fish in the small launch and the drunk described as "a swell fellow when he was sober" couldn't understand why someone else was using his tackle. He wanted his tackle back.

For a while I thought seriously of loosening the harness and letting his tackle go overboard, fish and all, but as we had not seen the fish, and the man who had hooked him said he was enormous, kept working on him. After it got dark the drunks ran into shore. Circling our boat in that sea they might have sunk us both half a dozen times.

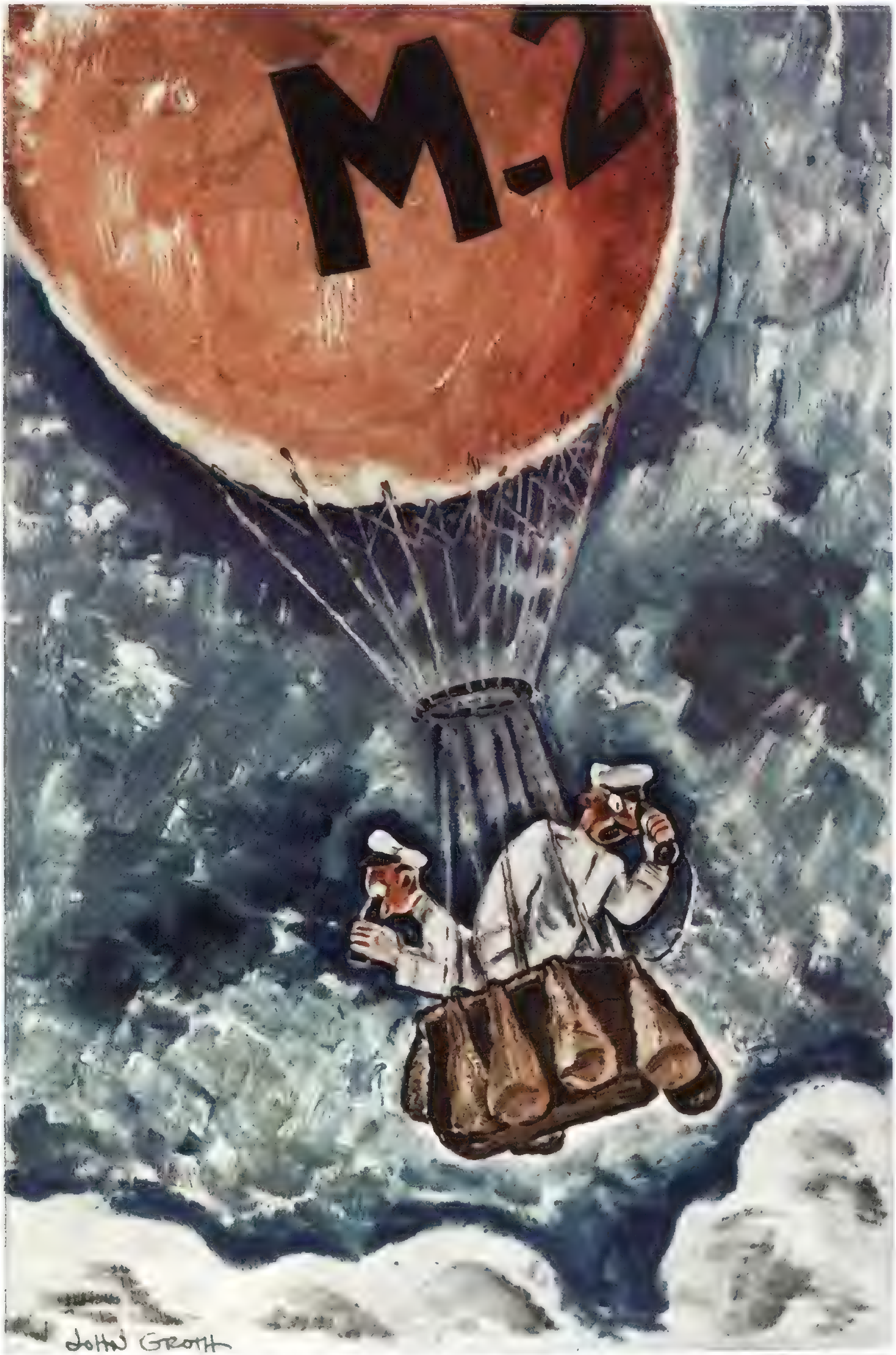
Bringing up a fish even of only 324 pounds from a depth of five hundred yards is about as pleasant as trying to lift an anchor of half that weight and the rod was so stiff the light line would hardly bend it. With thirty-nine or even thirty-six thread line the rod would have been ideal. At first you could get barely half an inch, then an inch and finally six inches at a time. But once the drunk and his yacht were gone and we could work ahead and use the current to help lift the fish we got him in. We sent word to the drunk or the swell fellow when sober, whichever you prefer, that we would take no apologies from him and I look forward very much to running into him in either of his states. I would prefer to work on him drunk so it would be messier and less competitive but I would be very happy to work on him sober so that he would remember it more clearly.

Henry W. Fowler of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural History examined, sketched, and described both of these blue marlin and readers of this section will be happy to know that the blue marlin are both male and female fish in the happiest and most normal fashion. I believe they are simply an age and color phase, caused by the difference in feed and water wherever they come from, and fit into the idea of the various marlin, all being age, environmental and sexual variations of the same fish.

The black marlin, the older female fish, are due to run now this week if the current will come in a little closer to shore and the trade wind holds. C. M. B. Cadwalader, Director of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural History, who has been fishing with us for the last three weeks, hooked a very large black marlin three days ago. After a fast, heavy fight close to the boat the fish cut the line with his tail when he was well into his run toward the Northwest. He was a very big fish and a hard fish to lose.

We intend to stay with them through the run of very big fish. The thousand pounders that come in August and September and on until the first Northers start to blow. If we catch one you will have to hear about it because your correspondent has to pay for the gas. But if we lose one I promise not to write a word about it unless there are pictures of the jumps, in which case they will be accompanied by one of those funny pieces. You know, one of those marvelous funny pieces that make so many friends. Like the one about dirty words. Only, you know, much funnier.

At this point an airplane, celebrating the anniversary of the fall of Machado, crashed into a buzzard and has fallen into the sea only about three miles and a half from our window in the Ambos Mundos Hotel. Anyhow everybody says it was a buzzard. General confusion reigns.


M.2
John Groth

MONOTYPE BY JOHN GROTH

"No—this is not Rhinelander 6-600"

One Friend to Mourn

An important new writer in a story with artistic restraint and an intense emotional pull

by FREDERICK SCRIBNER

• FICTION •

It was 1:30. Aunt Sally, Flora, and Mrs. Goodhue had shed aprons and had spent some time primping in the adjacent bedroom; and now Aunt Sally, her whole body a quivering mass of finicky concern, directed the final arrangement of flowers around the casket.

And at last came the cautious sounds of arrival, a stray, fretful whinny of a horse, feet treading in a delicate shuffle, doors gently slammed, as the people who had been his grandfather's friends emerged from nowhere, and coming into the house, settled down, finally, into a decent silence.

They were a scrubby-looking lot. Seated with the other relatives in the parlor with the dead, Alton could see the honest, hard-bitten quality of these laborers in the fields, whose wind-beaten faces were a little relaxed in thanks for the respite which this hour or two of funeral gave. From the advantageous facing of his chair he could look straight out to the kitchen.

In the sitting-room he could see only a row of legs and laps: skirts, overalls, boots, highlaced "Nurses' Comfort" shoes — all unprepossessing, and in some cases still bearing loam, strings of hay, and slabs of wet manure. Couldn't they brush up a little for a funeral?

The last creak, jiggle, and whisper died away. There was a hush, a disturbing, poignant moment. The minister stirred, hemmed gutturally, and made as if to rise with open prayer-book. And then suddenly in the dead quiet a step sounded on the porch, a firm, dispassionate, advancing tread. Everyone looked with a blank face toward the door, and Alton, his nerves frayed with waiting, thought crazily: Is someone going to protest this funeral? They've got to bury him, he's dead!

The door leading into the kitchen opened and closed with a sharp click-and-thud sound. Then the footsteps came planting in with a kind of insistent, tender rhythm through the kitchen, through the sitting-room; and for an instant a white-bearded man shone in the light of the parlor doorway, and then took two straight paces to the casket.

The man bent his head down and looked at Grandpa, and tears sprang from his eyes in such a gush that it seemed as though he had just got there in time—as though some great geyser of sorrow in his chest had at last found the place to burst out.

The man was a farmer. Evidently he had put on his best coat for the funeral, a long black one with a fly front, faded to a faint mustard around the shoulders and sprinkled with the bits of dry, dead stuff got walking through the woods: twigs, needles of hemlock, beggars' lice, and a flat cluster of burdocks he might have picked up coming down the North pasture lane.

But Alton could hardly tear his eyes from the man's face, bowed in a sublimely unselfconscious grief. He was a rustic Longfellow: he had the gently noble Longfellow brow, his nose was strong, straight, with a chiselled pinch where the nostrils flared, his cheek-bones were tanned to the smooth luster of old cordovan, and his ears were tall and flat with large lobes. The tears streamed down the man's cheeks and were lost in his white, full beard, which covered the V of his coat like an expanse of altar linen, and at the roots joined the fine moustache, tinged amber at the corners; and the white hair, burnished to a special brilliance by sun and wind, shone like new-polished pewter.

He stood with that straight yet peculiarly negligent stance which revealed that he was wholly out of himself—unconscious of his wet lumberman's rubbers or of his damp shabbiness; unaware of any infirmity or ache or need of his own. Aware only of John Graves, of death, and perhaps of remembrances scudding like slender ghosts through his shaggy head.

Alton never knew how he knew. Was it someone whispering behind him? Did he inquire after the funeral? It didn't matter. He knew all the answers to what his questions may have been; and knew that, though they seemed unreal, they were true. The man had walked eleven miles through the woods from Mount Phillip, where he had a small farm; he had not seen Grandpa for years, but they had once sung in a quartet together at the Grange. That was all. And now he was standing quiet, his emotion exalting all who could see. And the pale outlines of Grandpa's still features were revealed in a new, intangibly tender significance.

Suddenly Alton felt something touch his hand, and looking down, saw water glistening on his knuckles. He was unastonished and a little relieved.

Once he had seen Mantell in Hamlet and had cried a little at times, it was so beautiful. He could think of nothing now, except that, which had ever affected him in this way, all over, so that it seemed like too much. He felt like sitting down humbly at this man's feet, like a small boy learning. This was a depth of feeling, which, though imperfectly understood, was like a white road running straight through green trees to the sky—and you would like to follow it. This was real, this was pure.

Alton glanced around, suddenly curious. His father was weeping and so were several women, copiously, even making little *sut, sut* sounds. Uncle Bozeman's face was as imperturbable as ever. Lord! Couldn't he see?

Looking back, he saw that the man's flooding tears had abruptly ceased. He had drawn from an overcoat pocket an enormous silk handkerchief (which had the look and spread the odor of having for years been packed away carefully with a small jar of pot-pourri among other precious things: a Wedding Book, an album, a sheaf of pressed flowers) and with the handkerchief dabbed at his face and eyes with little resolute motions.

Replacing the handkerchief, he looked down again, and then, with the most naturally gentle gesture Alton had ever seen, his arm lifted and his hand fell affectionately on John Graves' hands in a last expression of sorrow, and in farewell.

There was a breathless silence, waiting.

"Well, John," he said quietly. Then he lifted his hand away and turned, his eyes aware for the first time, like a man who has just come awake, of surroundings and people. With a muffled cry Alton sprang from his chair, a kind of joyful pride swelling inside him, and the man nodded and sat down.

More than anyone, Alton thought, you deserve to mourn here—for your sorrow is not tinged like ours with an anxious relief. For most of us you have said the funeral service.

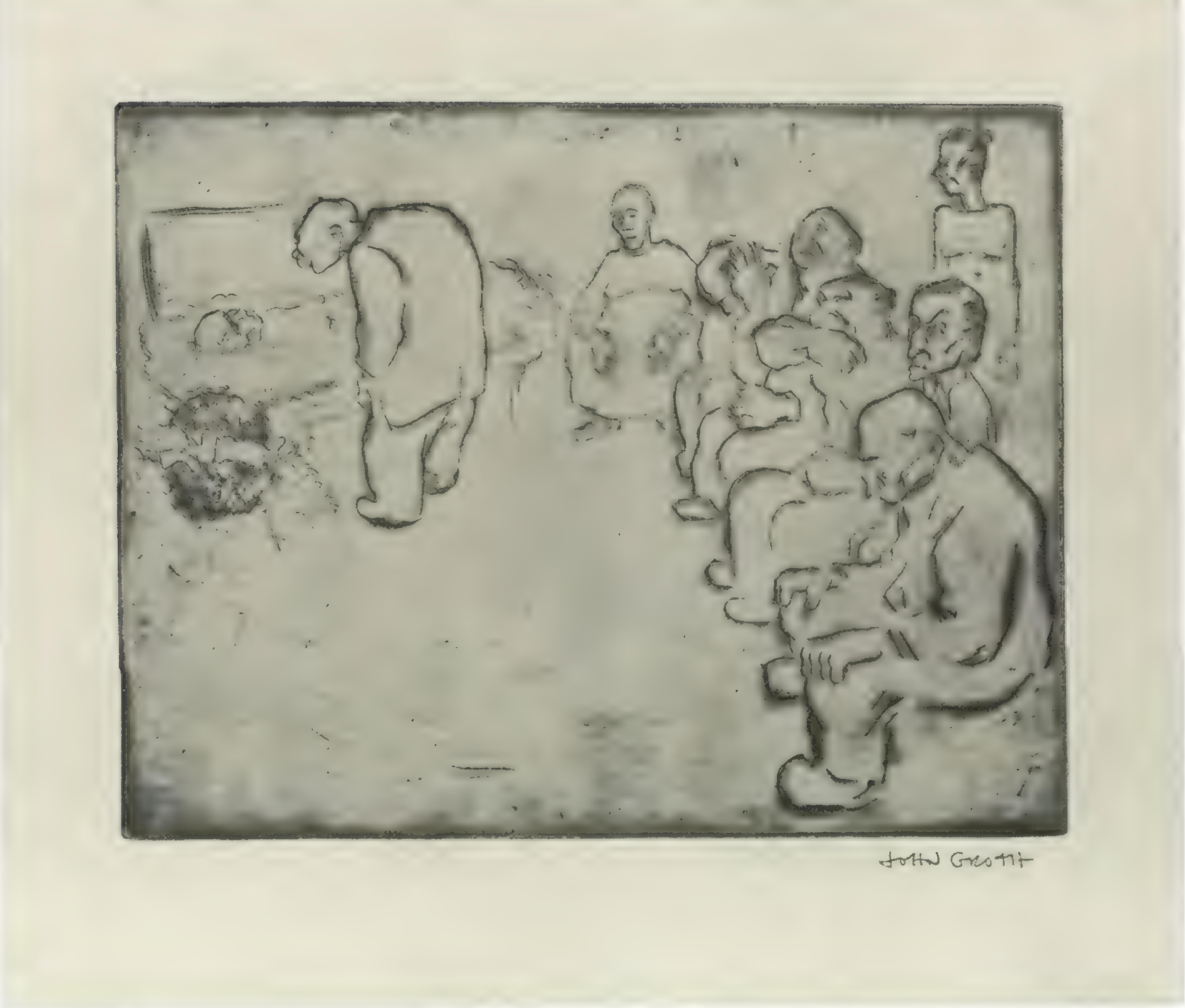
And the rest, though anti-climactic, was mercifully quick. Rapidly the minister read, as though he realized his office had been better done; and the services finished, finally, in a great scraping of chairs and a subdued outbreak of voices.

People filed through the parlor and out into the sitting-room, and in the confusion Alton lost sight of Grandpa's old friend. On the porch he saw his father, and going out, inquired of him.

"Where is he?" his father said slowly. "He's gone now. About all he said was that he wanted to see John—and I thanked him for coming."

"Well—" There seemed nothing left to say or do; Alton gazed about the yard at the short procession of cars forming behind the hearse, and he knew suddenly that he had had enough, that he wanted to stay here and hold the preceding moments close to himself somewhere quiet. He tried to explain that to his father.

Later, Alton watched the procession start and slowly edge out of sight down the road. When it had gone, he shivered and shoved his hands into his pockets. He gazed around: across the road were the barn and stable,



DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

connected by a rectangular fenced yard. In a sudden rush of emotion he wanted to go down there, wanted to see and feel the things that had been close to his grandfather—and he ran inside for his coat and out again quickly.

Unfastening the gate, he picked his way gingerly over the mud of the cow-yard to the stable, flung back one of the rolling doors, and stood for a minute looking around. Cobwebs sheered from the corners of beams and clung to the worn posts. And yet, in the quiet, standing so still, he could hear the heavy stamp and crunch of horses, tails swishing, the rustle of nosed hay. At the far end of the stable were the stalls, and to the left two buggies and a harrow. The walls were hung with harness, tools, parts of machines, rope.

The place was musty and unused, yet filled with an odor of hard toil, an eking labor. Walking to the stalls and back, Alton caught a flash of red on the stable door, and he murmured in surprise. He had almost forgotten the red sickles.

Grandpa had chewed Red Sickle Plug, in each piece of which was imbedded a small red tin sickle. He had saved the sickles in a box in the kitchen, and at times, especially rainy Sundays, he would bring the box to the stable, sit down on a barrel, and chuckling, press the sickles into the stable door. One whole door was covered and half the other, hundreds, some rusted brown but most of them gleaming a dull red.

Alton moved close to the door and pried one out of the soft wood. Then he went to the entrance and stood pressing the hooks of it into the palm of his hand.

Anyone who had chewed that much tobacco couldn't have been altogether unhappy, he thought.

And standing there, Alton felt that his mood of exultant happiness, as at the sight of something holy, had tempered and sobered now, with these odors and sights and remembered sounds, to a lasting kind of grave understanding.

What intuitive palliation of distress had his grandfather felt, after all, looking out the window at the cow-barn roof?

He must have remembered the singing and the friend; and all these sights and sounds of the farm, so vivid, must have fused at last into an imperceptible anesthesia, so that, without great happiness, he had had an inner content.

And now in April spades flew, Alton saw them, and under the tall slender pines of the cemetery, yellow clay dropped deep.

And the farm would go, too; his father needed money, and Uncle Bozeman never refused it. Shame it had to go. But now that the windy tears of relatives had dwindled to their little preoccupied ends, maybe it was just as well.

For it was like this: the muted tendrils of some kind of a friendship had grown and clung across the years into a full flowering of grief. And suddenly Alton bent the tiny red sickle double in his hand, and thought gravely.

Let the farm go; let it go with Grandpa now, for they both had lived and a friend had mourned the passing.

24
25
JOHN GROTH

Scenario

As Hollywood will soon prepare them

by **BAYNARD H. KENDRICK**

Title: LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

Cut "Love's." Cut "Young." Cut "Dream." Make title: *Baby's Prayer At Twilight.*

Revamp: Cut "Baby's"—suggestive of pregnancy. Cut "Prayer"—too much religious angle. Approved title: *Twilight.*

Author: Author's name deleted—once wrote book in which hero kissed heroine. Substitute some safe writer. Make it "Twilight," by Charles Dickens. Public won't know difference. Cut "Dickens"—no swearing. *Twilight By Charles.* (O. K. except cut "by"—sounds like introduction to an oath such as "By George.")

TWILIGHT
( )
CHARLES

Cast: (Call it People. *Cast* reminds small boys to throw stones.)

People: Cut all people except Twirley Semple. (Age 5.)

Plot of Story: Use other words—"story" teaches kiddies to lie, and "plot" teaches them underhanded methods.

Outline of Procedure: Little Twirley is preparing for bed (that's out). Little Twirley is preparing. She is playing with her dolls. (Cut "playing with"—no gambling!) She is holding her dolls. (Won't do—mustn't hold dolls—cruelty angle—they might want to go away.) She is nursing—(hell no!). Little Twirley has dolls. She is fully dressed in Eskimo costume at twilight. (Costume must be full length and have proper underthings.)

DIALOGUE:

Twirley: "I love 'oo!" (Cut "love.")

Twirley: "I —— 'oo!" *Start business:* Turns doll over gently and with kindness. (Not too far over.) It closes its eyes. (Not passionately.)

Doll: "Maaa—maaa!"
(Better cut the mother angle. Use voice off scene.)

Doll (*voice off scene*): "I —— 'oo too, Twirley!"

Twilight recedes as it slowly gets darker (not so dark as to frighten kiddies).

O. K.—Start shooting.

MONOTYPES BY JOHN GROTH

The Limitations of Self-Help

As free competition is no longer technically defensible, the field of personal initiative is narrow

by BERTRAND RUSSELL

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THE Americans and the British have prided themselves on self-reliance, and on their ability to combine individual liberty with the preservation of public order. There is no denying that this has been a most valuable quality, which has hitherto saved the world from becoming completely regimented; moreover, it has produced a certain number of men of superlative excellence. Lincoln is one of the supreme examples of the virtues which can be generated in a self-helping community. When Livingstone set about exploring the interior of Africa, he relied upon himself alone, and depended for success upon his capacity for making friends with the natives. After Darwin had returned from his voyage in the "Beagle," he owed nothing to any public institution, which was fortunate, as, if he had had a post, he would certainly have been deprived of it for his unorthodox opinions. In many such ways, in the past, personal initiative served us well.

There was, however, even during the nineteenth century, another side, perhaps more obvious in America than in England. In the beginning, the whole of the unsettled West was public property, belonging to the nation. If the nation had retained the rights of the landowner, every man, woman and child in America would now be prosperous: the rent of the land would supply, over and above the needs of the revenue, a handsome surplus which would make poverty non-existent.

This, however, was not the policy adopted in developing the West. Vast tracts were obtained, usually by fraud and corruption, by energetic individuals, who were able to levy toll on all subsequent settlers. The same sort of thing happened in regard to railways. Many of them were originally constructed or owned by States or municipalities; then some rich man would bribe officials to mismanage them, and, in the end, would purchase them for much less than their value.

For a time, the rich men fought each other: there were Homeric battles between Vanderbilt and Jay Gould, each of whom thoroughly understood self-help. In these battles they bought judges and legislators and private armies; from week to week laws were passed and repealed at their bidding. But in the end it was found cheaper to combine. This accelerated the process of consolidation, until the time came when about a hundred supreme self-helpers controlled almost all the resources of the United States. Thus the doctrine of individual initiative ended in the establishment of a small oligarchy more powerful than any previously known to history.

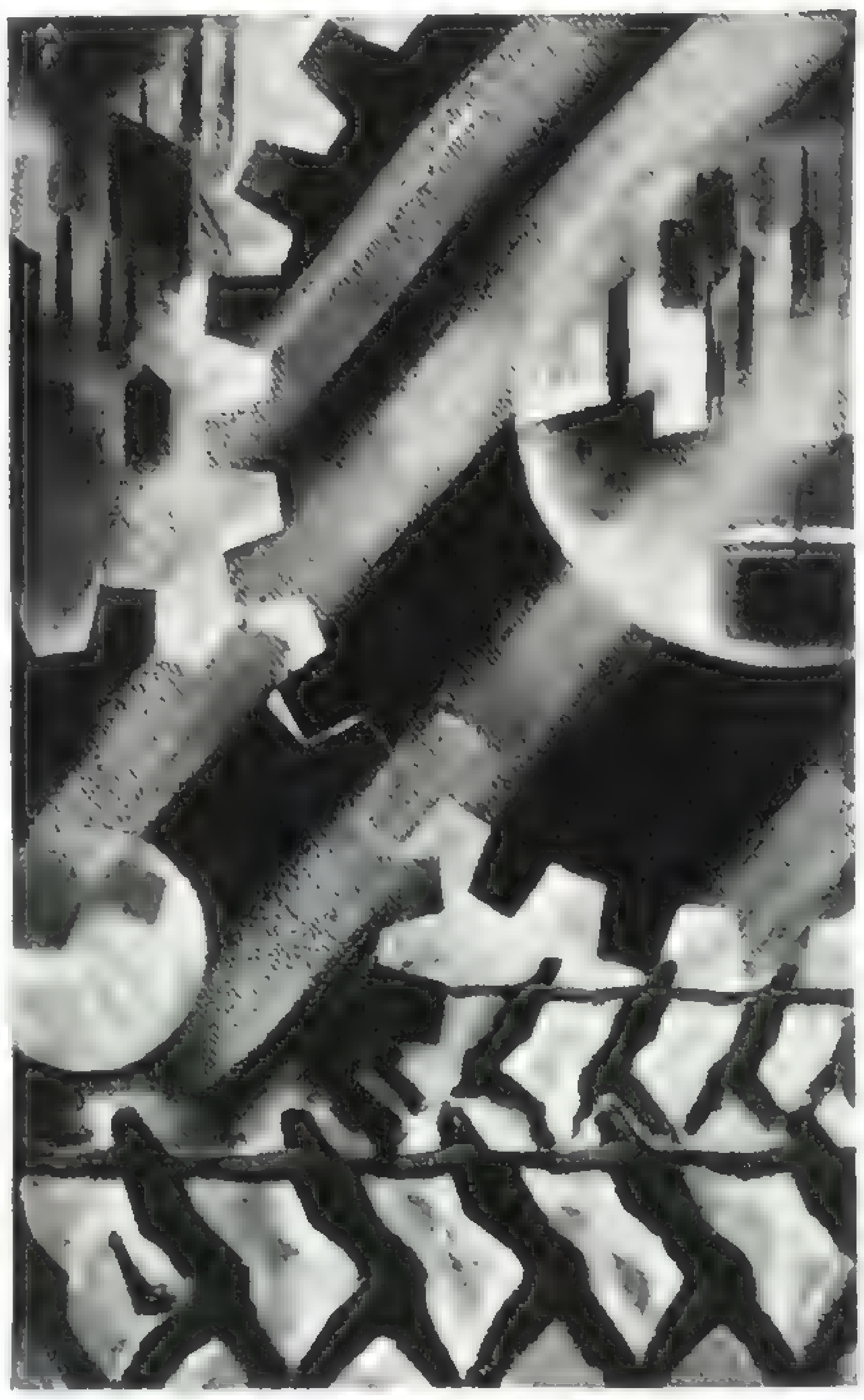
This development was combated vigorously, but without any success, by the small business men, who believed in competition and tried to keep it alive artificially. The small men were wrong. The huge organizations of railways, oil, iron and steel, and so on, make for technical efficiency, and are clearly what modern industrial methods require; it would be better for Great Britain if it had more centralized control of such matters as coal mining. It is not by attempts to preserve the older kind of competition that the evils of oligarchic power in business can be prevented.

There is only one way of achieving this, namely, public ownership, or at least strict control, of the great sources of economic power, such as railways and mines. Free competition, of which the nineteenth century made a fetish, belonged to the early stages of industry, and is no longer technically defensible. The only question, in our day, is whether all economic power is to be concentrated in the hands of a few despotic plutocrats, or whether it shall be exercised by public bodies acting on behalf of the general public.

The same sort of thing has happened in other directions. The wholly independent man of science, like Darwin, is becoming scarcely possible: the modern scientific investigator depends upon an expensive laboratory, which has to be provided for him unless he happens to be a millionaire. Access to a good laboratory requires recognition by a university or a research institution, and is thus only open to those who belong to some appropriate organization.

Personal initiative is no longer the important thing except in a few matters, such as climbing Mount Everest or making records in long distance flights. When people have reached the summit of Everest and flown round the world without a stop, nothing will be left except to travel to the moon—and this will certainly be a matter for governments.

I do not see any reason why we should be sorry that the sphere of self-help has become more restricted than it used to be. Cooperation is in every way a better ideal than rigid isolation in effort. Competition does not generate kindly feelings, whereas cooperation does tend to do so. Clearly much greater achievements are possible to large groups of men than to individuals, and these greater achievements will become easier as men acquire the habit of subordinating their personal idiosyncrasies to a collective purpose.



At present, men find this easy in war, but not in peace; it is to be hoped that gradually, under the influence of large economic organizations, something of the same willingness to cooperate which now exists in war time will extend to peace time activities also. Undoubtedly this is the most important respect in which progress is needed at the present time.

Unfortunately this subject has become entangled in political controversy. The claim that this or that branch of industry should be managed by the State is associated with Socialism, and Socialism is associated with the class war. There is, in fact, no essential connection, as may be seen from the case of the Post Office, for it is not only advocates of the class war who think it right that the Post Office should be a department of government. Socialists and big business agree as to the organization of industry, and differ as to the distribution of earnings and power.

Without invoking the doctrine of the class war, almost everyone would agree that the plutocracy in America has too much money and power. It is a pity that this proposition, which might have commanded almost universal assent, should have been rejected by most of the middle class because it has been most loudly proclaimed by a party which professes hostility to the middle class.

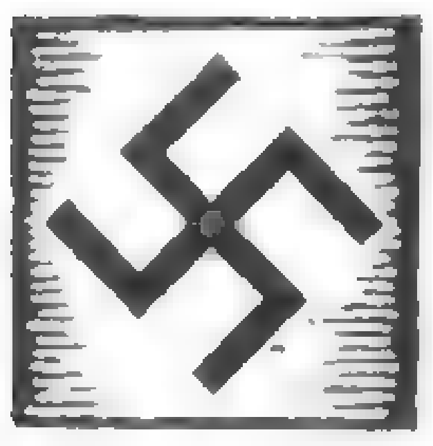
Owing to this misfortune, the middle class has been misled as to its interests, and the plutocrats have had a free hand. There is reason to hope that, in this respect, the world's present economic misfortunes are giving rise to a new wisdom.

A Man From Vienna

A most amazing new version of the old double identity story that is told about famous men

by DONALD CHARLES

• FICTION •



Here's the story. Take it or leave it, and as you read it, make believe that a man with burning eyes is telling it to you—a man who coughs too much—a man who two years ago was the best foreign correspondent in the world.

I met the man from Vienna in 1923. I met Adolph Hitler and Johann Hardtl that year, too, and at that time neither they nor I ever thought that their lives and mine would be so closely interwoven. So closely in fact that I still spend hours wondering which of those three men lives. The story starts in Munich. Where it will end or whether it will ever end, I don't know.

I first met Hitler on November 7, 1923, and I am sure of the date because it was only two days after that when the now almost legendary battle between Hitler's followers and the Munich police under the command of Colonel Seisser took place. The records say that nineteen were killed in that battle. I know that twenty were killed.

It was, as I say, the first time I had met Hitler. He had two adjutants and I had to pass them before I could get to the august presence. One was Brandt and the other, a chunky little fellow with a scar on his cheek, was Johann Hardtl. Finally they passed me into Hitler.

I was with him for some time and was immensely impressed with his obvious sincerity, his earnestness and his amazing confidence in himself and his destiny.

This was in 1923, you know, and had anyone said that Hitler would one day be Chancellor of Germany he would have been laughed at. He was to the world, and to his political opponents in Germany, merely a wordy little man with a few followers. But he was supremely confident of his eventual success.

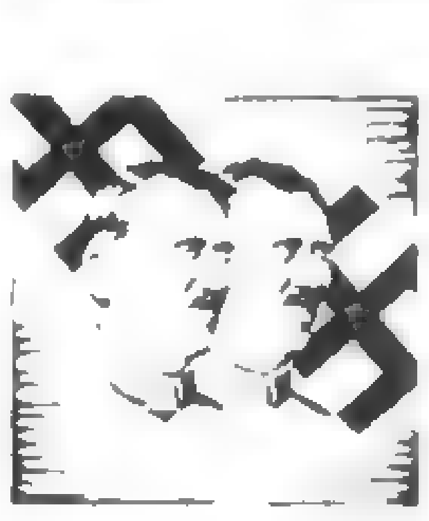
"I can't fail," he said quietly and those words dropped into my consciousness and stayed there. As he said it, those pale blue eyes of his seemed to gleam with an inward flame. It may be, I thought as I left, that he is a man of destiny.

When I left I talked for some time with Johann Hardtl, his adjutant. Like all of the men around Hitler he burned with the same almost religious fervor as did the leader. I liked him a great deal. Laughingly I said to him, "When Hitler is Reichskanzler and is installed in Berlin come and see me. I live at Brücken Strasse No. 36."

"Don't laugh," he said grimly. "Some day Hitler will be Reichskanzler and be installed at Wilhelmstrasse in the Chancellory. By the way, that is an odd coincidence, you living at Brücken Strasse No. 36. My father is portier there."

I remembered my portier well. A portier in a Berlin apartment house is a combination doorman, janitor, landlord and concierge. My portier was a jovial fat man. It was quite in keeping with the Hitler character that he would appoint the son of a janitor to the quite important post of adjutant.

I left Johann Hardtl and went to write my interview. There was plenty doing during those next two days, and then came the battle between the police and Hitler's forces led by himself and that grand old man General von Ludendorff. It was thrilling to watch. There in the Odeon Platz in front of the Feldherrn Hall framed by monuments to Bavarian generals was an armoured tank spitting forth leaden death to Hitler and his men. I saw Ludendorff—there's a man among men—walk calmly up to the tank, only by a miracle escaping the spray of bullets. I heard him cry contemptuously to those in the tank, "Never again will I call myself a German soldier."



I saw Hermann Goering, present Prime Minister of Prussia, fall wounded. I saw Hitler walking steadily toward the tank. A man to his right clutched at his side and fell. Then Hitler fell too. His followers grabbed him—bore him away. Oh, but that was an exciting day! What we all wanted to know of course was how badly Hitler had been hurt. We couldn't find him anywhere. Finally we found Brandt, one of his adjutants. He said that Hitler hadn't been hit at all. He had merely thrown himself to the ground to escape the rain of bullets. When he threw himself down, however, he dislocated his shoulder.

"Johann Hardtl took him to some safe hiding place," Brandt said.

"Where?" we asked.

"Somewhere safe from the police and Reichswehr, those treacherous renegades," he said grimly. "I myself do not know. It was Hitler's orders that only Johann should know."

Well, it all made a lovely story and those of us who were there as correspondents made our typewriters hum far into the night. Most of the boys thought that this was the end of the Hitler threat in Germany. He was in hiding, his followers were disorganized and the government appeared strong. But I couldn't forget the memory of those intense blue eyes of Hitler and I couldn't forget his confident words, "I can't fail."

Two days later I had to rush to Vienna. Some story had broken there, I forget what it was now. The night I arrived I went to a place called the Ungarische Weinstube for dinner with a Viennese newspaperman I knew. We were eating huge quantities of that unromantic sounding but beautiful dish called Hungarian Goulash and drinking of course Tokay wine. The place was full of smoke and a gypsy orchestra was playing, of all things, Liszt's Second Rhapsody. The door opened and through the blue haze of smoke I saw a figure emerge. I gasped and half rose. I shook my head wondering perhaps if the wine was playing queer tricks on my imagination. But no—the figure was still there.

"Hitler," I whispered.

My friend laughed. "Hitler—hell—that's a stalwart citizen of Vienna, a sign painter named Erich Diesel. He does look like Hitler, doesn't he?"

The resemblance was amazing. He had that same scrubby moustache, those high cheek bones and those same blue eyes.

"I'd like to meet him," I said. "Might be a story in him."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Sure if you want to, but I don't see any story in the man. It is just a sheer accident that he looks like Hitler."

But he sent his card over to the man and he walked over to our table. He even had Hitler's walk.

We were introduced. "I saw Hitler in Munich the other day and your resemblance to him is so amazing that I wanted to talk to you. I would like to write a story about it."

He peered from under shaggy eyebrows just as Hitler had done a few days before, and he said in a deep voice (Hitler's voice) touched with a note of awe: "You saw Hitler? You actually spoke to him? I would give anything for that privilege."

"Come now," I laughed, "you're in Vienna now. Don't tell me that you are a Nazi."

"Of course I am," he snapped. "Germany's salvation lies in Hitler and National Socialism. He will come into power one day and he will drive these craven fools who have sold Germany's birthright out of office. Then one day other countries will see the light and follow Germany's example. We will have a Nazi world."

"Well, now," I cried in delight, "sit down and have a drink. Let's talk this over." It did look like a nice feature story, didn't it?

"I don't drink," he said a bit stiffly.

"You don't smoke either, I suppose. And you don't eat meat."

"That is true," he said.

"A carbon copy of Hitler," I breathed. It was uncanny.

"But have lunch with me tomorrow. I can tell you many stories of Hitler which might interest you," I said, tempting him.

He hesitated, but that bait was too strong. "I will be glad to," he said. "Will you call at my house No. 345, Kärtner Strasse about one o'clock?"

Then he left, leaving me tingling. This was one of those things you stumble over once in a lifetime.

"The man is cracked," my friend said.

"So is Hitler, but you can't laugh at him."

"I'll laugh at him," he growled.

I was looking forward to my talk with Diesel the next day. Perhaps this Erich Diesel was related to Hitler. After all, Hitler was Austrian too, although these days Austrians are a bit touchy about admitting that fact. At one promptly I rang the bell of the shabby-looking *pension* where Diesel lived. A slovenly-looking middle-aged woman answered the door. She had a rather dazed look in her eye.

"Herr Diesel?" she raised her eyes at my question. "He has left. It is very mysterious and I do not know what to make of it."

"When will he be back?" I asked a bit testily.

"Never," she said solemnly. "Last night just as he came in the telephone rang. It is very odd the phone ringing at midnight for Herr Diesel. He hardly said a word but listened to the man on the other end for about ten minutes. Then he said 'I will be ready'."

"Did he leave then?"

"No," the woman said. "But early this morning a very muddy-looking automobile drove up to the house and a man got out. Herr Diesel was waiting with his bag packed. The man gave me a hundred-mark note and said: 'Herr Diesel will not be back. If any mail comes for him burn it. If there are phone calls say he has left and you don't know where he has gone'."

"What did the man look like?" I was real mad at the prospect of losing my story.

"Well now that you ask," she hesitated, "I remember quite well because he had a scar on his left cheek and when he took off his glove to give me the hundred-mark note I noticed that the thumb was missing from his right hand."

That didn't help me any. "If Diesel comes back ask him to call me at the Hotel Bristol." I gave her five marks.

He never called me, though. Now and then I thought of that lovely story killed before it was born, but gradually I forgot about Erich Diesel and his resemblance to Hitler. I had to hurry back to Berlin. Events crowded one another off the first pages of newspapers. Things were humming in Germany. Hitler had disappeared. Finally he was located at the home of his friend Ernst Hanfstaengl in Munich. He was arrested, tried and sentenced to prison. Yes, it looked as though the Hitler threat had died. Had anyone predicted then that one day Hitler would step into the shoes of Bismarck he would have been thought crazy.

Germany was humming with news. I still lived at Brücken Strasse No. 36. I had forgotten Johann Hardtl, Hitler's adjutant, but one night coming in late I met my portier and recalled that Johann had told me that he was the son of this man. I mentioned it and the portier glowed with pride.

"You too are then a Nazi?" I asked.

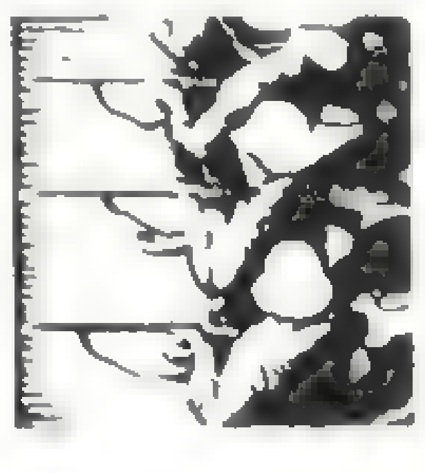
"Yes, in Hitler lies Germany's salvation."

"I have heard communists and socialists say the same thing about their own leaders," I said dryly.

His eyes flashed. "They are false leaders. They would drive Germany to bankruptcy, to degradation."

"All right, old man, all right," I soothed him. "I'm only a spectator here. I'm not taking sides."

Quite often after that I talked to the portier. Months passed, years began to roll along. One night I noticed my portier standing rather sad-looking in front of the door. Then I recalled that he had been looking sad for many weeks.



"What's the matter, old man?" I asked.

He sighed. "That boy of mine. He worries me."

It was raining and I was chilled through. I needed a drink. I didn't want to drink alone. "Come in and have a drink with me," I suggested.

He hesitated but nodded his head. Sitting in my kitchen amiably drinking Brandwein—which is German brandy—he grew quite confidential.

"My Johann is no longer Hitler's adjutant. He is no longer," he whispered it, "a member of the Nazi party. He has deserted Hitler and it worries me."

"But why?" I asked, puzzled. I had never seen a more fervent Nazi than Johann.

"He writes me that he is disappointed in Hitler—that Hitler has betrayed the cause. "He," my portier said this with shame, "is considering going over to communism."

"Well, don't worry about it. Maybe he's right." Lord, but one got weary of these eternal arguments between Nazis, Socialists and Communists. Even standing on the sidelines as a spectator, one couldn't figure out which party would be best for Germany.

"He is not right," my portier said stubbornly. "Germany can never be a mere annex to Moscow. Germany for Germans—Hitler says. He is right and the rest are wrong."

We had other talks on other occasions. I liked the old fellow and felt vaguely sorry for him. Quite often I asked him in for a drink. Hitler was now in the driver's seat. He was actually Chancellor. The unbelievable had come to pass. This little former lance corporal was ruling Germany. The streets were filled with brown uniformed stormtroopers. Parades followed one another in monotonous succession down Unter den Linden. Hermann Goering was Prime Minister of Prussia. Paul Josef Goebbels was Minister of Propaganda and Enlightenment.

One saluted the Swastika as the flag of Germany. One stood up when a band played Horst Wessel Lied, now the national song of Germany, where before it had only been a party song. One saw Jews, communists, socialists badly beaten by stormtroopers. One saw stormtroopers badly beaten by opponents of the Hitler government. It was interesting but rather horrible to watch because of the sincerity of all concerned. Each thought that his way was best for Germany and each was willing to shed blood for that belief. Outbreaks of violence occurred all over. This was no one-sided affair: remember in the beginning there were almost as many atrocities on one side as on the other. Germany was being reborn and it was a painful birth for all concerned. The blind, unswerving faith that men like my portier had in Hitler was amazing to me. Often I talked with him about it.

One night we sat for hours discussing politics. "You foreign journalists make me sick," he thundered. "You write nothing but anti-German propaganda. Why do you write these atrocity stories? Why don't you give Hitler a chance?"

"We write it as we see it," I soothed him. "Remember, we don't make the news—we don't cause the trouble. We write what we see and if we see rather horrible stupid things it isn't our fault if the world shudders at our stories."

"In a revolution many things happen that are not nice, but the end justifies the means."

"Now, old man. You tell me that your son is a communist. Still he is a German and thinks that he is doing the best he can for Germany. I dare say if there was a war he would gladly fight for Germany."

"Yes," he said, "he did fight for Germany. He was wounded too, badly wounded. A bit of shrapnel broke in his face and scarred his cheek badly. The same bit blew off the thumb from his right hand."

That struck some responsive chord in my memory. A man with a scar on his face and his right thumb missing? No matter—I couldn't for the moment remember.

It was at that moment that the door bell rang. I looked at my watch. It was 3:30. "Who the devil could be calling at this hour?" I said and went to the door.

The portier's wife, a stupid fat woman, stood there with a look of sheer terror in her eyes. She could hardly speak.

"My husband—my husband," she faltered. "Tell him Johann has come home. He is terribly hurt, and they are after him."

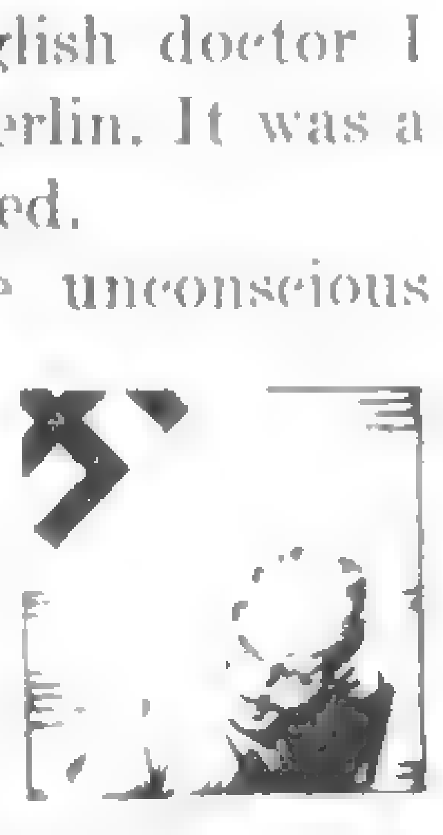
The portier had heard her voice and he came hurrying. We ran down the short flight of steps leading to his flat. He opened the door. Lying on the floor was a pitiful caricature of the snappy, alert, uniformed Johann Hardtl I had known. His shabby clothes were drenched with rain. He lay there still—unmoving. A trickle of blood showed behind his left ear. Then he muttered: "Hide me, hide me. They are after me."

"They'll look for him here, first of all," I said sharply. "Let's get him to my place. He'll be safe there." Johann lying there looked his gratitude dumbly, and then lost consciousness.

In ten minutes I had him lying on my bed and I was stripping the sodden clothes from him. He only stirred when I ripped off his shirt. I saw why. His back was a bleeding mass of raw beef. Evidently he had been beaten with a lash. The blood had dried, and the shirt had stuck to his back. It wasn't a pretty sight.

I called a doctor—an English doctor I knew, probably the best in Berlin. It was a long wait, but finally he arrived.

He took one look at the unconscious Johann Hardtl and pulled off his coat. He looked at me sharply and a bit reproachfully.



"I suppose you must report this, doctor," I told

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Cupid's Interstate Commerce

Conquering the hell of loneliness is a full time job for the clubs that catalog key-numbered swains

by CARLTON BROWN

ARTICLE

Are you lonesome? Has a diligent search among the female contingent of your locality failed to turn up the Right One? Do you long for Romance, Love, Happiness, or a Wealthy Bride? If your answer is in the affirmative, then lose no time in joining one of the multitude of correspondence clubs throughout the country. They promise satisfaction; they boast of files that are crammed with the letters of those who have joined, and corresponded, and conquered the hell of loneliness.

The matrimonial agency, an ancient and honorable institution, has only within the last century had the large-scale mail-order technique applied to it. In 1859 an anonymous reporter of the New York press published "Matrimonial Brokerage in the Metropolis," which purported to be the first exposé of an, as yet, infant American industry.

Startling as the facts he unearthed must have been to the readers of that comparatively innocent era, it is plain to modern readers that the correspondence club of which he wrote had not yet outgrown the stature of a minor "clip racket." It preyed almost exclusively on the country bumpkin, who was lured by the promise of a rich marriage into mailing five dollars or so to the broker. Once mulcted of his ready money, the lad was of no further interest to the marriage agent, who evaded capture by receiving his mail at the address of a confederate who, upon interrogation, feigned ignorance of the broker's very existence. His was the fly-by-night life of the petty card-sharp; it never occurred to him, apparently, that an honestly conducted matrimonial agency, which would bring together the love-hungry of both sexes in exchange for a nominal fee, would be a more lucrative proposition.

In the past seventy-five years, however, the business has come to full flower; it had its growing-pains, its childhood fevers and distempers, but it is now thriving and healthy. Conscienceless wolves took advantage of lonely rustic sheep for many years; but recently the more altruistic leaders of the industry have secured the upper hand, and seem to be rendering an indispensable service to the mentally and geographically isolated. The Federal Trade Commission has ruled that the business is Interstate Commerce, and a club may be closed for circulating advertising which the Federal Trade Commission terms misleading. Postal Regulations and Federal Trade Laws have their little loopholes, but these are not nearly so cavernous as the gaps through which the old-fashioned matrimonial profiteer reached into the pocket of the lonely and unsuspecting.

It would require considerable research to determine the exact number of correspondence clubs in America at present, but we may concern ourselves with the hundred or more "prominent" ones, which advertise in such magazines as The Police Gazette, Brevities, Comfort, Good Stories, Pathfinder, Cotton Belt, and the like.

Most magazines will not accept correspondence club advertising; among those that do, The Police Gazette is said to be the best medium, which would seem to confirm the statement of Gilbert and Sullivan that "a policeman's life is not a happy one."

Consolidations, mergers, and bankruptcies keep the correspondence club statistician jumping. For instance, Paul E. Kruse's Fidelity Club, A Personal Connection Service for Lonely White People of the Highest Character, which operates from Tiffin, Ohio, has recently absorbed the following organizations: Grace Dotson Social Activities, South Euclid, Ohio; National Agency, Charleston, West Virginia; Doris Dawn Club, East Cleveland, Ohio (in continuous operation 17 years); Violet Rey Club, Dennison, Ohio (in continuous operation over 10 years). Mr. Kruse feels that the advantages of joining a club which has taken over the "vast" membership of each of the above named clubs are apparent to the prospective member. His club has the unique feature of operating under the N. R. A.

The matter of selecting the right correspondence club must be left to the individual. While Ella N. Figush's Sunshine Club will suit one, another would be happier as a member of the high-sounding National Social Register. As each and every one of the clubs boasts that *it* is the most successful and reliable, the choice had doubtless best be based on the number of names and addresses offered per dollar. If, after joining a club with a large list of females and a small membership fee, the romance-seeker finds he has sacrificed quality for quantity, he'll just have to file it away in the drawer marked Life's Little Lessons.

So you're going to join a correspondence club? A few days after answering the luridly-worded advertisement which you saw in some magazine of equally purple-hued content, you will receive an envelope, traveling as second-class mail, heavily laden with mimeographed letters and printed circulars. The envelope-filler of all the clubs follows much the same master-pattern. A mimeographed letter, addressing you as Dear Lonely Friend, tells you how very pleased the manager was to receive your letter requesting information. Knowing you are sincere and earnest in your intentions, he goes on, he will gladly give you full particulars of his method of doing business. Times are changing, he says; it used to be that people were satisfied to look around their own home towns for a life partner, but the men and women of today demand a larger field of choice. He tells you how proud he is to be able to meet this demand, tells you how many, many lonely people he has brought together. He makes you feel perfectly all right about wishing to marry a woman of wealth, if such is your desire. You are reminded that the true manly worth and sterling qualities of the prospective husband more than balance the opposing weight of wealth in the matrimonial scale. By the time you have finished reading his letter, you are sure that here at last is that unique person, the Man Who Understands; you are filled with the feeling that he just won't spend a restful night until you're happily married. He also makes you feel that you'd be pretty much of a piker not to part with five dollars in exchange for Life's Supremest Treasure. Before closing the letter with a rubber-stamp signature, he conveys to you that he, *personally*, has your welfare very much at heart, and if you don't

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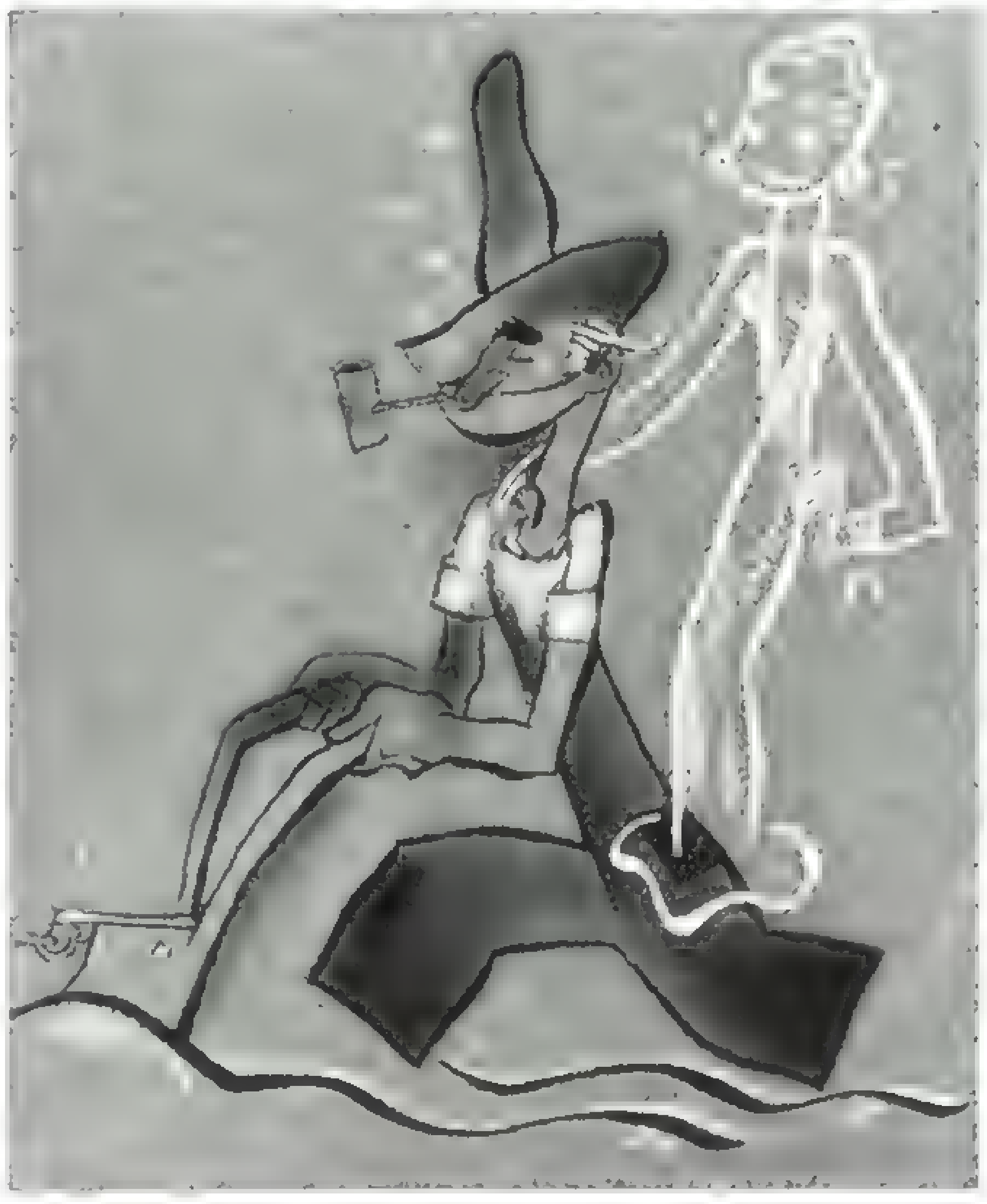
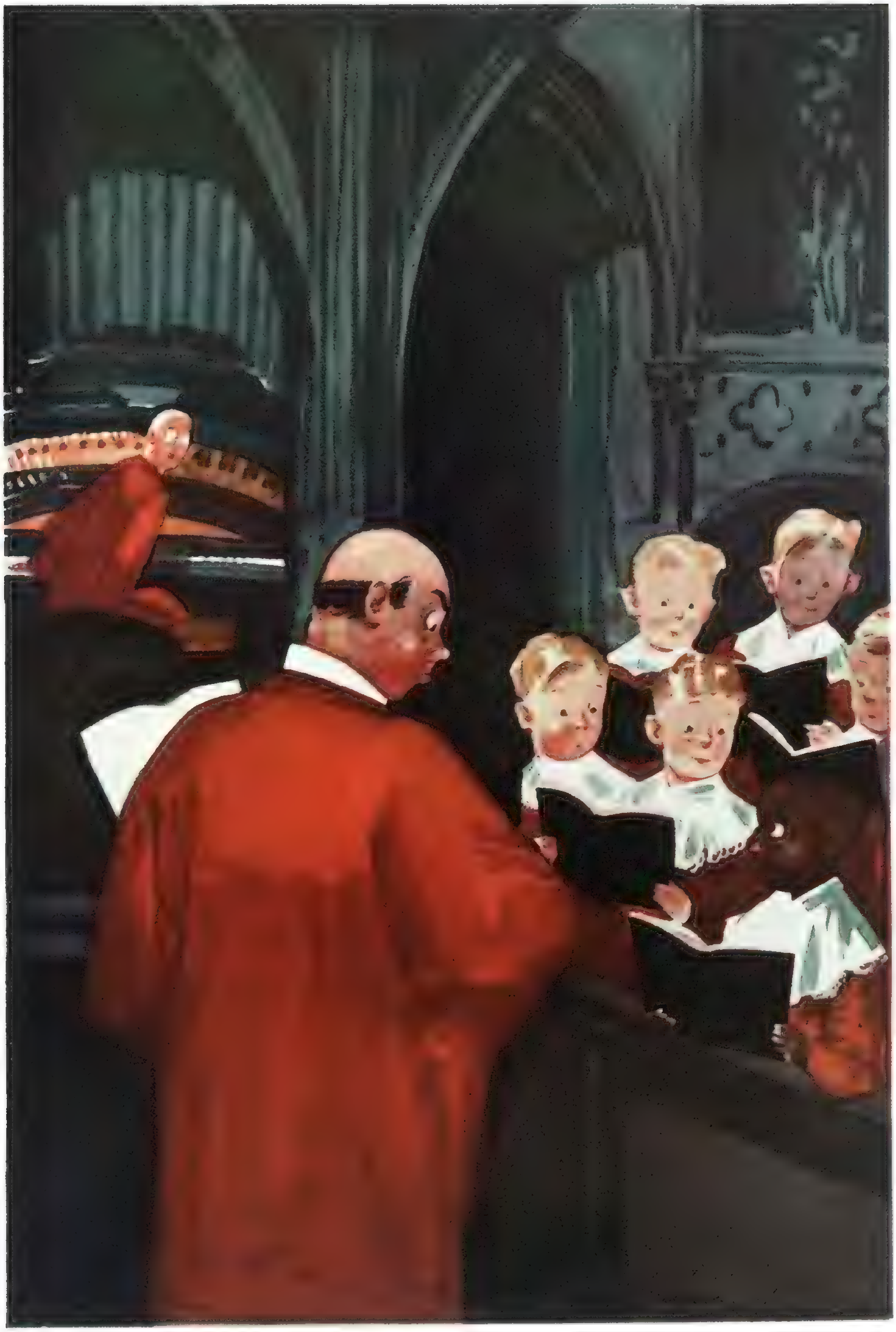
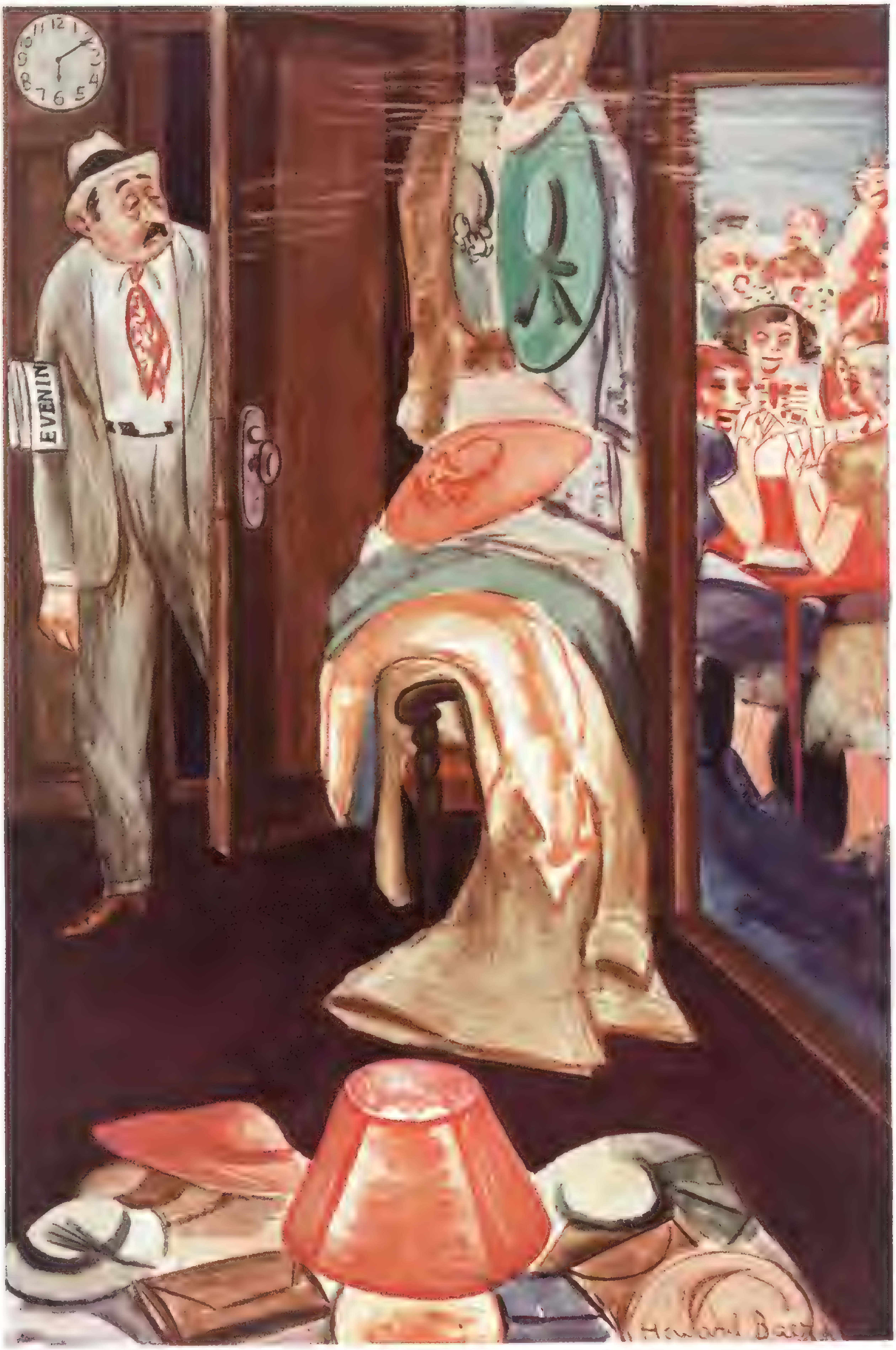




"——and remember, none of that hi de ho stuff!"



ENEMIES OF MAN No. 6: THE AFTERNOON BRIDGE

He has had a tough day at the office. The boss bawled him out twice. His only remaining stock sold off three points, within a point of his margin. All that made life worth living today was the thought of home and slippers, and a nice hot dinner and warm words of sympathy from the little woman. He will get the sad remains of an assortment of tiny sandwiches, and a sadder tale about the benevolences, as to new cars and fur coats, of other husbands. As he harkens to this chorus of shrill ha-ha's, he remembers that he signed up for better or for worse. Better for her and worse for him.

Scotch Among the Artists

With as little (as possible) soda for Frank Harris, Jack Kirkland and Isadora Duncan

by FRANK SCULLY

• ARTICLE •

JACK KIRKLAND climbed to the upper story of Bedside Manor, my Hollywood retreat, the other night, let out a bronchial whoop to the effect that the climate was getting him down, and what about some Scotch and Soda? The last time I saw him was in Nice two summers ago. He was pretty well broken up about his split with Nancy Carroll at that time, and was taking it out on the bars of the Riviera.

Then a croaker said his lungs were shot and he'd better scram to the mountains. So he went back to Broadway, drank plenty of whisky, played squash tennis in a Fifth Avenue Club, and wrote the play version of Erskine Caldwell's *Tobacco Road*. I never felt prouder of any man's recovery in my bedridden career.

Jack returned to California feeling like a million, but soon the evening chill was getting him down again. He guessed he'd have to fill his blood stream with Scotch again, or some other anti-pneumonia vaccine, and duck back to New York. I gave him what I had, and took a shandy-gaff myself.

This surprised him. "You didn't used to touch a drop," he said. "What's come over you?"

"I just remembered," I said, "that when I was six years old I was kept alive for a week on whisky through a crisis of pneumonia—and I saw the stuff keep Frank Harris going till he was seventy-five. So I've reformed."

All of us have heard a lot about grand people who have been ruined by the bottle, but the only cases I know personally were an uncle, who was no good anyway, and Isadora Duncan. And I'm not at all sure in Isadora's case. It mellowed her through her forties when her fat was slowing down her feet, reducing her Grecian graces in fact to a couple of plastic poses.

I was telling Jack about her last days, and how she once upbraided me for forgetting to serve her whisky for breakfast. She was used, it appeared, to five hookers to start the day.

I got them for her. After three she warmed to the Riviera sunlight and unfolded her latest plan. As soon as some dough arrived from the publishers on her autobiog she was going to buy a villa.

"I'm going to give Scully a room and balcony overlooking the sea. I'm going to give Patterson three bottles of whisky a day—"

"Why Patterson three bottles of whisky a day?" interrupted Seroff, a young Russian pianist.

"Because I feel sorry for him," said Isadora.

Patterson was formerly a captain in the British Army. He had lost a leg, but even so, had rescued Isadora only a few days before when she tried to walk on the waves of the Mediterranean.

Her fur coat spoiled the act. He had no great trouble rescuing her but when he went back for the coat it almost drowned him.

The newspaper boys broke a story to the effect that Isadora, disappointed in love, was Ending It All. Her own version was that she was trying to prove that, appearances to the contrary, she was as light on her dancing feet, even at fifty, as a feather.

I thought Patterson had lost his leg for king and country, but it appeared that he had crashed through a skylight trying to prove that Scotch was lighter than either a feather or Isadora's dancing. After that he and Isadora had a lot in common. But Seroff didn't think Patterson ought to go through life forever grousing about his great misfortune.

"I don't care," said Isadora, going on with her blueprint of the villa, "Patterson gets three bottles of whisky a day."

"But that's silly, Isadora," Seroff insisted. "It's like me. I can be a Russian refugee for one year, or two years, but I can't make a *career* of it. Patterson—"

"Gets three bottles of whisky a day," insisted Isadora.

In the end he didn't, though that was no fault of Isadora's. One of her flowing veils yanked her from a car she was about to buy and choked out her life shortly after this conversation.

Most Americans, both at home and abroad, thought it was all for the best, though the French, to a man, thought it was the most tragic thing in history since Helen of Troy lost her lover. Haig and Haig shared this view.

So did Frank Harris. When it came to whisky he and Isadora were Bourbons under the skin. It is true he usually stuck to white wine at meals, a *Bellet blanc* being his favorite, but between meals brandy and whisky were never further away than his hip. With bars on every corner of France, that hip act seemed like taking four spare tires to ride around the block, but Harris, for all his bravado, had his moments of caution.

The funniest instance I ever saw of this was one day when we were going over to the Palais de la Méditerranée, Frank Gould's five million dollar floperoo in Nice, for luncheon with Monseigneur Barry Doyle, a brother of Conan Doyle. All ready to leave the Harris home, we were delayed while Frank went back to fill up his flask.

At last all of us met at the sidewalk café outside the casino. Harris ordered a potent apéritif. After it was served, he looked furtively about and seeing the waiter's back was turned, shot his hand to his hip, slipped out his silver flask and poured an extra jolt of Scotch into a drink already strong enough to knock over John L. Sullivan in his best days.

On another occasion we were at Tally Taylor's. Taylor, as James R. Keene's son-in-law, had fallen heir to one of the six best cellars of America. He had some pre-war (pre-*Civil* War that is!) *Hermitage*, a Kentucky whisky that hasn't been matched by any distiller since.

This *Hermitage* was part of a loot one of Keene's agents had picked up in Baltimore. It cost Keene $126,000. When he heard the price the agent paid for it Keene nearly blew up all Wall Street with his wrath. It was, to hear Keene tell it, downright robbery.

When Keene cooled off, the agent said: "You through? Said all you have to say? Fine. Want to sell it? If you do I have a customer who will pay us $200,000 for the liquor."

Keene went higher if possible on hearing this angle to the deal.

"You scoundrel," he cried to high heaven. "Is there nothing you wouldn't do for money? I'd as soon think of selling the bones of my sainted mother as my own wine cellar. Here's your check—and if you ever so much as suggest selling a drop of my stuff I'll have you put in irons!"

Harris on the testimony of this story took a couple of shots of Old *Hermitage* and warmed to his best buccaneering rôle. Mrs.

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In Vino Meritas

A psychologist yields to a tempting hunch, to arouse the life latent in a browbeaten lacklustre little man

by EDWARD ACHESON

• HUMOR •

"GOOD AFTERNOON," the doctor said. "Sit down, won't you?"

Mr. Onsnapf perched himself on the edge of a chair, his hat clutched across his chest. He peered at the doctor over the top of his pince-nez. "Have you—have you reached a decision, sir?" he inquired nervously.

Dr. Chauncey tossed the report on to his desk. "Yes.—Yes, I believe I have."

"Oh," Mr. Onsnapf breathed. Then, after a moment, "And I will get some relief, Doctor?—These headaches, the spells of dizziness! Really, Doctor——"

"Probably your liver," the psychologist said kindly.

"Oh, but it isn't, Doctor. Truly, it isn't. Clarissa—that's my wife, Mrs. Onsnapf,—she's taken me to the very best men in the city, and they all say it isn't anything physical."

The incongruity of anything physical in connection with Mr. Onsnapf gave the doctor a bad ten seconds. He took refuge in the business of lighting a cigarette. He held out the package toward his patient.

"Smoke, Mr. Onsnapf?"

"Oh, thank you, no, Doctor. I don't use tobacco in any form."

"Of course not. Nor alcohol. Forgive me." The doctor inhaled deeply and considered the problem before him. There simply was no solution. Here was an ego, completely mashed by an overwhelming mother. Then, released from that persecution, the ego, with the persistent masochism of its type, had sought out another woman exactly like the first. And married her! Certainly a hound for punishment, that ego. But what else could be said for it? Nothing. Absolutely nothing! And that was exactly what it had said for itself all its life. Dr. Chauncey felt a little desperate. He could only give up. But it would be kind to make a few preliminary gestures.

"Mr. Onsnapf," he said in his most ingratiating professional manner. "Your home life—Would you say your home life was completely happy?"

"My home life?—Why, yes, Doctor—Yes, I suppose so. I never really thought of it."

The doctor knew that. Little Onsnapf hadn't thought of anything. He hadn't allowed himself to.

"And your brother-in-law, you'd prefer he didn't live with you?" Dr. Chauncey asked suddenly.

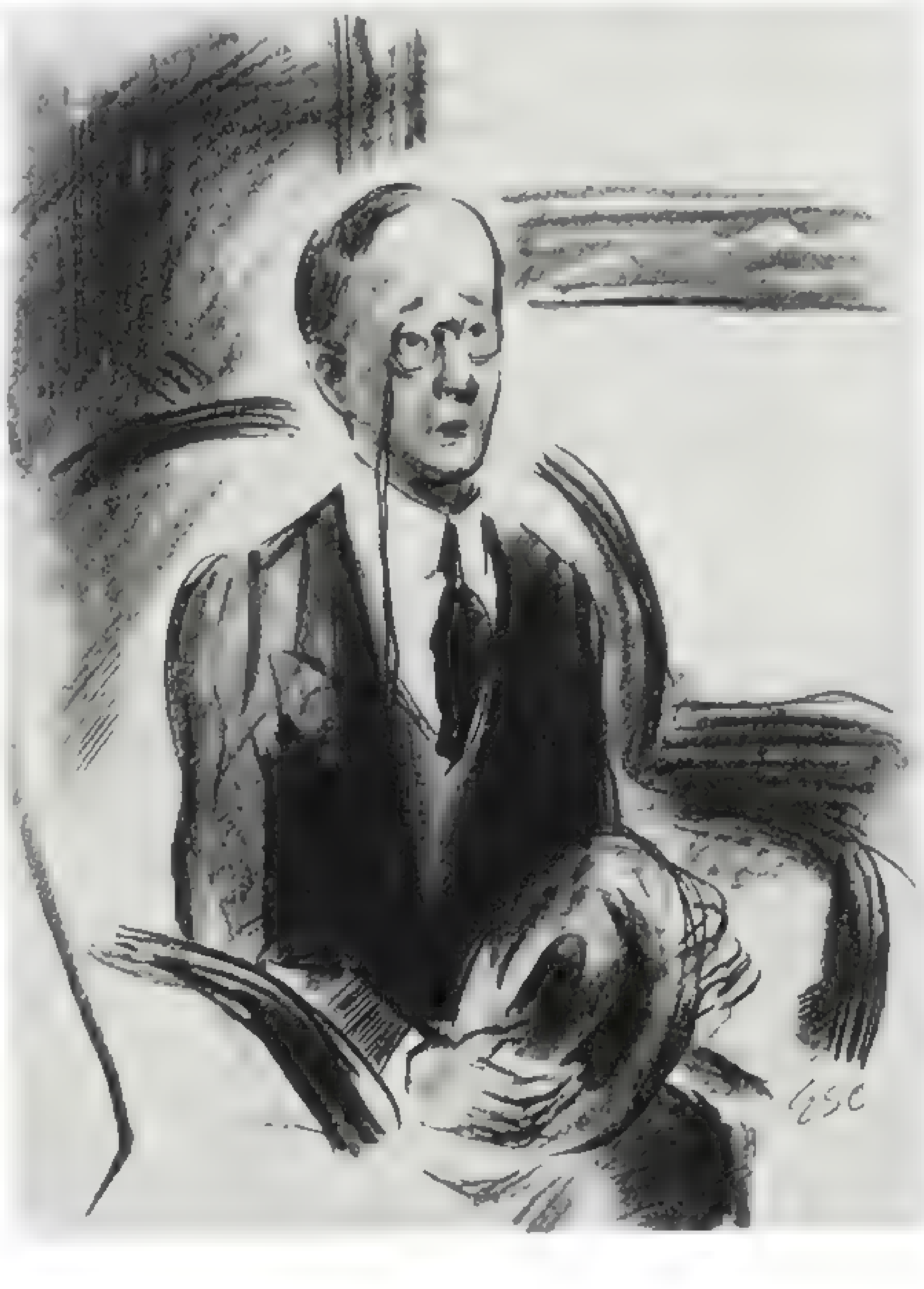
"Oscar?—Why, Doctor, it never occurred to me. I never thought of such a thing. Oscar has always lived with us.—He's not in very good health," Mr. Onsnapf explained.

"Oh?—But I thought you described him to Dr. Daniels as a large, robust person."

"He looks robust. But actually he's very delicate. The *slightest* exertion shatters his *whole* nervous system. Why, Doctor, I remember the day he worked in an office. Do you know, he was in bed for two weeks afterwards." Mr. Onsnapf shook his head unhappily. "Clarissa was nearly frantic," he added.

"When was that?" Dr. Chauncey asked.

"You mean when he tried office work?—Let me see.—Oh, yes. That was the year the war broke out, I think.—Nineteen fourteen. Yes it was. The summer of fourteen. And he's had to be very careful ever since."



Dr. Chauncey crushed out his cigarette viciously. He had the whole picture now: the wife, the brother-in-law, and little Mr. Onsnapf. And nothing could be done about it! No spark that could be fanned into flame. And yet,—the doctor thought back over his career,—he'd never encountered a human soul that registered a complete blank. Nature simply didn't permit it. Somewhere in Mr. Onsnapf there must be something besides wistful resignation. The doctor tried a different tack.

"Tell me, Mr. Onsnapf,—here in Dr. Daniels' report he says that you 'frequently indulge in the extermination of bean-beetles',—those were your words, I believe,—you drop them one by one into a jar of kerosene.—Now, tell me, do you think you hate those bean-beetles? Do you want to inflict pain on them? How do you feel about them?"

"I don't know. I never considered it, Doctor. I haven't any idea."

A perfectly blank wall. The doctor tried to go round instead of through. "Think hard, Mr. Onsnapf, and tell me whether there's anything in life you despise, or loathe, or hate. Anything that makes you angry. Or ever has. Anything at all."

Mr. Onsnapf thought. He thought for a long time. "No, Doctor, nothing I can recall immediately. Only,—well,—once when I was a boy—"

"Yes?" the doctor leaned forward.

"Well,—once in school when I was a boy, Oscar—he's now my brother-in-law,—he put a worm in my root-beer at lunch."

"And you? What did you do?"

"Oh, I was extremely annoyed. I hardly spoke to him for the rest of the week."

The doctor sank back, deflated. There wasn't much use, but he decided to try again. "And love, Mr. Onsnapf," he said after a pause, "was there ever anyone you loved? Anything? Think back, way back."

Mr. Onsnapf thought,—way back. His eyes softened, became diffused. "Yes," he said softly, "yes, there was."

"Tell me."

"Zenias," Mr. Onsnapf breathed. "Once I loved Zenias. But Clarissa forbade them. The petals dropped on the parlour carpet." He looked very dejected.

The doctor admitted defeat. He threw in the sponge. "Well, Mr. Onsnapf," he began.

"There's one other thing," the little man suggested, his eyes fastened on the floor. "I don't know whether you'd be interested. Perhaps I shouldn't mention it."

"Go right ahead," the doctor urged hopelessly. "It might be important."

"Well, I've always, all my life, I've loved to read." This confession was made with such an earnest hope that the doctor felt it was only humane to encourage it.

"Oh? And what kind of books? What authors, for instance?"

"Authors?—Now let me see.—Well, first of all, of course, Hemingway!—"

"Hemingway!"

"Oh, yes, Doctor. The bull-fight ones especially. Don't you think those are fine? And then, Dumas. I always liked him, and Sabatini, and Stevenson, and—"

"Wait a minute!" The doctor sat bolt upright. "I can tell you the others. You like Rostand. You like Kipling's soldier stories. You like Westward Ho, and—"

"I do! I do! But—how did you know, Doctor? Why, Heaven-sakes,—that's positively uncanny."

The doctor looked at Mr. Onsnapf with a sudden surge of pity. The poor little whipped-down mouse, bristling over the exploits of D'Artagnan, of Mulvaney—then rushing out to drop bean-beetles into a jar of kerosene!

"How *did* you know, Doctor? You're not you're not a mind-reader, are you?" the little man asked breathlessly.

"Ummmm," said the doctor. "Just a minute." There was something those books had suggested. Something the doctor couldn't just put his finger on. Something about a man who was a swashbuckler, or wasn't one, or wanted to be, or something.—Oh, yes!—Of course!—Gumbril! Gumbril of the pneumatic small clothes. The doctor was amused at his own conception, amused and a little surprised. At that, it would be rather fun to experiment. Just see if there wasn't some way he could help. Mr. Onsnapf's eager confidence had gotten under his professional skin, more than any patient in years. For a moment the doctor let his mind dwell on the stimuli and probable neurosis in the famous case of the handsome young monk from Siberia "whose life became drearier and drearier, 'til he burst from his cell with a hell of a yell and eloped with the Mother Superior." Then he looked over at Mr. Onsnapf, at Mr. Onsnapf's rubbers, his detachable cuffs, at Mr. Onsnapf's collar which was easily two sizes too large, his scrawny neck protruding like a chicken with its head through a crate.

No, sir, there wasn't "a yell" of any kind left in the poor little chap. Probably never had been.

"I suppose you've read Aldous Huxley?" the doctor asked, just to make sure the experiment wasn't possible.

"Huxley? Aldous Huxley?—Oh, yes. I know the one you mean. But I've never read him. Frankly, Doctor, I tried but he didn't seem to have much life in him."

"Then you've never heard of Gumbril," the psychologist mused. The chance was too perfect. Dr. Chauncey knew he was going to take it. And he shouldn't! He knew he shouldn't. It was criminally unprofessional. It might affect the man's whole future life.—But what if it did? What difference? The poor little fellow was beyond repair, beyond further hurt, past further humiliation.

"Mr. Onsnapf," the doctor said, the qualms afflicting his conscience making him talk very fast. If he hesitated he was sure he'd do the right thing. And the wrong thing was so much more interesting: it was something Dr. Chauncey had always wanted to try. "Mr. Onsnapf! you want to get rid of those headaches, the dizziness?—All right, you'd take pills if I prescribed them, wouldn't you? You'd go away on a cure, wouldn't you?—I want your word of honor to do exactly as I say. Do you promise?"

"Oh, Doctor, I'll do anything—anything, just to get some relief,—anything."

"Promise?"

"I promise," said Mr. Onsnapf, sounding like a Sunday-School child.

"Very well, then," the doctor waited until he had Mr. Onsnapf's complete attention. "I prescribe for six hours every day for the next two weeks—"

"Yes, Doctor?"

"That you wear a big bushy black beard!"

"A beard?"

"A beard!—A big bushy black one!"

"But, Doctor, I've tried and I can't even grow—"

"A false one, of course. Buy yourself a good false beard."

"But I—"

"I have your promise! Six hours every day, from four till ten, and—" the doctor looked at his watch, "and you can start right now."

"But, Doctor, Clarissa—"

"Go get that beard!" The doctor rose threateningly.

Little Mr. Onsnapf scurried across the room. "But, Doctor, are you sure——?"

"I know!" thundered Dr. Chauncey.

Mr. Onsnapf sidled through the door.

"Here! Wait a minute!" the doctor commanded.

Mr. Onsnapf sidled back.

"I'm going to send young Daniels with you. I want this carried out to the letter. —Oh, Miss Edwards, ask Dr. Daniels to step here a moment, will you?"

The assistant came in smiling.

"Yes, Doctor?"

"I want you to go with Mr. Onsnapf here and see that he purchases a black beard, a large vicious-looking black beard. Do you understand?"

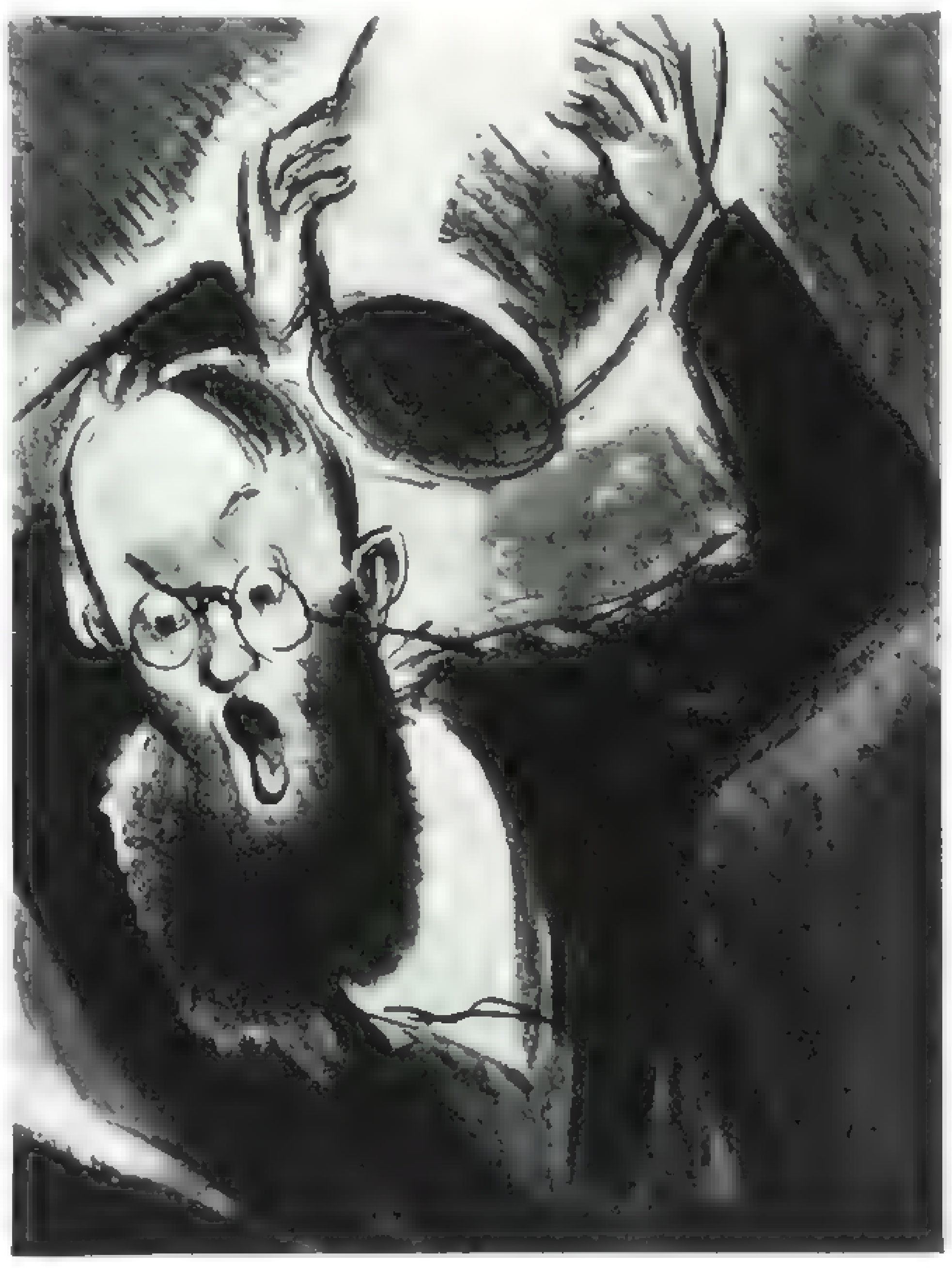
"Pardon me, sir, but did you say 'beard'?"

"I said 'beard'!"

"Very well," Dr. Daniels said dubiously. "There's a place just next door to the Clinic, a theatrical costumer's."

"I don't care where you get it.—But get it!"

"Yes, sir." Dr. Daniels looked at Mr. Onsnapf and then back at his superior. "You did say 'beard', didn't you, Doctor?"



"Get out!" Dr. Chauncey ordered.

Mr. Onsnapf disappeared like a card trick. Dr. Daniels followed him more slowly.

"He won't wear it," Miss Edwards decided as the door closed behind them.

"Of course he will. Orders are orders to men like Onsnapf. He wouldn't dare disobey!"

"But a beard, Doctor!" It was plain from Miss Edwards' tone that professional ethics played some part in her life.

"Somebody will probably work out on him, either Brother Oscar, or that wife of his. You haven't seen her!" Miss Edwards pointed out ominously. "She's a battle wagon. Her first thought will be to have her husband incarcerated in a lunatic asylum."

"She couldn't do that," Dr. Chauncey said indulgently.

"She could try."

"But she wouldn't!"

"Wouldn't she! You haven't seen that woman: I have! And I'll tell you frankly, Doctor, it's nothing short of human sacrifice to have that poor little man sailing home under false whiskers."

The doctor became thoughtful. "Perhaps," he decided at length, "perhaps it might be better, just at first,—I mean, among people he didn't know—"

"Exactly!" Miss Edwards agreed. "A major defeat at the very start would—"

"Exactly!" Dr. Chauncey said. "Especially, at the start." He was glad to be able to back-water a bit. He cleared his throat. "Now, if you'll just call that theatrical place. It's next to the Clinic, I think. Just tell Daniels I'd like to speak to him."

Miss Edwards went to the phone.

Dr. Chauncey lit a cigarette and leaned back in his chair. Probably better to take it by degrees. Build up the little man's ego outside his own home, and let its influence rather than the mechanics of the thing make itself felt.

"Dr. Daniels has left the costumer's," Miss Edwards said.

"Oh?" the doctor looked up quickly. "Then call him at the Clinic."

"I did," Miss Edwards said in an offended tone. "He's just left there.—With a patient," she added, looking reprovingly at the doctor.

"Already?"—Well, perhaps they've gone elsewhere to look for the—er—beard. Why didn't you call the theatrical place again and find out whether the,—whether it had been purchased."

"I did, Doctor. —Naturally." Miss Edwards said.

"You did?" Dr. Chauncey was a man whose profession it was to alter manifest destiny. He was impatient of circumstances which competed with his own manufactured type of Fate. "And had it?" he demanded testily.

"It had!"

"Annoying!" he said. And it was. The doctor was now thoroughly annoyed. He was annoyed with Daniels for being so speedily efficient, at Miss Edwards because she was right. And especially at Onsnapf. Damn Onsnapf for getting under his professional skin like this. Then he smiled. Onsnapf was such an eager, appealing little cuss. And he was probably sufficiently damned already. "Well," the doctor concluded, "I suppose it's up to me, then. I'll just run out and face this awesome Mrs. Onsnapf."

"Beard the lioness," Miss Edwards suggested.

The doctor frowned. The prospect of the impending interview rather undermined his sense of humor.

He was in no brighter frame of mind as he placed his finger firmly on the Onsnapf door-bell.

"It's not necessary to ring it permanently," a chilly voice admonished him.

He looked up expecting to see Mrs. Onsnapf. But it was the maid. A hatchet-faced maid of very certain years, with buck teeth and a flat chest.

"Mr. Onsnapf! Is he home?" the doctor demanded.

"I don't know," the maid said, as though such a question were the height of absurdity. "But I shall inquire from the Madame."

"I'm Dr. Chauncey."

The frigid servant considered this for a moment. Then made a decision which ap-

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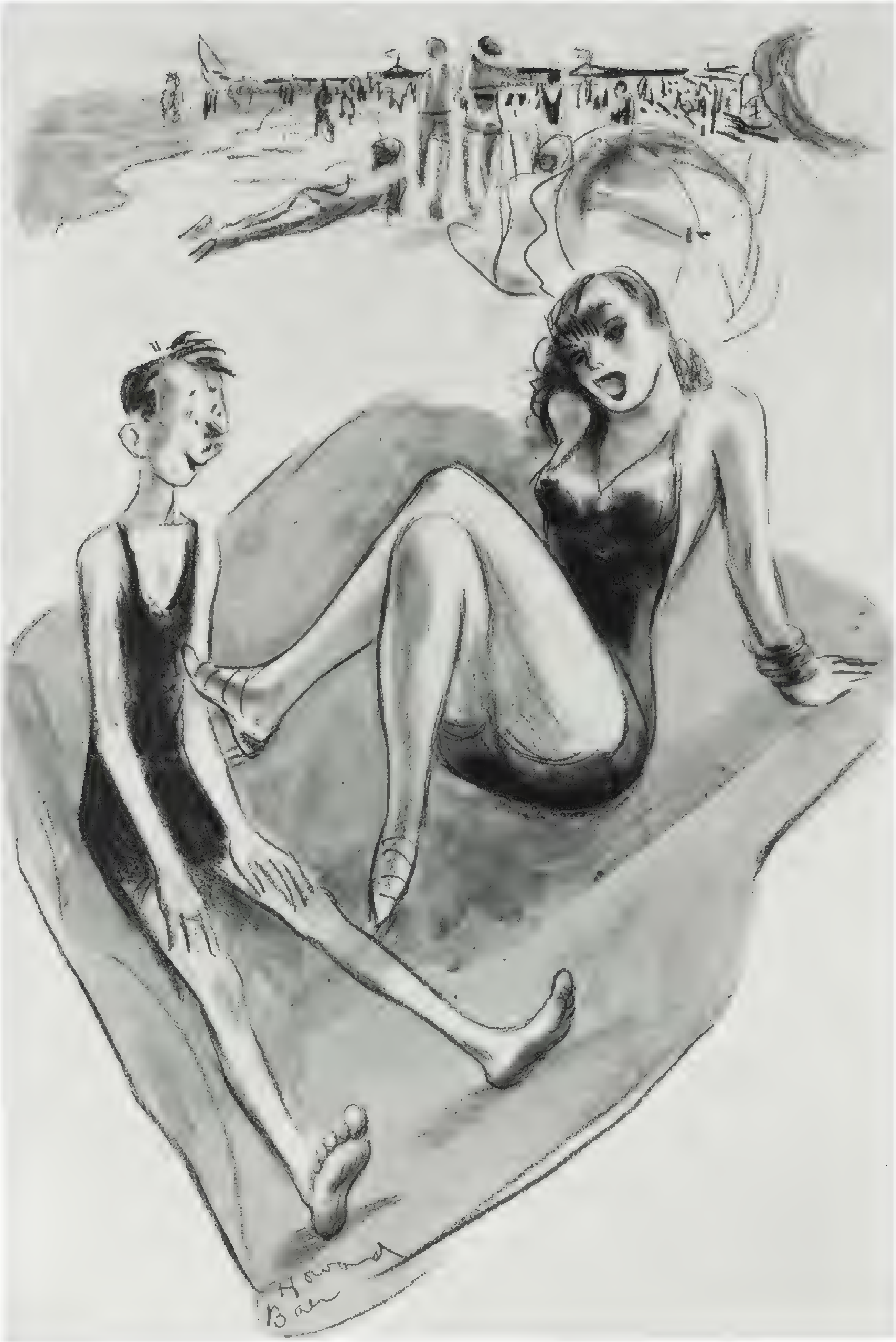
Howard Baer

"How about getting me that ham on rye, Tarzan?"

Writ of Attachment

A few diverting corrections to the newspapers' accounts of a London divorce affair

by ANTHONY GITTINS

HUMOR

Did you ever hear how Mrs. Christopher de Cordon Blue proved her husband a liar, and consequently, without much more trouble, obtained her divorce? Or, rather, did you ever find out which newspaper printed the most accurate version of the affair? For, by a coincidence perhaps unprecedented in the history of Fleet Street, all the papers differed considerably in their presentation of the facts, and the public was, for once, confused.

In the first place, the age of Mrs. de Cordon Blue was given as 22, 23, 24 and, through a misprint, 299. Actually, she was 25. Secondly, Mr. de Cordon Blue came across his *chère amie*, Miss Piper ("Pips") Pommery, on the beach at Cannes, and not on the rocks at Juan-les-Pins, or the *plage* at Nice. This, indeed, was an important point, but the newspapers must here be exonerated from blame, for naturally they preferred to mention the name of the resort from which they gleaned most advertising.

Thirdly, the best description of Miss Pommery's character and habits is conveyed by reference to her jars of lotions, creams, skin foods and sunburn protective balm. Being proprietary articles, these were mentioned but vaguely by the papers, and this is *another* reason why the affair was not properly understood by the public.

Let us make it clear, therefore, that it was Miss Pommery's custom each morning to walk from her hotel to the beach, taking with her a magazine, a box of cigarettes, and three tiny jars containing cold cream, anti-blister ointment, and sunburn protective balm.

At intervals, she would anoint herself from one or another of these, and because she was extremely proud of her white skin she would use the sunburn protective balm with needless extravagance. It was very good balm. A tiny jar cost 10/6, and only a light smear of it sufficed to keep her skin white for two or three days under the hottest sun.

Sometimes she was accompanied from her hotel by a gallant (modern type, super-supercilious), sometimes she made a date to meet her admirers on the beach. This morning she lay full length in the flaming heat and hoped that young Louis Cliquot would turn up. As usual, she was wearing a bathing-dress which, like the subsequent Press reports, touched only on the bare essentials of her life.

Suddenly someone said: "Hul-lo, Pips!"

Now Miss Piper Pommery had her code. She was not completely unregenerate. And so, while she did not object to being called Piper by young men of slight acquaintance, she allowed none save friends of long standing to call her Pips. She looked up coldly. And there beside her was Mr. Christopher de Cordon Blue, whom she had supposed to be in London.

"Why, Chris, da-a-rling!", she exclaimed, with a seductive whinny. "What are you doing in Cannes?"

The question was more pertinent than she realized, because Mr. Christopher de Cordon Blue should have been transacting business in Biarritz. His wife, Christine, was in London.

"Staying here for a couple of days," he replied, settling down on the sand beside her. "Got to leave tomorrow. I've been looking everywhere for you, Pips."

Miss Pommery slanted a glance at him, and, by rolling her eyes, churned the cream of naughtiness into their expression. "How did you know I was here?", she asked.

"Saw your photo in one of the illustrated papers."

And so, having satisfied each other's curiosity on the circumstances of their meeting, they lay with their backs to the sun, rested their heads on their arms, and talked.

The spot, chosen by Miss Pommery for her chit-chat with Louis Cliquot, was in one of the least frequented parts of the foreshore. But she didn't want Louis, now. So when he eventually turned up she told him, as cool as dammit, that he'd mistaken the date. Louis meant nothing much to her, anyway. His car wasn't even a sports model. He left them. Presently, Mr. Christopher de Cordon Blue, who was thirty and unprincipled, expounded his views on marriage.

"A man who marries a pretty woman," he drawled, "is always damned jealous or afraid that one of her admirers'll come along and sneak her. It happens nine times in ten."

"Well," she said, ceasing to trace her forefinger over the muscles of his left arm, "what's your solution, darling?" She transferred her finger to his shoulder blades, resting her arm on his back. "Suppose Christine discovered that you'd come to Cannes?"

"Suppose she did?"

". . . and that you'd met me?", concluded Miss Pommery. "But tell me, Chris," she added, before he had time to answer, "have any of your male friends been exhibiting admiration for Christine lately?"

"No. What I mean is, a man should . . . ow!"

"What on earth's the matter?"

"If you want to draw pictures on my back, darling," he explained, "I wish you'd stick the end of your finger into the cold cream. It's as sore as hell."

"But you haven't burnt a bit brown, yet!"

"I know. But I'll be like a nigger before the day's out," he rejoined. "At present, my skin's just perishin' sore, and cold cream's the best thing for it."

"Poor dear!", she said compassionately, dipping her finger into the jar by her side.

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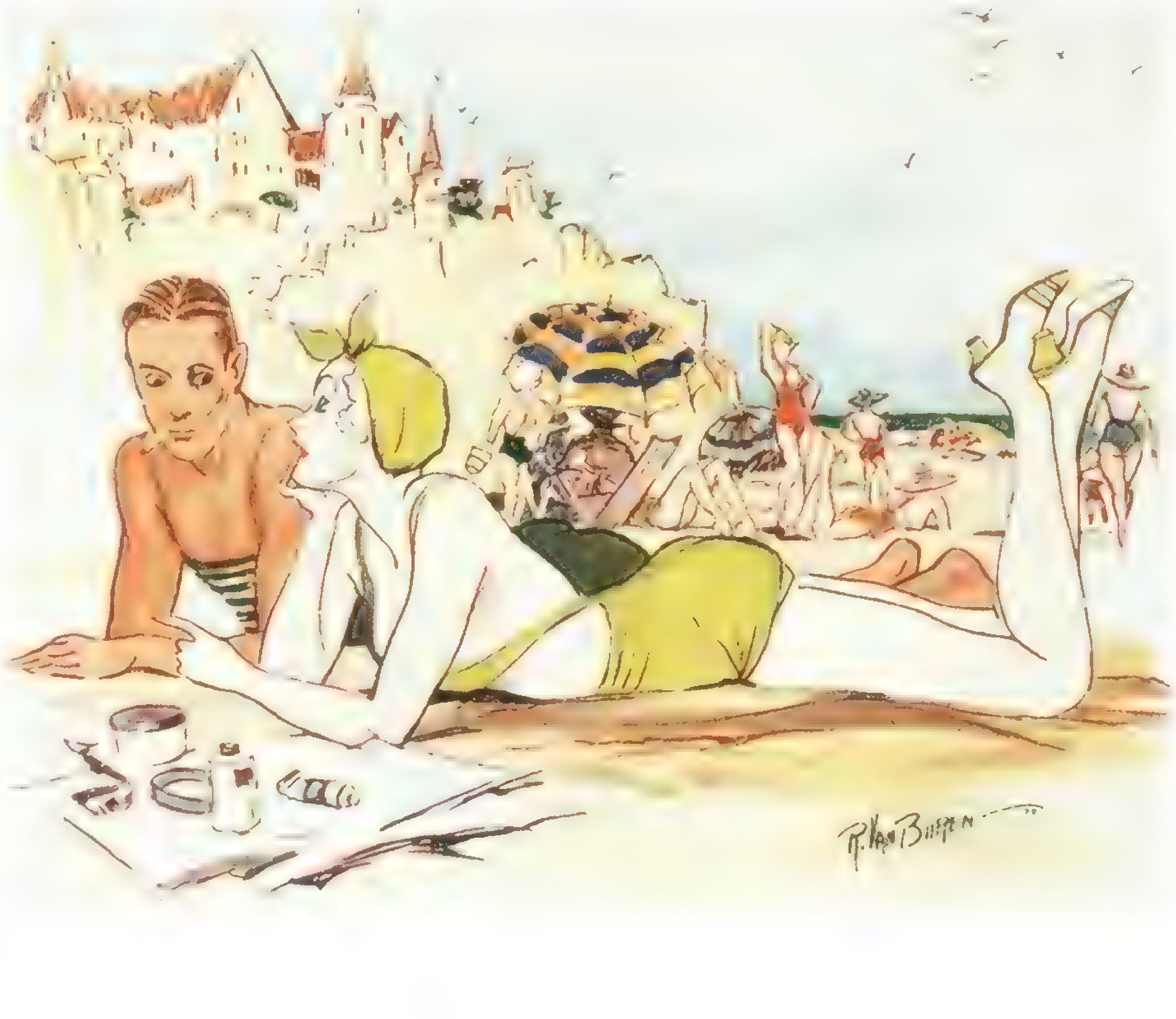

A New Entry in the Hunt

If you're taking up foxhunting—or even if you aren't—here's an interesting line on the ritual

by VICTOR WEYBRIGHT

SPORTS

A good foxhunter often drops his final *g's* in the huntin' field, when he would never think of doing so in the drawing room; for a foxhunter is at heart a country squire. He need not be hearty—indeed, a tall, thin, silent man looks elegantly ruddy in a shadbelly hunting coat—but he must have an eye for the countryside and for the slyest varmint thereof. He must have a feeling for hounds, horses, wind, weather; and perhaps a taste for brandy. Remember, riding to hounds is a fall and winter sport, and it is frosty even in Virginia at nine o'clock of a November morning.

A foxhunter is, too, so hardbitten that he would pawn his piano to pay his hunt subscription; or swap his watch for a bushel of oats if it came to downright necessity; for, to sell your horses is to walk the plank. This unreasonable, awesome singlemindedness of the foxhunter explains, I think, the fact that during the past year—when many other expensive sports and clubs have tottered if not folded up—the number of hunt clubs in America has actually increased.

Who but a foxhunter can ever enjoy that galvanic thrill which seizes men, horses and hounds alike at the first note of the huntsman as he views his fox away? How, except astride a hunter, charging a fearsome brook without a tremor, while the pack streams gloriously away with a breast-high scent, can a man in this practical generation look and act like a hero? How, except in war? You who have read the sporting novels of R. S. Surtees will remember John Jorrocks' classic toast to foxhunting as "the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent of its danger."

Yet some crusaders have said, and not without malice, that foxhunting is really a cruel and decadent sport; that the foxhunter chases the fox solely because, metaphysically, he chases it. (Very well, do men go trout-fishing because they are hungry?) What if the picturesque display and elaborate ritual of foxhunting do depend upon nothing more than the sudden death of one of the smaller carnivora? No one, however, in all that dashing, leaping throng of foxhunters really *wills* the death of the fox. Here, rather, is the stern ineluctability of Fate portrayed. If the quarry escapes, surely, he has merited well. He has furnished an excellent run. Tomorrow it may be different. Let him return, then, in triumph to his den and kin. And if he dies, his is nevertheless a "good" death. To paraphrase the poet, " 'Tis not the *quarry*, but the *chase* that counts."

The rules of the chase are old and fair Even the workmanlike, yet handsome, uniform of the foxhunter has, unlike that of any other sport, been practically unchanged for more than a century. It is difficult, at first glance, to tell whether a hunting print represents the Quorn of 1834 or the Warrenton Hounds of 1934! The Cottesmore of 1860 or the Myopia Hunt of 1930!

A pink coat, for example, seems to many honest men who have never lived in hunting country, the height of foppish affectation. Why, I have heard it asked, should a man wear a pink coat just because men in Leicestershire adopted pink coats a couple of centuries ago? Not because pink was ever a popular color for uniforms in this country, but because, should a man come a cropper and lie unconscious in a ditch, his pink coat can be seen from a great distance.

The hunting hat—which is not a regular silk topper, but more of the John Bull persuasion, with reinforced crown—has saved many a man a broken neck. It's a shock-absorber, more efficacious than a football helmet. Also, it trains you to duck low enough when riding under the limbs of trees.

White breeches do require a bit of rationalization. They are probably a survival from the days of leather breeches, which were naturally white. And they look smart!

The formal hunting costume is worn only during the hunting season, by members of a hunt, and then only at the request of the Master of Fox Hounds.

In the early autumn cubbing season, for instance, a man wears the most "varminty" riding kit he can smartly affect—workmanlike field boots; tweed riding coat; perhaps a turtleneck sweater or cub-hunting stock; felt hat—a costume which is known as "ratcatcher" attire.

Before explaining exactly what the cubbing season consists of, and why it does not demand formal kit, it might be well to see that a prospective foxhunter knows how to launch himself into the hunting set.

First, he should select a Hunt within the size of his purse and a country within reach of his home. Unless, of course, he has sufficient leisure to hunt all the way from Myopia to Middleburg, and funds enough for two or three subscriptions, in addition to capping fees.

A man with fortunate connections may succeed in wangling a card from the Master of one of the private packs of foxhounds, which are by invitation only. Such a pack—which may cost as much as $50,000 a year to maintain—is supported by an individual, sometimes assisted by a few intimate friends, and is known usually as Mr. So-and-So's Hounds.

In approaching the subscription pack, one cannot always be too ingenuous in expressing a reason for taking up hunting; but a good first impression will be made on the Master of Fox Hounds and the Honorable Secretary if you exhibit interest only in the sport and avoid gossip like the plague. If, by chance, you do have a grudge against a fellow member wait till the hunt ball. He'll be easier to cope with by then.

Never forget that while some men ride to hounds just for the exercise, and some for social prestige, the real foxhunters ride for the sport. That is, they do not consider it merely a social or equestrian pastime, but a game in which houndwork is quite as important as horsemanship.

Having been welcomed into a hunt club, the new entry should by all means pay his subscription promptly. It may be anywhere from two hundred to five hundred dollars or more. Then he should ask if he might ride during the cubbing season, which usually begins in September.

Cub-hunting is late summer, or early fall, foxhunting, conducted for the purpose of teaching young foxes, or cubs, to fly from covert; at the same time the young hounds are "blooded," i. e., allowed to kill and eat a fox and thereby whet their appetites for the runs ahead of them. Naturally, this is not the time for the panoply of the chase

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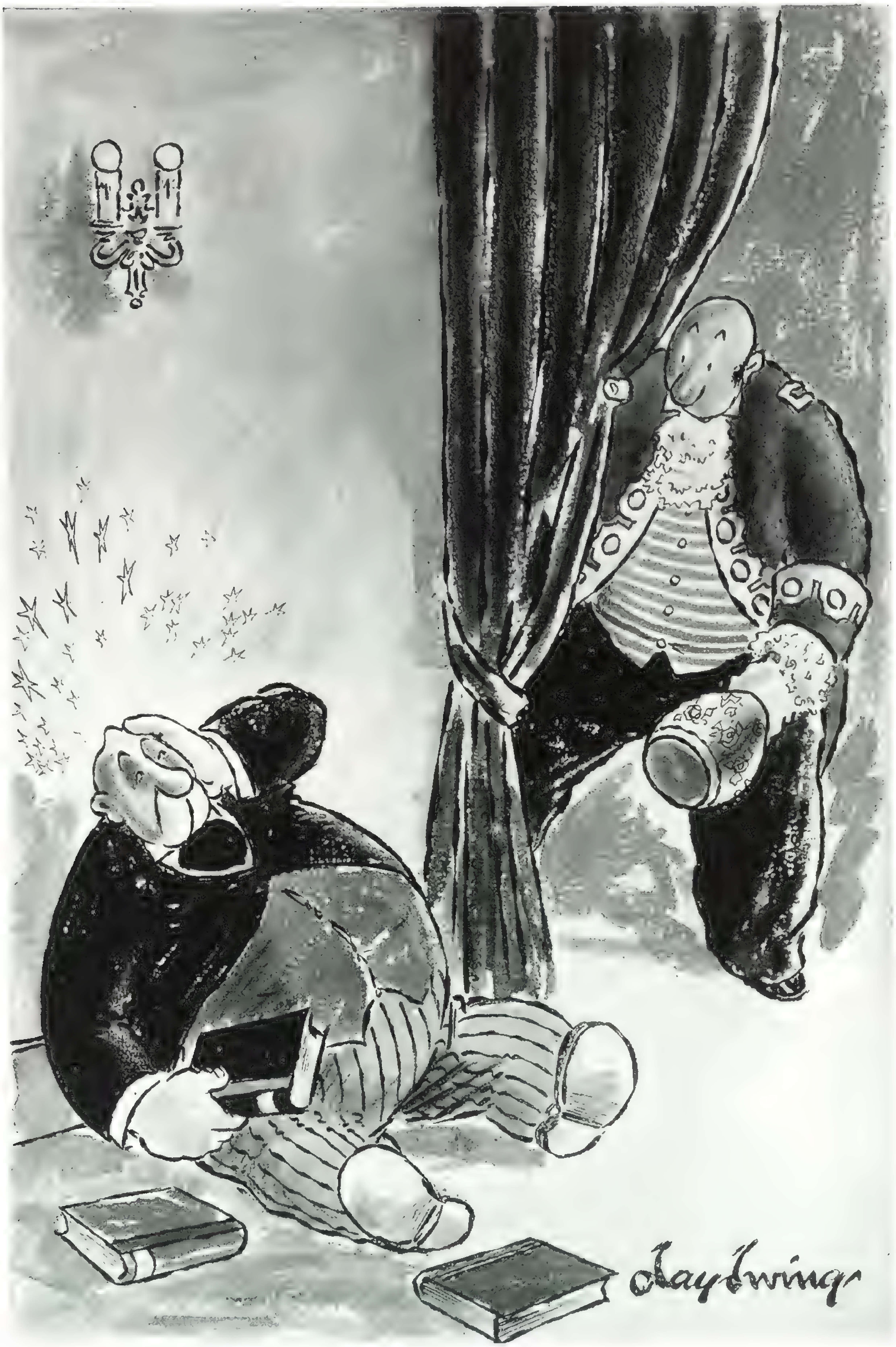


"Thank you, Judkins. But it's no use—hic—I'm still hiccupping!"

Notes on a Hangman

Part two, complete in itself and up to date, of a biography that is a remarkable human document

by JAMES MARLOW

▪ ARTICLE ▪

November 19, 1931: He opened the door of the detective's office in police headquarters and stood there, drunk, keeping steady with his umbrella, doing tricks with his mouth, his face yellowwhite from liquor. He zigzagged in slow motion to the back of a chair and balanced himself, one hand on the chair, one on the umbrella, looking at Superintendent of Police George Reyer, doing tricks with his mouth till he said "Sup'intenden', Christmas is nex'mont' n I ain' got a dime."

"What you want, Mister Meyer?" Reyer asked.

Going through the act with his mouth again, Tricksy said "You kin fix it."

"Fix what?" Reyer said.

Tricksy said "Dey got dem t'ree whites n dem five shines over to de prison waitin' fer de date to be set n if you kin fix it so I kin git 'em dis mont' or nex' mont' I be all right."

Reyer said "What kind of stuff you been drinking?"

"Why you ast dat?" Tricksy said.

"I can't set any date for a hanging," Reyer told him. "That's the governor does that."

"O, you kin use yer influence all right," Tricksy said. "N don' you fret I ain' gona git 'em. I'm gona git 'em all right."

"Sure. I know that," Reyer said.

"But dat ain' now," Tricksy said. "I come here special to see you. You won' do nuttin?"

"No."

Tricksy looked at the detectives.

"I dropped Ada n de docter," he said. "Bunches. I got as good a recud as anybody. I'm de one kicked de price up on all de jobs in de whole state."

He says:

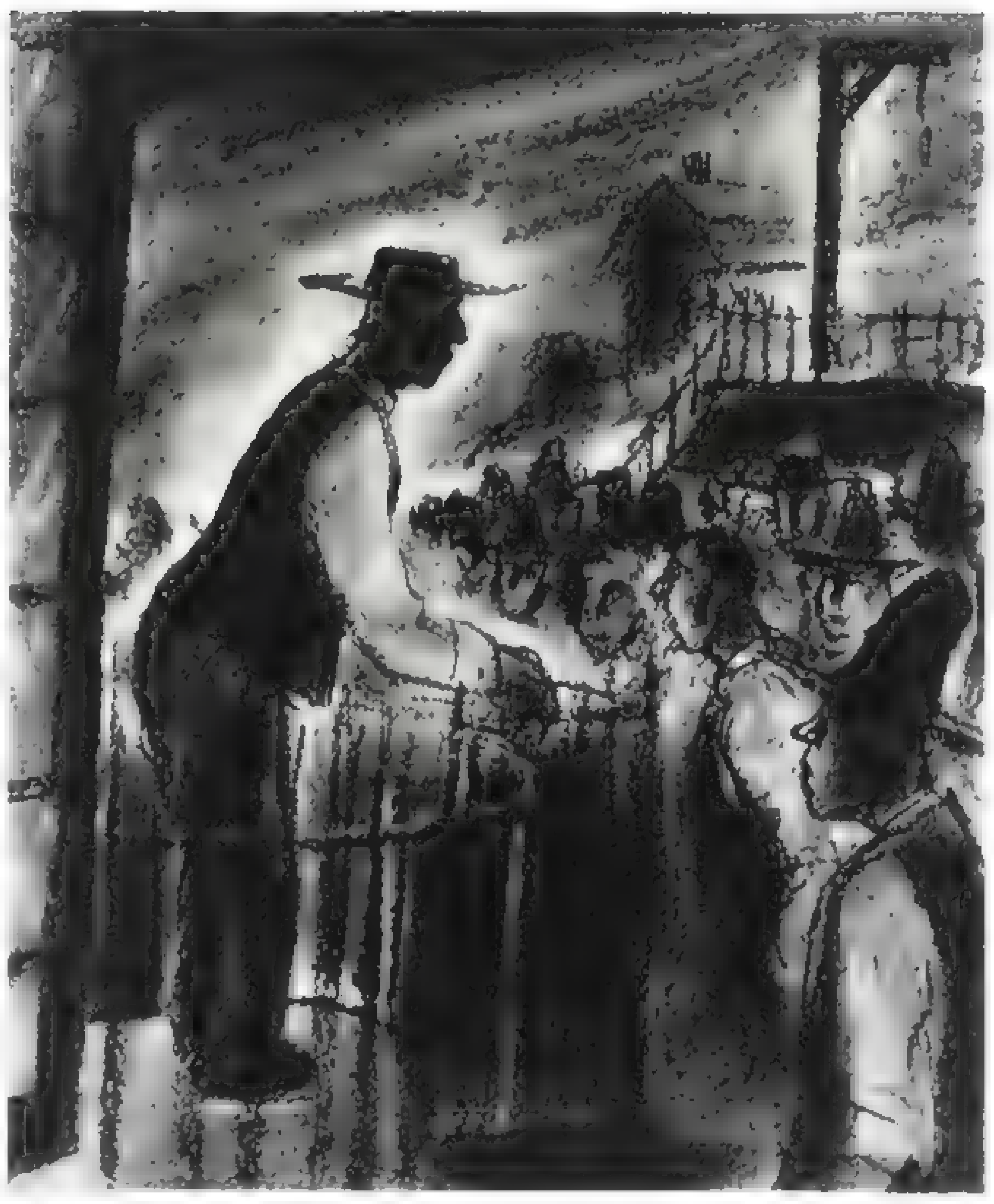
"De way I feel about my job is dis: a man commit a crime, de jury find 'im guilty, de jedge sen'ence 'im, n de jedge swear me in as a deputy to carry out de law. N dat's all I feel about it.

"If a man commit a crime dirty enough I'd hang 'im right away if I was on de jury. But not on circumstantial evidence I wouldn'.

"But what dey need in dis town is a couple fellas wit' plen'y man in 'em. When some fella rawhides his wife or kills his wife or sumpin, let one of dese fellas git a couple fellas together n go to dat fella's house n say to de fellas: We go bring 'im out.

"I know if I was dere I'd go in n git 'im. I'd fix de necktie fer 'im, me. I'd hoist 'im up on a telegraph pole."

He says:



"I wen' up to Lake Charles to hang a fella, Dunn, n I was waitin' in de sheriff's office waitin' fer de sheriff, n I was sittin' dere alone, waitin', n from where I was I could see where de gallows was a block away, excep' I couldn' see de gallows: it was all closed in by beaverboards n roped off.

"N outside de office where I was sittin' was a sort of stone balcony raised a couple steps from de ground, n a whole swarm of yokels come up on de balcony like dey jus' come out de fields, wit' big strawhats on 'em dat big, like big hayseeds dey was, wit' plowshoes on, n dey come up in bunches n stood on de balcony, lookin' in at me. Dey kep' it up n so fin'ly when de sheriff come I ast 'im: What dey lookin' at?

"He say: Dey're lookin' at you.

"So I say: Well, den good. I'll interduce myself if dat's de case.

"So I wen' to de door n wen' out on de balcony wit' all de yokels lookin' at me, n I say: Good mornin' to you all. I mus' be a hell of a big curiosity to you monkeys. Well, take a good look so you'll know me de nex' time.

"All de monkeys broke out n run, n dey never stop till dey git to de roped off part. Dey stood dere, watchin' me wit' deir chins on de rope."

June 1, 1932: Four bankrobbing killers, Jacques, a negro, Taylor, O'Day, Rylich, in that order, one at a time: a bad day.

Jacques: Tricksy roped and noosed and hooded him with the black sateen hood and slammed the lever: it was locked. It took ten minutes to find the key in the warden's office three floors below and, standing hooded in darkness, Jacques, who had been strong to go in a hurry, found the minutes too much and was shaking when the key came.

Taylor: he wanted to speak but Tricksy misunderstood and grabbed his feet to rope them and Taylor jumped and the warden dragged Tricksy away but he misunderstood and grabbed for the feet again and Taylor jumped and the warden rammed Tricksy away against the railing till Taylor could finish.

O'Day: Tricksy put the knot under the chin instead of behind the ear and newspapermen four feet away wanted to holler and Tricksy slammed him through into the room below where the coroner waited with a stethoscope. And, in the room with O'Day and the coroner, Warden Miller, not looking up at O'Day, hearing him breathing, said "O, that goddamn old man. I told him to be careful. I swear to Jesus, if he does this with Rylich I'll break his nose, I'll break his nose."

Rylich: perfect.

He says:

"Zelenka n Birbiglia was de two mos' scared I think I ever seen. Dey was white. Dey was in de chapel. It was about five minutes before dey was comin' up to see me. I could see dem. I was lookin' right down at 'em from de nex' floor: Dey was white. You'd think dey was gona drop dead dey was so scared lookin'. Somebody was wit' me say: Look at dose special big candles burnin' in de chapel dat deir friends bought.

"N I say: Well, hell, forty candles ain' gona do 'em no good."*

November 25, 1932: Tricksy came through the driveway shaking Hello at us with his folded umbrella, and Tom Jackson, the cop, said "How'd you make out with the coon?"

"He had a big neck," Tricksy said. "But I fixed 'im, big neck n all."

We got into the sedan and Tom told him "We got a good place picked out a woman runs. It's away up town out the way."

"Any place is all right," Tricksy said, "so it ain' up at my place wit' dem riverbums."

We went through the driveway out into South Broad street. Negroes on the sidewalk and on the neutral ground were still looking up at the prison.

"Dat was a frisky nigger," Tricksy said. "He ast Cap'n Miller fer a woman be put in his cell las' night fer de las' night."

"That Miller wouldn' do it," Tom said. "If it wasn' fer that Miller I woulda been up there at twelve o'clock to see you do the job."

"Dat's foolish," Tricksy told him. "Whether you n 'im is bad friends or not if he'da tol' you one woid I woulda tol' 'im: Listen, Cap. You kin bring yer friends n I kin bring my friends, n if I can' bring my friends den dere ain' gona be no job. See?"

"Sure. I see where there woulda been a big argumen'," Tom said.

"Argumen'?" Tricksy said. "I'm de one

*(*Felix J. Birbiglia and John Zelenka, youths, shot a woman to death in New Orleans for her diamonds*

shoulda had de argumen'. He made me sleep in de prison all night, de whole night."

"Fer what?"

"Fer what you think?" Tricksy said. "So I couldn' git nuttin to drink."

"You didn' have nuttin' this mornin' either?"

"Not a smell."

"You oughta get a medal," Tom said. "That's a recud."

I turned into Thalia to go to Claiborne but I had to slow the car for negroes running to a crowd of negroes round a hearse.

"Wait a minute," Tom told me. "Stop it."

I stopped beside the hearse and the three of us looked.

"There's yer nigger friend, ol' man," Tom said. "All wrapped n ready. They bring 'im home."

"Well, good luck to 'im," Tricksy said. "I wish 'im luck."

We went to Claiborne and turned up and stopped in front of Edna's house. When she opened the door Tom said "Hello, darlin'?"

"Hello," she said. "Who's your friend?"

"This," Tom told her, putting his arm over Tricksy's shoulders, "is little Mister Moiphy."

"How you do, lady?" Tricksy said, tipping his hat.

Edna looked at him. She said "Mister *Murphy?*"

"Sure," Tom said. "He's a real estate man."

"O, dat's a great Tom," Tricksy said, laughing.

"Well, anyway come on inside and close the door," she said.

In the dining room Tom took off his coat and told Tricksy to take off his. They arranged their coats over chairs but the room was too cold and Tricksy put on his coat again.

"I wanna git warm inside firs'," he said, sitting down.

"Me, too," Tom said.

Edna said "I got gin or whisky or beer. Or what?"

"Not no gin to start with," Tom told her. "Whisky. N you, Mister Moiphy?"

"Whisky," Tricksy said. "Dat's de bes'."

Edna brought the drinks from the kitchen and sat opposite Tricksy to watch him. When he put back his head to swallow she looked at me, made a quick strangling motion round her throat with her hands, shook her head for Yes Yes. But she had to stop with her hands when Tricksy stopped with the drink.

"Dat's no counterfeit stuff," he said, putting his glass on the table. "What about you, lady? You have one, too?"

"No. Thanks," Edna said.

Tricksy laid a five dollar bill on the table. Tom, watching Edna watch Tricksy, pushed the bill to the center of the table.

"Ain' this the day they hung that nigger Leaval Hubbard fer shootin' that Melancon, the grocer?" he asked, looking at the money.

"O," Tricksy said, laughing at Edna. "Dat's a great Tom."

"What you think, Mister Moiphy?" Tom asked. "You think they oughta hang a nigger fer shootin' a white man like that?"

"Hang 'im?" Tricksy said, looking at Edna. "Dey oughta scalded de bastid."

Edna took the glasses and the five dollar bill to the kitchen. She called me to the kitchen. She pulled me behind the door and said "That's that ol' man Tricksy Meyer Tom's been tellin' me about. Ain't it?"

I said "Sure."

"Well," she said, looking at the five dollar bill. "So he just got paid with this money?"

I said "Sure."

"Well, I wouldn't have it in the house," she said.

I said "It's good American money."

"I wouldn't have it in the house," she said. "Not this money."

She gave the bill to the negro maid to get it changed at the corner store. When the maid returned, Edna deducted for the drinks and laid four fresh one dollar bills and silver change on the table in front of Tricksy.

She told him "Keep it in your pocket."

"No. Leave it on de table," he said. "You kin take out as we go along."

With two hours of whisky Tom had him talking: the bulldog and the alligator, Ada and the doctor, names of men and places. Tom had heard the stories fifty times but he asked Tricksy questions and watched Edna when he answered . . .

Tom said "You wan' a nice girl, ol' man?"

Tricksy's mouth was loose and he had to fumble with it but he said "Dat wouldn' be bad."

"Well, you might as well," Tom said. "You kin get 'im a nice girl, Edna?"

"Sure thing," Edna said. "I can get 'em from one to ninety if he wants."

"I don' wan' none nine'y," Tricksy said.

"Well, listen to that old son of a bitch," she said as she went to the telephone in the hall . . .

When the doorbell rang Edna answered it and was in the hall a long time, talking. She came in with a tall skinny girl in a mink coat. Edna said "This is Miss Dorothy."

Dorothy went straight to Tricksy and shook his hand and sat down beside him, squeezing his arm, smiling at him, calling for a gin, calling for a second, calling for a third, getting them down in three quick throws. When she had the third one down she kissed him on the mouth, a long slow kiss.

He did tricks with his mouth and opened her purse and looked at himself in her little mirror, saying "I mus' be a awful ugly-lookin' fella."

No one said anything. He repeated "I mus' be a awful ugly-lookin' fella" half a dozen times.

He asked Dorothy "You know de dif'rence atween a ol' man n a young man?"

"Why, no," she said.

He whispered.

"O, that's cute," Dorothy said, rubbing his head. "That's precious."

"Doncha tell 'em what I tol' you," he warned her, wagging his head.

"I won't," Dorothy said. "That's strictly between you and me, dear. Isn't it?"

"I know a pome about friends," he said. Rocking on the chair, keeping the beat with his index finger, he recited many verses about friends, friends dying one by one, treacherous friends, true friends, all the friends dying one by one, and an old man left alone.

"O, I think that's won'erful," Dorothy said. "Hasn't he got a won'erful mem'ry?" . .

He bought the supper: bread, butter, coffee, oysters, buns. The meal half sobered him and he stayed half sober drinking beer, not talking much, listening shrewdly with his elbows on the table and his head held up between his open palms, letting Dorothy kiss him.

At ten o'clock it was time for Tom and me to go but Tom told Dorothy "You take care that ol' man."

"Who?" Dorothy said, squeezing Tricksy. "We're sweethearts."

Edna gave them the front room with the door that opens on the hall . . .

Tricksy was awake at daylight: Dorothy was gone.

He lay awake a minute: he looked for his money: it was gone: forty-five dollars.

He sat on the bed and rolled a cigarette. The forty-five, all he had left from the

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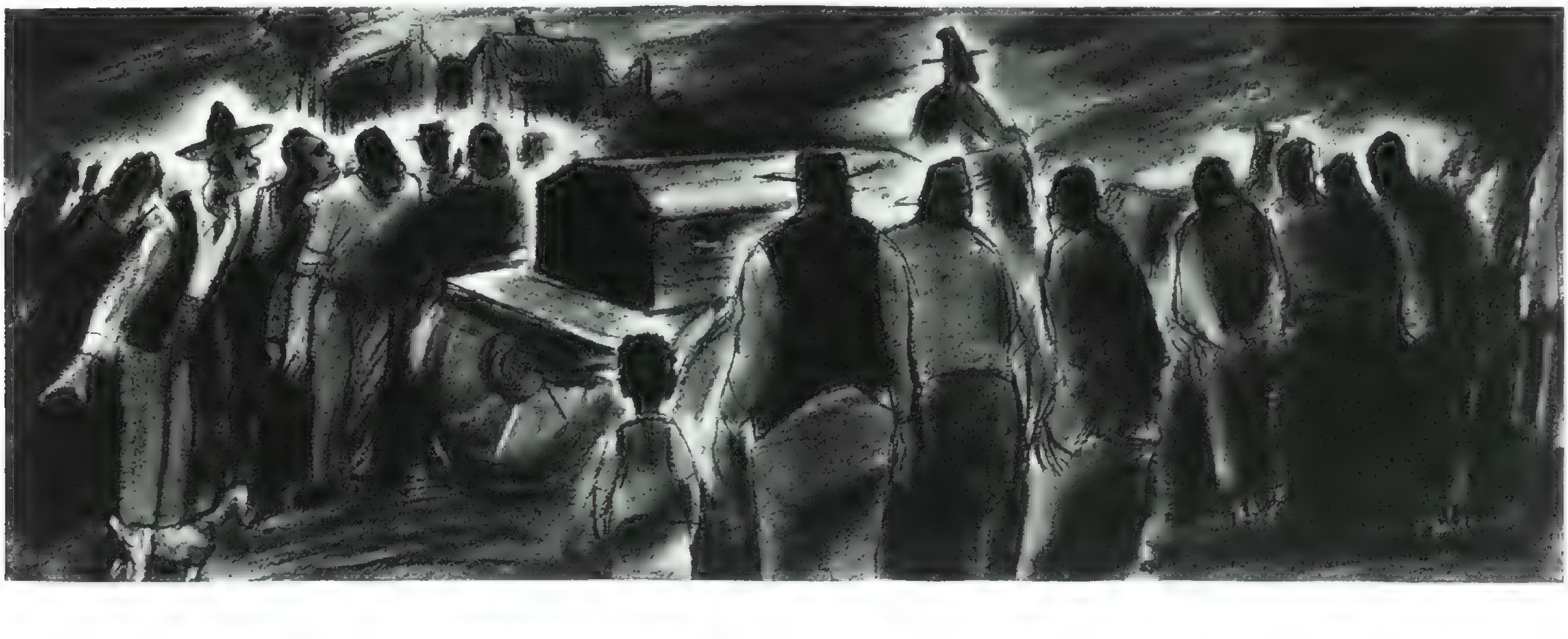

The Love of a Jinx

Professor, get out your steel guitar, this is the tale of a bozo born under an evil star

by EDWARD L. McKENNA

• FICTION •

This is a tale of cheap people, and it should be told to cheap music, piteous accordions, the windy blomping of calliopes, xylophones, marimbas, the specious yearning of steel-stringed guitars. There should be a medley of other sounds, the popping of twenty-twos, the tinkle of thrown rings, wheels whirring, the roller-coasters' screech and grind, frankfurters hissing as they turn, the noise of a stick banging against a board, and a hoarse voice crying to arrest the crowds. Well, folks! Five cents, five cents or half a dime! Come and hear this story, one time, folks, the first time it's ever been told in the whole civilized world. Come and hear about Tommy Burgess, the bozo who was born under an evil star. The biggest Jonah since Job, ladies and gents, or thought he was, anyway.

Big Tommy Burgess comes from Bridgeport. He says he's forty-seven. He's fifty, if he's a day. He's followed the outdoor show business ever since he was a kid, followed it from Eighth Avenue, New York, to Kearney Street, San Francisco, and back again. There isn't a hick town, including these, that he doesn't know. He's been everything. He's run grind-stones and wheels and shiv-joints; he's handled the juice; he's been a shill and a barker and a fixer and a plain ordinary punk; he's been on the pitch, selling novelties from a tripod. In his young days, he was a grifter, first, last and all the time. He knew every lay and every gimmick, and he had four good ways of giving short change. Besides all this, he had every bad habit but cocaine. A big, long, strong fellow he was, and he had a pair of hands that could open oysters unassisted. He liked to fight, he liked to drink, he liked the girls, and he liked to gamble best of all. He could just about read and write.

It's true he was a grifter, but his gambling, at least on the lot, and probably elsewhere, was strictly on the level. He lost almost all the time. It kept him broke, but he didn't seem to mind. When he was having a good streak, he'd make the best of them hunt cover. That wasn't often.

At one time, he wasn't a bad looking fellow, so they say. It must have been long ago. He had those big clear blue eyes that get watery after a few drinks; he'd picked up a cauliflower ear; he had a couple of bad knuckles on his left hand. Still and all, he was a good dresser on and off, and he didn't look as if he were afraid of anything in the world and neither he was. He made out pretty well, with the girls, until this Frieda Mannheim came along.

He must have been thirty-one then, thirty-one or thirty-two; he told Frieda he was twenty-eight. She couldn't have been a day over the twenty years she claimed. A cute little blond trick she was; she didn't come up to his shoulder. She'd been in circus business all her life, a top-mounter. Came here from Germany with a risley act, didn't do so well. Drifted into the carnival business.

The best dope on Frieda Mannheim is that Tommy Burgess married her, and she tried hard to straighten Tommy up. She did pretty well, at that, anyhow so far as the liquor and the girls were concerned. She was a regular German, neat as a pin, careful, saving, self-respecting. Oh, she'd been in the circus business, and all that; she was common enough, but she was crazy about this Tommy Burgess, and as straight as a string.

Tommy had her worried to death. He was a good worker. He liked change, that was his trouble.

She stuck to him. She followed him from show to show, she got jobs when he couldn't, jobs in laundries, restaurants, anything. The funny thing was that when they were having plenty of grief, they'd get along fine, and as soon as they'd pick up a couple of nickels to rub together, they'd fight like cats and dogs. You couldn't blame Frieda. Carnival people work hard and long all spring and summer and fall, for the sake of cakes and coffee and a little vacation when winter comes. The winter's a tough time for them, unless they've got a few chips put by.

On the other hand, there isn't one woman out of fifty who understands a gambling man. It's like a disease, you see. It isn't the money, exactly. It's the excitement, the feeling of uncertainty.

When they began to take Tommy, he always went for the roll. He wouldn't ever pass the dice, he wouldn't get off, when he was fading, till he was clean. Even money, no ten nor four, wrong coming out, wrong for the point, everybody was wrong but him, everybody in the world. He had three bets he'd make at the poolrooms or the track, parlays, if-money, and on-the-nose. He never bet on a horse to place or show. "Money rides" ought to be written over his grave.

He began to borrow money from Frieda. After they were married a couple of years, the pay-off came. One of the "Girls of Forty-Nine" troupe heard Tommy and Frieda going round and round. Frieda was crying, and calling him everything, including thief. It would appear that Tommy had appropriated a few dollars from her grouch-bag, maybe the whole of it, and there it was the end of August.

Frieda disappeared that night, and to make it more binding, she didn't go alone.

Tommy just laughed, you know, one of those dirty, hollow, boat-show ha-has that fools nobody. Let her go, let the both of them go, who cares about her, the little Dutch so-and-so. That kind of stuff. He was crazy about Frieda, just as crazy as she was about him. Everybody knew it.

People shook their heads and said that would just about wash up Tommy Burgess. That was where they were wrong.

He hung on to that job all season. He

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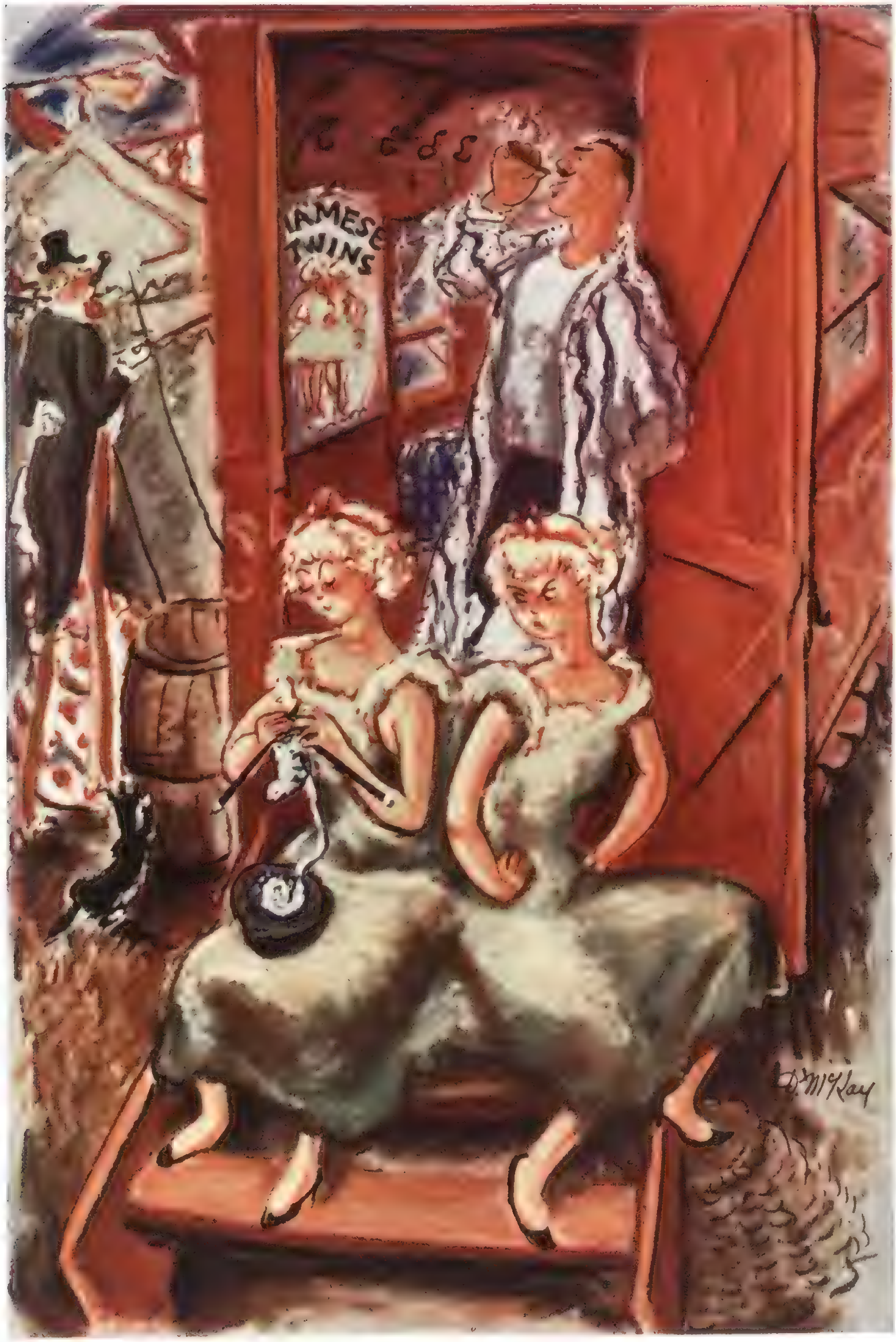
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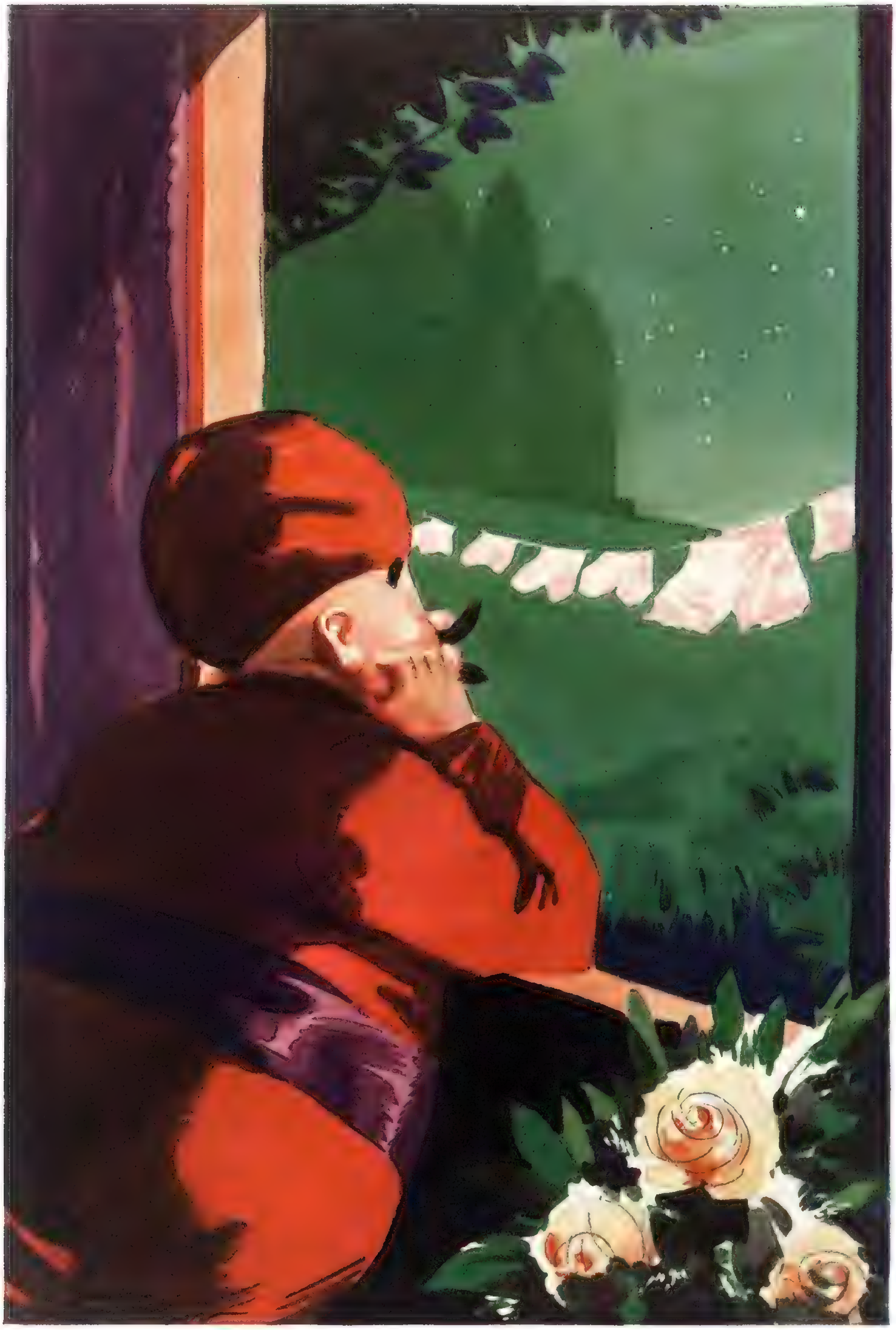

"Henrietta ought to go on a diet"

Call Me Up

Ringing a fresh variation on the old blue notes in these enlightened modern marriages

by RION BERCOVICI

• FICTION •

"SUPPOSE somebody should ring the bell?" she asked, grasping his hand in the darkness.

"I wouldn't answer, as I didn't answer the phone."

"I know," she continued, releasing his hand, "But suppose your wife should just come walking in . . . Please close the window, it's cold."

"Sure," he said, leaving her and stepping to the window, "better now? But she won't be back for hours."

"All right," she laughed, "but it would be quite a situation."

"Don't worry, baby," he said, sitting next to her, and wrapping his arms about her knees. "Don't worry, everything will be all right."

"Oh, you're so sweet," she said, "so sweet. I don't blame your wife for being crazy about you. I am, too. Hasn't this been sweet?"

"Wonderful, Elsa, wonderful."

"And next time we won't worry about anything, will we? We'll be alone some place, all alone, out of reach of telephone, or doorbell, or interruption. We won't even put the lights out!"

"Oh, I don't mind that. I like darkness."

"I do, too, sometimes. But I see you so seldom that I want to see all of you so I can store it up and then, when I'm alone, take you out, like a Tom Thumb, and kiss you and remember how sweet you are. You were so sweet!"

"I mightn't be so sweet next time, Elsa."

"I wouldn't really care. You would be so sweet to me. I had such a good time I owe you something."

"Let's get ready and go," he urged, fumbling for the light cord.

"All right," she said, flatly.

Outside, he could think of little to tell her. He was relieved when they were safely out, and past his street. He kissed her goodnight outside the door of her house. He walked home whistling, relieved that she was not in his apartment. Why hadn't he done this long ago? Why hadn't he brought her to his apartment before? He knew why. He had had chances. But he had no idea that it would be so simple. Perhaps, he told himself, he had been afraid that she would be so easy to persuade. Easy, just for him. She was a wonderful girl, wonderful . . .

He got up in the morning to find the world the same as the world of yesterday. His wife was peacefully sleeping, and he slipped out of bed, shaved, bathed, and breakfasted in lonely state.

He was happy to be completely alone. And to remember what had happened last night. As the warm coffee trickled through his veins, he saw once more the white skin and red hair, the majestically rounded curves and the beautifully strange flesh. He heard her voice.

They would have to get together soon. Last night had not been perfect, shadowed by the possibility of interruption with its dread freight of melodrama and consequence. They had been uneasy. Next time they would have to manage it so as to be alone without fear. Alone all night. He wondered how he would do it. He remembered how Elsa had said last night: "Why did you have to wait so long? I wanted you to do this long ago."

She had behaved beautifully. Laughing, and yet not too flippant. But laughing just enough to make him feel that being with her incurred no obligation, implied no invasion of the life he shared with his wife.

There were moments last night when she almost might have been his wife except that she was veiled with this tingling coat of strangeness. The bodies might have been any bodies, the kisses belonged to all mouths, not just theirs, and the embraces proved the great democracy of flesh. But they had been so fearful of interruption, of ringing bells, jangling telephones, of the soft noise of a key turned in the lock. It would have been awful if they had been discovered, and he sighed once more with relief at his escape.

Thank God, Elsa was a lady. There was no chance of her causing any trouble. If she came again to parties, if he met her someplace else, he knew that she would do nothing to annoy him. He owed her nothing. She had had a good time, too. But, lady or no lady, the picture of Elsa as she had been last night was all he could see. He had to see her again. Soon.

As he thought of her, he thought of his wife. His love for her quickened with his desire for Elsa. They were both wonderful and sweet in their different ways. He hoped his wife would not find out. He must be very careful. Why couldn't things be simpler? Why couldn't he see Elsa without the rumbling accompaniment of these worries.

But he knew he couldn't.

He ought to call up Elsa. He was uneasy because she was not there. But that was crazy, he told himself, he had been with her last night. What was she doing now, he asked himself? You fool, he told himself, she's sleeping. But maybe she has a date for tonight? If she has, he tried to stop the question, it's none of your damned business. It's too early to call her up, anyway.

He kissed his wife good-morning and went to work. He didn't like to work that day, and the office seemed a prison. He couldn't call up Elsa from the office. Someone might listen in.

Twelve-Thirty.

"Elsa," he said, "you seem to be with me in this little booth. How are you? Did I wake you?"

"No," she said, "Fine. Has anything happened? Did I leave my scanties, or something?"

"No, but . . ."

"I understand," she said, "Just a minute. I'm talking to Mother. She has just come in the room. I understand."

He felt himself stammering.

"I—I wanted to tell you how wonderful it was last night. I wanted to tell you . . ."

"Have you ever used a blue pencil?" came back her voice, cool and distant.

"Oh, I see. Yes."

"Yes, dear, that was an awfully nice show we saw last night . . ."

"I see. I wondered when we could be together again. You see, last night . . ."

"I know," she said, "I agree with you perfectly. But I can't say anything definite now. I didn't know you'd take the play so

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All Is Not Gold

The art of mine salting is one part knowledge to nine parts of acting; told to Chester Crowell

by COL. JAS. A. BUCHANAN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

The world-wide hunt for gold is on again. Thousands of prospectors are tramping over hills and deserts chipping rocky ledges and panning the dirt for samples. With them will go the "mine salters," for there was never before such an opportunity. Gold used to sell at $20.67 the ounce but as these lines are written the price is slightly above $34 an ounce and probably destined to go still higher. Consequently many properties that were formerly not worth working would now return a rich profit. New discoveries which, if made several years ago, would have had no commercial importance, now offer fortunes. Moreover, these lower grade properties will be developed with machinery. This means that the prospector must sell to buyers who have the necessary capital to install machinery. For one prospector who strikes it rich and takes out a fortune with his own crude implements at least a dozen will make their fortunes by selling. These sales will be negotiated on the basis of what the samples show. Right here is where the art of mine salting comes in. It is precisely what you would guess from the words, the art of tampering with the samples so that they will show good values. Sometimes they are made to show values where none exist but the cleverer method is to make them show more than exist. There are many ways to do this, depending upon the nature of the property, but all of them are fairly obvious. In fact they are so obvious that to the uninitiated it would seem improbable that any effort to salt a mine would ever succeed. The art is one-tenth knowing how to salt the mine and nine-tenths acting. Any accomplished prospector would know how to salt a mine but not one in a hundred could put on the accompanying act that averts suspicion, establishes confidence, and carries the negotiation clear through to a successful conclusion. Complete success would mean—and often to my personal knowledge—has meant, that the buyer still had confidence in the integrity of the salter even after the property proved to be of no value. Gold is always a gamble. The sample that proves a property worth having may lead on to nuggets as big as hens' eggs or it may fizzle out. The men who are attracted by this form of investment are good sports. They take their lickings and their good luck with a smile. More than a few have been such good sports that they said absolutely nothing even when they knew they had bought a salted property. They hated to admit that they had been cheated with their eyes wide open. In fact they hated it so much that they would rather buy the mine salter a drink than to admit their suspicions even to him. As a matter of fact they might just as well take this attitude because there is rarely the remotest chance of recovering their money. Nowhere else is the ancient rule of caveat emptor more soundly established than in the purchase of mining property. The man who sells simply cannot guarantee and the man who buys takes all the risk as a matter of necessity.

One of the greatest histrionic artists I ever encountered was a grizzled veteran upwards of sixty years of age but agile of mind and body. He had staked out a property in the South Dakota hills in a region where there had been some excellent strikes. Consequently when he came into town to report a rich find there was good reason to think he was telling the truth. He interested a syndicate of buyers and they employed me to look at the property. I began by looking at the man because I had learned that this was necessary. We rode out over the rough roads together and the more he talked the better I liked him. The honest prospector has certain characteristics that are not easily simulated. Even among honest men the honesty of this clan is outstanding. They have a natural hospitality that is always graceful no matter how simple or even crude the shelter and "grub" they offer. And they have a code of behavior that is an almost infallible guide for the person who knows the West. The more I talked with this man the more I liked him. For example, he would casually mention some trip and its hardships and tell of stopping at a shack where no one was at home, eating a meal, and then washing the dishes, and leaving a note. It was the mark of the old-timer that he always washed everything he had used and put it away just where he had found it. I did not overlook this little point nor any one of a dozen others in his rambling conversation. Finally we reached his humble shack, constructed of wood and canvas. I noticed the interior arrangements carefully; everything was just as it should be, including the wooden box covered with several layers of wet oat sacks. That was the old-timers' ice box, and a very good one, too. Evaporation from the wet sack kept the box much cooler than you would think if you have never used one; and the hotter the day the faster the evaporation. There we had thermostatic control before anyone had ever heard of the word or the thermometer. This type of cooling device, I might add, had been used by the Aztecs long before the Spaniards came. My host and I enjoyed a simple meal and then I went out to sample the rock. I have always made it a rule to do this work alone so I told him of my preference. Some of the best of the salters can find ways to be present on these occasions no matter what objection you may offer but this man did precisely what I would have expected an honest old prospector of his years to do: he sat down with a sigh of relief, and told me to go ahead. I did so. The day was cruelly hot but I carefully cut back into the ore as far as I could and quartered and re-quartered the rocks without hurrying. As a matter of fact the stuff looked right and I wanted to do the best kind of a job because the better the job the better his samples would show up. More as a favor to him than out of loyalty to my employers I took all the samples I could carry. When I returned to the shack he suggested that we have a bite to eat and I was more than willing. I spread myself out in a chair to rest. Without ostentation he made sure that I was looking while he picked up the bags of samples and placed them in a wooden box that served as chest of drawers. He need not have been so careful about my having an eye on the movement but it was item fifty or more in the proofs of his character and I relaxed with increased comfort. I never bothered much about the danger of anyone changing samples on me because it was customary to use a certain type of canvas bag for samples and I never did use it, precisely for the reason that it was customary. Mine were always carried in ordinary brown paper bags, far from the best sort of container, but having the advantage of the unexpected, if there was dirty work afoot. After a pleasant two hours with my host, and a well-cooked camp meal, I set out for the return journey. When I delivered my samples for the assayer's test I kept my paper bags. I always did that. Two days later I received the report and it made me very happy. The gold content was even higher than the old man

had said he thought it would be. Just as a routine matter I opened my brown paper bags and looked at the bottoms of them for the little pencil marks I always made there. I felt sure everything was all right but still it was my custom to do this and I did it. No marks! The clever old scalawag had gone to all the trouble of finding out, without ever arousing the slightest suspicion, that I was the man who would make the tests, that I was an old-timer, that I was familiar with the very parts of the country about which he talked. He had found out about my brown paper bags and obtained bags precisely like them. In short he had put on an act that was flawless and shown enough skill to win the admiration of the United States Secret Service. The only point on which he missed was the pencil markings in the bottoms of the bags and nobody knew anything about those because I always took my bags with me after delivering the samples.

I reported at once to my employers and they of course decided not to buy the property. They also decided to say nothing until the prospector asked for their decision. He came to me first, however, and I had to impart the bad news. I simply said: "The samples showed high grade ore but they were not in my bags."

Without batting an eye, he said: "Let's have a drink." And that was the end of that, except that I still remember what I was thinking as we had our drink. I was thinking, "You are a great artist, blast your hairy face!"

On another occasion I was called upon to make the examination of a property said to be unusually rich. In fact it was so rich that the prospective buyers who were very wealthy knew they didn't have enough money to pay for it; they wanted samples with all haste in order to send them East to raise more money. Upon my examination depended the payment of an option price. When the owner shows undue haste about an examination it is likely to arouse suspicion but in this case the man was merely reflecting the desires of the purchasers. I could see that he had the leisurely ways of the prospecting clan but was doing his best to hurry. And like all of the true prospectors he was thoughtful of others. He told me that he had all the drills and dynamite and other paraphernalia I would need. I thanked him and we set out for the property, a long, rough trip. On the way we stopped to cook and eat and I watched the way he handled the implements, including the fire, for that also is an art peculiar to the clan. They know how to get the maximum results out of very little fuel. Everything he did was as right as right and therefore reassuring. I always wanted the property to turn out as good as the reports. Everyone does. There is no other sport quite like that of looking for gold. The excitement is indescribable. You probably know the thrill of having a game fish strike your hook and fairly shoot through the water with it. Well, multiply that thrill by ten thousand and you are somewhere in the vicinity of the excitement of gold. On hundreds of occasions prospectors in some ill-favored desert of rocks or sand or both have turned up the glittering yellow metal and come tearing into the nearest community yelling, "Gold! Gold! Gold!" when common sense dictated that they should have kept their mouths shut until they had staked out more claims. I, myself, came into town one day carrying a pocket full of sand with glittering dots of gold in it and just because I couldn't keep my secret showed it to a clothing merchant from whom I was buying an overcoat. It was not a very rich sample and the merchant knew nothing about gold but it excited him so that he began yelling at the top of his voice: "That's gold! Look! You got gold! My God, that's gold!" People heard him a city block away. His face was crimson, his eyes bulging, and I have no doubt that his heart was severely strained.

The prospector and I, as we rode out to his property, were not yelling but we were excited, I assure you, for this would open a new field where hundreds of men had long felt sure there was gold. Moreover, I was immensely pleased with the idea of being in on the first big strike. When we arrived the prospector urged me to proceed at once. This was a tunnel proposition so I began by panning some of the outer rock. It showed a high gold content. While I was at work the prospector came out with drills and dynamite and urged me to go farther. He said it made no difference where I made my shots because the property was simply reeking with gold. That aroused my first faint suspicion. I pleaded the fatigue of the long trip and said I would undertake the drilling and shooting early the next morning. I wanted to think things over. It would have been much more in keeping with the eager prospector to show me right where to shoot for the best results. Still, I couldn't quite fathom the purpose of telling me that it made little difference where I planted the dynamite. But during the night I evolved a plan.

As soon as the light was good, next morning, I went out to make my tests. I told him that I preferred to work alone but he followed keeping a respectful distance. I began by taking one of his sticks of dynamite and wrapping it in brown paper which I marked for identification. Then I gave him the surprise of his life by taking my own dynamite and drills and sample bags out of the automobile. With these I went over to the tunnel and began work. I was by no means certain that there was anything wrong so I took samples with the greatest care. Several hours elapsed before I returned to his shack. He wasn't there. I called several times and walked down to the little spring where he got water. Then I came back and made a more careful examination of the shack. He had left for keeps; no doubt about it. I never saw him again. When I got back to town I had an examination made of his stick of dynamite. It was salted. This is one of the most difficult and dangerous methods of salting but it is also quite likely to succeed when handled by an expert. The gold particles are in and around the dynamite. Placing them there is no job for a man with a faint heart because dynamite is temperamental stuff. There is no way of telling just what will cause it to explode. But when the gold is in the dynamite you may be sure of rich samples wherever you make your shot. He had acted his role with consummate skill and completely thrown me off the track by having the prospective buyers do all the yelling for haste. The one weakness in his performance was failure to place his finger on the exact spot where the gold was richest and say, "There it is." That would be the natural thing to do even if you thought there was gold in many other places, also. In short, he overacted. But he was good. He had me so worked up that I was sick at heart when nothing came of this brilliant prospect. As he trudged through the alkali dust I doubt that he felt any worse than I did on the way back to collect my fee, and praise.

One of the most interesting properties I ever examined offered gold in seams of talc between layers of porphyry. I had never seen anything like that before. The talc, of course, is white, or nearly white. I dug into it and sure enough it contained tiny particles of gold in quantities that indicated a very profitable working. But I was interested to observe that there were black dots on the surface of the talc and none when I dug in. It seemed to me that I ought to dig out some of these black dots and bring them back for analysis, just as a precaution. Well they turned out to be powder marks. The man should have stood a few feet farther back when he fired his shotgun loaded with gold. That way he would have salted the mine just as well without leaving such a challenging clue. On the whole I can't give him much; he was a poor example of his crafty breed.

For sheer artistry in acting to put over the sale of a salted property one of the best stories I have ever heard comes from Mexico. A friend of mine was sent to examine this prospect. Instead of being received with the welcome usually given a man whose report may make the fortune of his hosts, he found the two Mexican prospectors looking him over with suspicion which they made no effort to conceal. They were dignified and polite but just the same they would like to see his credentials. He told me that he was mighty glad to have plenty

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I Am a Male Nurse

Countering the abnormal strength of maniacs unarmed except by the normal man's superior intelligence

ANONYMOUS

• ARTICLE •

Male Nursing is no sissy's job.

I know. I've been at it fifteen years.

I was just seventeen when I started training. And I didn't tell any of my friends about it either. I was convinced nursing was a lady-finger's job and I didn't want anybody to pin a lily on me.

I came to with a bang.

I was assigned as a probationary, pupil nurse to a ward in the Riverbank Hospital for Mental Diseases—an insane asylum, in plain language. The first job Mr. Piazza, male nurse in charge of a ward, gave me was to gather all the inmates (I called them nuts) on the ground floor; and I started up the stairs expecting to meet a cross-eyed Napoleon on every landing.

The first few I met did not even seem eccentric and responded pleasantly to my summons. But one man sitting on the second floor living room did not even look up when I called. He was a skinny fellow about thirty. Thinking he might be deaf, I walked in and touched his sleeve. He remained as mute and motionless as a mummy. I tugged his arm once or twice and at last he took notice of me. He stood up, grinning unpleasantly; and I told him I had been sent to bring him down to dinner.

Before I had said six words, he caught me a slap on the jaw that knocked me across the room. I fetched up with a bang against the brick fireplace. In that brief instant, while fireworks exploded in my brain, my conception of my job underwent a complete and violent reversal. If I'd had time I probably would have been scared stiff. But before I could blink, he landed on me. He grabbed my shoulder and draped me across a leather chair. He leaped on me and clawed at my throat. I had had sense enough to draw up my knees and was able to shove him clear. I scrambled to my feet and met his next charge with my fist. But his lank arm far out-reached me. He held me off and shook me like a sack. Then he banged me down on a couch and jumped on top of me. This time his fierce fingers tightened on my throat.

Crazed with fear, I clawed and kicked, fighting for breath. My head seemed to swell and my lungs were bursting. Finally I got both my knees into his stomach and gave a mighty heave. He fell heavily against a table. I yelled for help as I got to my feet.

The inmate recovered himself quickly and grabbed up a poker from the fireplace. Before he could turn, I jumped on his back. I yanked the arm that held the poker and twisted it behind him. The poker clattered to the tiling. I let go his arm. He bent forward suddenly and heaved me right over his head. I crashed down on the upended couch. Half-stunned, I staggered to my feet and grabbed up the poker. I swung it back as he made for me. But before I could bend it over his head, Mr. Piazza jumped between us. In an instant, he had my assailant stretched across a chair.

"Drop that poker!" he shouted.

I dropped it. The patient calmed with surprising suddenness. Piazza ordered him downstairs; and when he refused to move, grabbed him by the slack of the pants and rushed him out of the room. I dropped into a chair and fingered my bruises. Piazza came back quickly.

"Are you all right?" he said.

"Oh, sure," I growled. "I'm fine. Just a broken neck and a few dislocated bones. I'm fit as a fiddle."

"Don't take it so hard," he laughed. "You've got to get used to this."

"Like hell!" I shouted. "Listen, I've decided I don't like this job. I'm getting out of here."

"Don't be foolish," Piazza said. "This racket isn't all rough stuff. And the pay is swell. This doesn't happen every day. If you watch your step you'll be ready for it when it does."

So I allowed myself to be persuaded. Anyway, I didn't even have carfare home. And back in the city there were a few thousand ex-soldiers looking for jobs that didn't exist. On top of it all, I found myself actually glad that this had turned out to be a two-fisted job.

And it wasn't all rough stuff. Far from it. But I collected a good many bruises at that.

There was the time, when I was in private practice, that I wrestled a hulking farmer all along the corridor of a general hospital and down a flight of stairs. And I hit the bottom wrong side up. For the better part of half an hour it was me and the farmer all over the floor—with a few frightened internes stepping around us looking for a handhold. After I had been kicked twice in the chin and had one eye closed I managed with a little help to get the big fellow laid out on his back. And I held him there while I talked him out of his auditory illusions. The internes were all for trussing him but I had my own ideas about treatment. And my efforts to keep his heaving body prone cost me a ruptured stomach I am paying for yet.

Being a little guy, of course I had to use a good deal of strategy in handling the tough ones. And strategy in dealing with certain types saves wear and tear on the nurse and often actually hastens recovery.

I had a big tough lad wished on me once at Riverbank after he had made a reputation for himself as the ugliest case one man ever told another about. He had already escaped twice and made Lord knows how many nearly successful attempts. The toll of bruises and abrasions he had levied on the nurses and attendants was appalling. So I decided to have it out with him right away.

I found him in the living room, gazing truculently about him. I walked right up to him.

"Listen, Mr. Burke," I said. "I can make it tough for you here or I can give you a break. You know that. Well, I'm going to give you a break. But you've got to do the same for me."

He blinked at me in surprise.

"All I want you to do," I said, "is play square. If you get an idea you've got to go places, let me know. Just say, 'I'm going, Johnson'. That'll give me an even start."

Burke swallowed six or seven times before he could speak. And then his leer changed to a grin. He leaned over and muttered in my ear.

"Okay. Trust me, kid."

We got along all right after that. I don't think I had to lay a hand on him. There were long periods when he was completely rational. His wife and little boy often visited him and they were pleased to find him so well. They came once on a bright spring morning, when the patients met their visitors on the lawn.

I herded my charges out, Burke among them, and circulated about from group to group, talking to visitors and answering questions. I got Burke safely tucked away on a bench beneath a tree with his family and went back to talk to some visitors about another case. I had been talking quietly about fifteen minutes when I heard my name called.

"Johnson! Oh, Johnson!"

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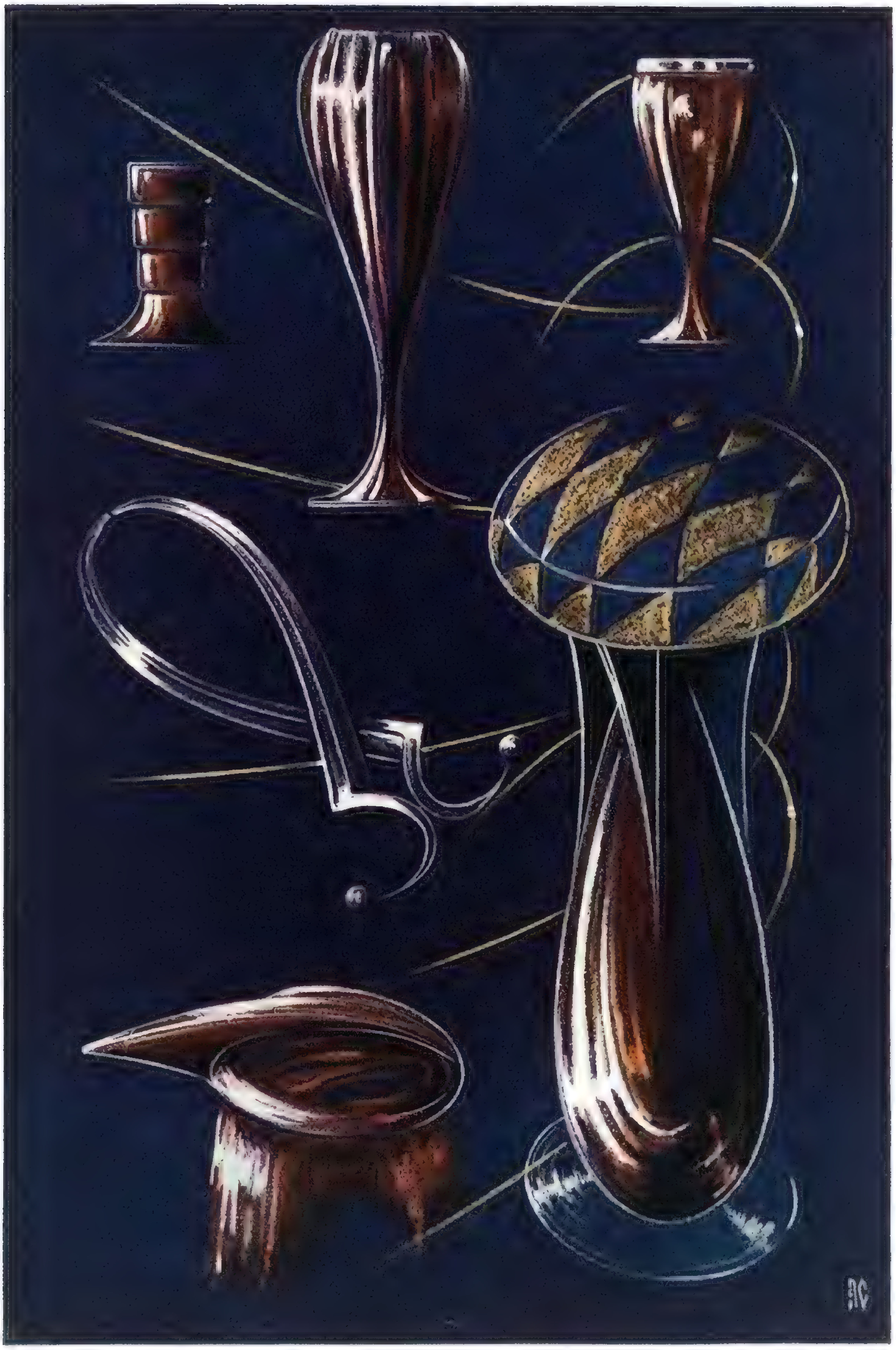
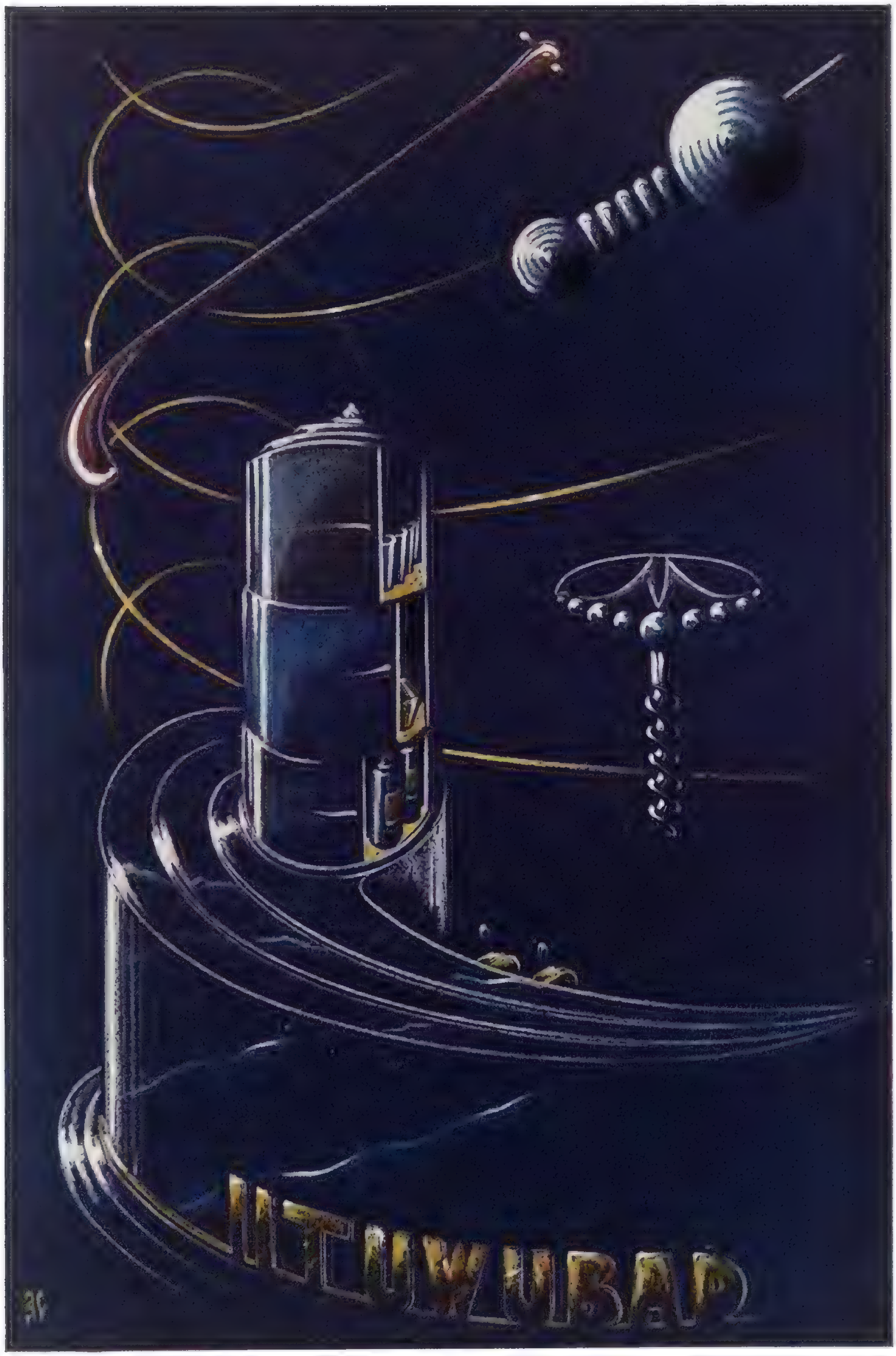


STREAMLINES IN A BARROOM

by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

In this mad era, even drinking accessories, it seems, have aerodynamic lines. From left to right, at the top of the page, are a modern copper liqueur glass, a red glass for wine, with streamlined fins on the four sides, and a frosted white cocktail glass, inserted on a polished copper base. Center left: streamlined ice tongs. Bottom left: a modern cocktail shaker top, with gracefully designed spout. Bottom right: a modern bar stool, reflecting the somewhat ominous pattern of an aerial bomb, and finished in polished copper, with black fins supporting a yellow and blue seat. The bottom is of blue glass.



STREAMLINES IN A BARROOM

by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

At the top of the page, on the left, a red glass stirrer for Martini cocktails. Top right: a blue glass crusher for Old Fashioned cocktails. Center: a modernistic corkscrew goes ornate, with a monogram made of satin finish chrome and blue glass. Bottom: for polite, or otherwise, drinking, a streamlined bar, featuring a chrome plated tower with sliding doors and three revolving shelves. Each compartment can be locked separately. The bottom portion of the bar is made of dark blue glass and trimmed with copper. It has the traditional lettering, while the blue glass is repeated in its base.

The Art of Wing Shooting

Whether you are a beginner or a seasoned shot, there may be tips of useful nature in this article

by EDWARD VAN ANTWERP

• SPORTS •

We occasionally hear that such and such an individual is a born shot. By this it is indicated that the person has inherited some particular talent that has made him a good shot to the exclusion of other mortals living in the same neighborhood. This idea has been too much exaggerated. It is true that some have the ability to learn a certain thing easier than others, but let us not forget that the average person can learn to shoot well, even approaching the expert, if he is willing to devote a little time to intelligent practice.

Different methods have been used in the past in acquiring the art of wing shooting. Some have become very good shots without being able to tell us just how they accomplished it. Others have failed, usually because they fell into some bad habit early in the game, and afterward failed to discover their trouble.

Having obtained a gun that fits there is no better preliminary practice than to spend a few minutes each day in throwing the gun to the shoulder while the eyes are fixed on some object a short distance away. Practice this until it is a matter of habit for the hands to coördinate with the eyes to the extent that the gun will cover the object the instant the gun touches the shoulder. Do not try to aim over the breech of the gun with the idea that it is a sight. A good shot forgets the breech of his gun, for with training, the eye unconsciously finds the right location. Keep the eyes on the object that you propose to shoot. Consider the front sight only, in its relationship to the object. Some very good shots may tell us to forget the front sight too, but that is going a little strong for the most of us.

The archer with his bow and arrow does not find it necessary to affix sights to his weapon in order to do accurate shooting. The mechanic in driving a nail looks at the object he intends to hit, and pays no attention whatever to the hammer he uses. It is purely a matter of training the hands to coördinate with the eyes. We realize of course that the degree of accuracy obtained in this way is only relative. The deliberate sighting necessary when a rifle is used is entirely another matter. The natural spread of the charge of shot will take care of our minor mistakes. We are in the very nature of things compelled to sacrifice something in order to acquire the speed necessary in wing shooting.

Learn to pull the trigger the instant the object is covered. Do not make the serious mistake of trying to obtain a better aim and fall into the habit of dawdling. This is the failing of many a shotgun user, so try to avoid it right from the start. Take some sheets of old newspaper and mark the centers with black spots four or five inches in diameter. With some lightly loaded shells practice bringing the gun to the shoulder and pulling the trigger the instant the gun is aligned. Do this until you are able to hit the mark with a reasonable degree of regularity.

The next training should be with moving objects. A hand trap for throwing clay pigeons will prove of use at this point but is not absolutely necessary. If you are in a timber country go out into the woods where the choppers have been working and find a quantity of chips five or six inches in diameter. It is easy to throw these by hand so that they will sail through the air for a considerable distance. Practice on these until you learn something about angles and the proper lead.

In shooting at a flying bird the gun should swing with the bird. There are several different styles of shooting, but for most individuals the system that might be called the accelerated swing system is probably the best to cultivate as a regular shooting habit. The idea involved is for the gun to swing with the bird in its flight, the gun moving just a little faster than the bird until the line of sight has reached a point sufficiently far in the lead to cover the time necessary for the shot to pass from gun to bird.

One of the difficulties that many encounter is the habit of swinging the gun up to the point of discharge and then stopping the swing as the trigger is pulled. The swing should continue until the shot leaves the muzzle.

In wing shooting use both eyes. Keep them wide open for you can see more with two eyes than you can with one. The two eyes of an individual constitute a range finder. Because of the optical triangle the brain is aided in calculating the distance more accurately than when only one eye is used. Not all good shots use both eyes but most of them do. As a rule the man who deliberately closes one eye and aims a shotgun in the way a rifle is aimed is very apt to be a slow shot. One of the worst habits that a wing shot can have is that of bringing the gun to a point where it should be discharged, and then hesitate again and again in an endeavor to improve the aim. The one who shoots with one eye is more inclined to do this than is one who keeps both eyes wide open.

It is true that one eye governs the sighting of any type of arm. This applies, in a greater or less degree, no matter whether we use one or both eyes. Every person has a master eye. It is usually the right eye, but this is not always the case. Each shooter should test his eyes to satisfy himself in this particular. Make the test in the following manner.

Select some object in the distance and hold up a pencil or other small object at arm's length so that the pencil and the distant object will be in line. Do this with both eyes open, and then cover the left eye, being careful not to move the pencil. With most people the two objects will still be in line. Now open the left eye and cover the right. A change has taken place, for the objects are no longer in line, but instead the pencil appears to have moved a considerable distance to the right. That clearly indicates that the right eye is the master eye. The brain records its activities, but has forgotten the other eye. From childhood an individual's brain has been trained to do this very thing—just another indication that a human body is a bundle of habits.

It is perhaps needless to say that if one is to become proficient as a wing shot he must cultivate the habit of concentration. In shooting at a flying bird the gunner's mind must be on that one bird. He will find sufficient mental calculation involved to make outside matters a hindrance. The angle the bird is flying; its elevation and speed, together with the proximity of brush and trees, are all a part of the

Continued on page 99

Eyes Off the Ball

Pointers on how to watch a football game so you will know what happens and not merely who carries the ball

by R. E. (DICK) HANLEY

▪ SPORTS ▪

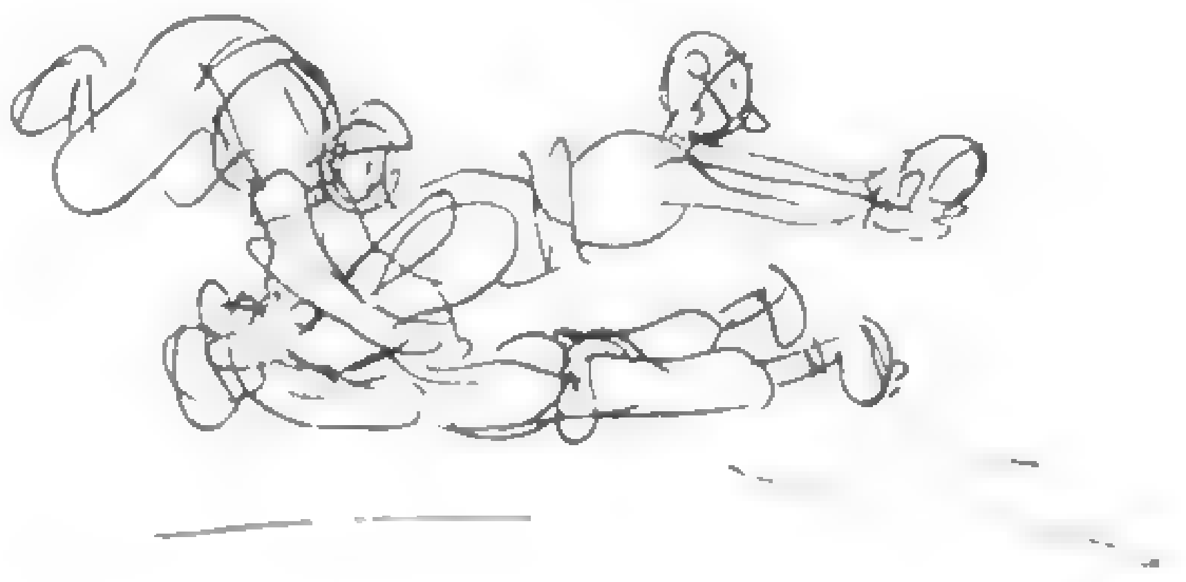
Keep your eye off the ball.

When that advice reaches Tommy Armour, Gene Sarazen, Harry Cooper, Horton Smith, Frank Walsh or any other of the golfing gentry, it is easy to picture their reaction. I can almost hear their eyebrows elevate.

Armour, the Black Scot, for example, is a wonderful fellow. But at a mere hint of such golfing heresy his blood pressure will soar above the danger line. At the end, he will drop in a faint or abandon himself to uncontrolled Scottish hysterics. The only circumstance, in fact, which might save any of my companions of the links is they may fall into the error of believing I am discussing my own game on—but principally off, the fairways.

I am discussing my own game, but that game happens to be football. I am talking for the benefit of the man who must hope some day to sit on the 50-yard line and not only see but appreciate, all that happens on the field below. This individual will be the man in a million who gets full money's worth from football—and what a fortunate bird he will be!

All of which is preliminary to asserting that no other game with so many devotees, in all American sports, is so little understood by its followers as this game of football.



Finest of the contact sports, greatest sports drawing card except for the ancient English "darbies" and sweepstakes, the peculiar elusiveness of thorough knowledge of football is a mystery of the athletic world.

Baseball, for comparison, is ruled, not by Judge Landis, but by an army of exacting fans who know all the ins and outs of the pastime. Particularly the outs, when the home club is at bat, the bases loaded, and runs are needed for a victory.

The squeeze play, the sacrifice, fielder's choice, or why a man gets an intentional walk are an open book to the baseball bug. So much so that the life of a baseball radio announcer frequently is well worth sacrificing.

The baseball fan not only knows but he second-guesses, and sometimes very accurately. If Charley Grimm, who has turned in a swell job of managing the Cubs this year, happens to guess wrong on a relief pitcher should Warneke or Bush lose effectiveness, 15,000 pairs of husky lungs will let him know about it immediately.

A clincher about this is that these second-guessers of bleacher row can sit down alongside Grimm, if they chose to remain docile long enough, and tell him where and why he was wrong and they right in the move that the situation demanded.

Fans know their inside baseball. The same is true of golf, a young game in America, just getting a real hold on the general public. Most of the perspiring thousands who scramble over the fairways at an Open, know how the next shot should be played.

Few of us can execute golf strokes effectively but we are prompt to give the bird to the poor guy who loses mechanical perfection or his deadly accuracy at a critical moment during an important match.

Horse racing has its followers, too. They know all about the bangtails, or go broke believing that they do. Hear their comment on the eve of a great stake race and you will learn the exact sort of race the favorite should run, how he can go in the mud, and just when the jockey must make his move to come on and win.

But football is different. How many except those who actually played the game at quarterback, with the responsibilities of that position, know very much about the strategy that governs it?

Few of the participants know the reason for the plays called. They likewise share trouble with the fans in keeping up with the football code, its various interpretations and appellations from year to year. That last, however, certainly cannot be classed as dumbness.

All spectators at football thrill to the long runs of the Granges, the Cagles, the Schwartzes, the Rentners and the Warburtons. They stretch their necks to a baloney dollar condition in what they conceive is the all-important mission of watching the ball.

They understand what the star back is doing in the progress of his run. They fail to see the McIlwaines and Brittons clear the path for the Galloping Ghost. They do not see Brill, Carideo and Metzger sideswipe a defensive tackle aloose from his moorings as Schwartz starts on his merry way.

Except for the limited few, they do not appreciate the fact that possibly the directing genius of the quarterback has set up this play by causing the opponent to fear a thrust at a spot entirely removed. Neither do they appreciate the quarterback must have been using his brains just before the ball carrier began pumping arms and legs in a touchdown dash.

It was in 1921, wasn't it, that Bo McMillin, Indiana's fine new coach, upset Harvard by a thrilling run for Uncle Charlie Moran's Centre College eleven. That great touchdown by McMillin was the margin of victory for a marvellous little school over Harvard, on a day when defeating the lads of Cambridge Crimson meant plenty.

The winning run of McMillin received the attention of the world, and it was merited. It wasn't until some weeks later that proper recognition fell also to Red Roberts, a bucko mate type of player who served as handy man on Centre's teams throughout his career. It was Roberts, who could not be forced off his feet by the Crimson charge, who cleared the path for McMillin's start, leaving a trail of would-be tacklers in his wake as the successful dash was made.

On many occasions like this the real facts of a football game leak out from the coach. Naturally, this person is anxious for the achievements of his squad to be appreciated to the fullest. He wants to see them properly shared within the squad.

I can give you a perfect example of the football public's habit of overlooking important details because of the urge to watch nothing but the football.

In the 1931 season, Northwestern trailed Minnesota 14-7 at the half in what, to my mind, was the most spectacular contest that Big Ten football fans have watched.

At the start of the second half, Pug Rentner received the Minnesota kickoff on his own 2-yard line and dashed the length of the field.

When we converted after the touchdown, the entire complexion of the game was changed since it placed us on exactly even terms with the strong Norsemen. Yet I

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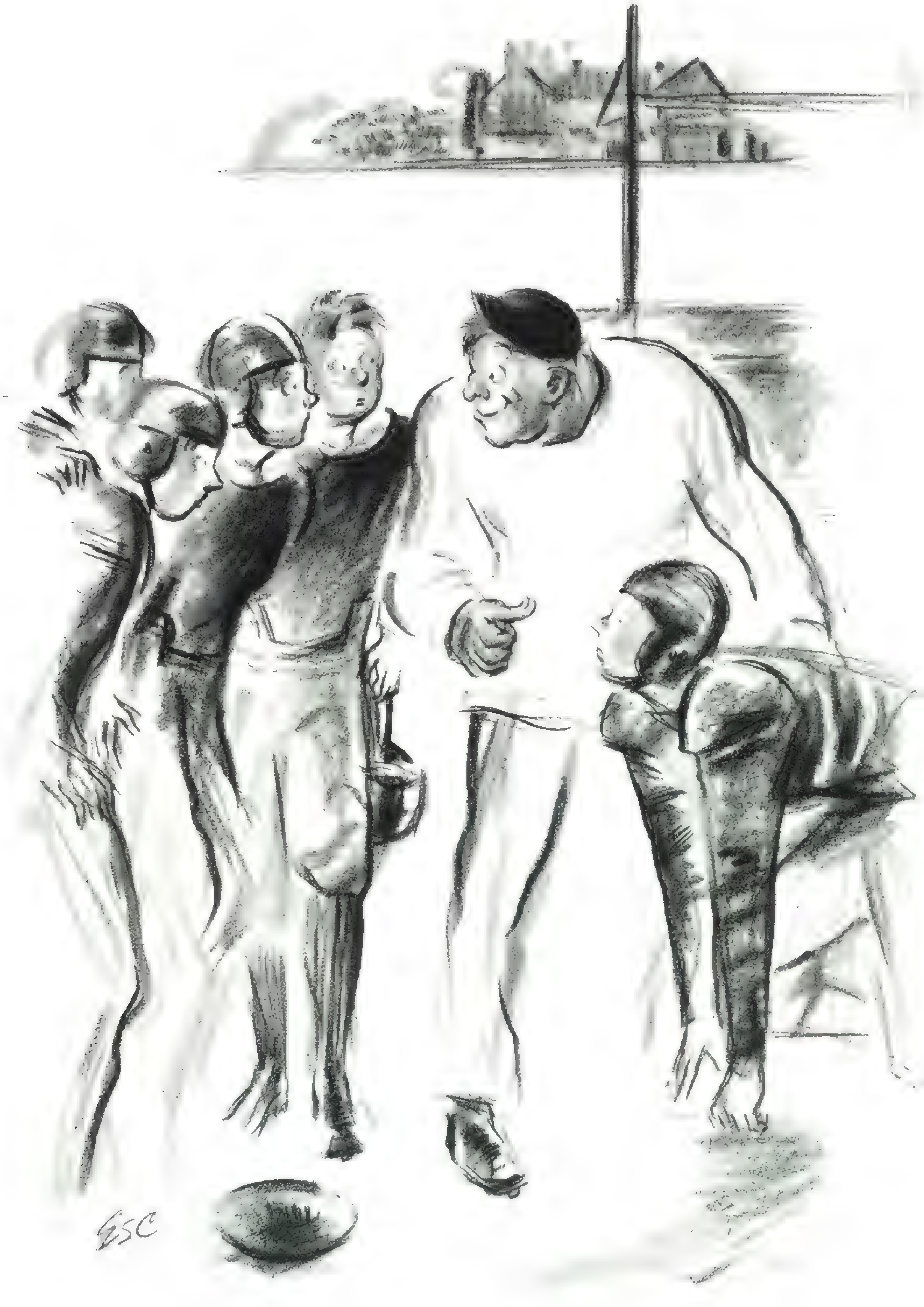


"Now, boys—this is what you do when th' referee's not looking"

Over a Barrel

The life of a juggler who once thought that Shakespeare was a competitor; told to Jim Tully

by W. C. FIELDS

• ARTICLE •

I CAME by the stage quite naturally. I had an uncle who was a Swiss Bell Ringer. He dressed like an actor, and was always hungry. He came to our house each day in time for meals. One time he hurt my mother's feelings by not eating the crust of a pie she had baked. He claimed that people who ate pie crusts caught measles easy in Philadelphia, where I had the bad luck to be born. My mother never forgave him, and insisted that he set a bad example for her little son, Willie. Later, when I got the measles, she blamed it on him.

My father's real name was Dukinfield. He came from England just in time. He often spent hours in the kitchen, watching my mother bake pies. He was one of those men who would waste a whole week to raise a bunch of onions. When I was twelve years old, I saw him step on a rake. This wouldn't have been so bad, except that the teeth of the rake were pointed upward. The handle of the rake flew up and cracked my papa on the forehead. I laughed. At once there lit upon me the rage of a proud English Dukinfield. My father chased me from home, where I have been ever since.

I did not know what else to do the next day, so I stole three apples from a grocer's basket and began to juggle them. Right away I knew that I had found my life work. I juggled those apples until I got hungry. Then I went by the grocery store again and got three more.

When I was sixteen years old I got a job on an ice wagon. The man I worked with was Bob Fitzsimmons. He was not the fighter, so far as I know. Mr. Fitzsimmons was slow to action. On hot days he would deliver the ice in buckets. I taught him how to handle the ice with a flourish, and juggle it on his shoulder. Fitzsimmons was so pleased that he did most of the work. Being on the route a long time, he knew quite a few women in the different kitchens, so while he tarried, I juggled the ice picks.

I often helped Mr. Fitzsimmons collect money for the ice. Soon we juggled the collections. Finally one day the man we worked for asked us if he could not use the team and wagon, and a load of ice. He explained that he would like to make a little money for himself. So we let him have the whole outfit, and I was a vagabond again.

Mine was a harum-scarum life for the next few years. I never go to bed now without stretching myself in the warm white sheets, remembering the old-time pains in my knees from sleeping in cold places.

By the time I was eighteen I could juggle anything I could get my hands on. And I got my hands on plenty.

Finally, after working three months as a spieler for a side show at Coney Island, I saved fifty dollars and went to get a job in a New York burlesque show.

To make a good impression, I spent forty dollars on a pair of black and white checked trousers, a pair of bright tan shoes and a coat as loud as Sam Hardy wears on Hollywood Boulevard. We rehearsed in the show so long that I soon had to hock the pants. Then the show went broke, and I slept in Union Square.

In three weeks I got a job in another burlesque show. An old-time actor, now a famous movie fellow, asked me where I was staying. "Union Square," was my proud answer.

"Boy," he said seriously, "you'll never get anywhere until you make a more careful note of your environment. You should sleep in Bryant Park, that's right back of the library on Forty-Second Street. It's high-toned, and it will be nearer your work."

I leased my bench in Union Square to six poets, and moved to a larger bench in Bryant Park, where I remained for one month, praying each night for the success of the actor who had given me the first real lesson toward getting on in the world.

When the first payday came I found that my salary had been raised from $20.00 to $30.00 per week. Soon we went on the road, and ended up at People's Theatre in Cincinnati. A critic who had not seen the show in that city, gave me an excellent notice in the "Enquirer" saying among other things "if this young man is not shot some evening before the audience gets used to him, he is liable not to be heard of in the show business." I took the notice to the owner of the show, and demanded a raise. He promised me a five dollars a week increase, and fired me in five days.

Feeling none too chipper at life, I hid the wound in my heart, and returned to my bench in Bryant Park.

In the lives of all great men, there comes a tremendous decision—in the words of the immortal bard, they rush in like saps where wise men fear to tread. I was no exception. While listening to the noise of the Seventh Avenue elevated, and counting the holes in my pockets, I there and then consecrated the rest of my days toward being just a simple clown.

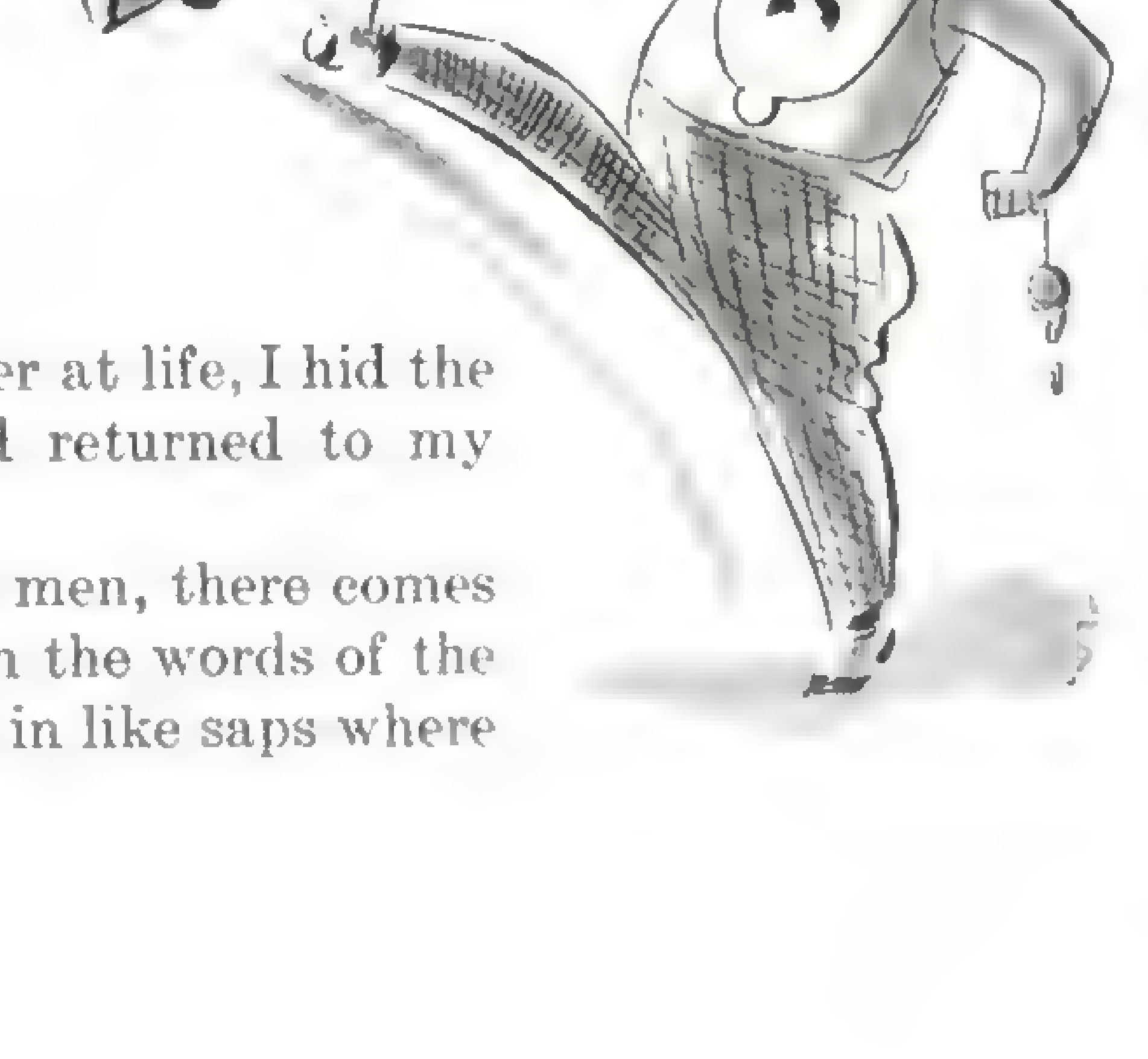
While strolling nonchalantly along Fourteenth Street the next evening I came upon a strange-looking man who was organizing another burlesque show. As he had once been an editor and could not read very well, I perused aloud for him the clipping from the Cincinnati Enquirer, and as I read I added much not in the original script.

He was so impressed that he gave me a job at $50.00 per week, actual money every Saturday night.

To those who would scale the peaks of happiness I would say that there is none such like obtaining real money from a show when one is young. Love may fade into alimony, and friendship into borrowed money, but the joy of a real payday with a show remains.

My decision in Bryant Park brought results.

My first large salary of $125.00 a week was given me some months later in San Francisco. They paid me all in silver. I had to go to the theatre to rehearse, and it was too heavy to carry in my pocket. Like all jugglers, I had a girl. But I was afraid to trust her with so much money. I met a pawnbroker with a diamond ring that he said was worth $125.00, and that diamonds were the same as money anyhow. The girl borrowed the ring, and I haven't seen her to this day. I would not have minded that so much, but she took the ring with her. The next week I did not know what to do with so much silver either. So I had it hauled to the depot, where I bought a ticket back to New York.



After I told William Morris about all the heavy money out West, he booked me at Koster & Bials Music Hall, where the best foreign artists performed. Dinner was served to the audience in boxes, so Morris put me on before they got hungry. A German theatrical manager saw me in my tramp juggling act, and engaged me to go to his country. I was not quite twenty years old at this time. I might add here that I began to wear a tramp costume because I did not have the money at the start

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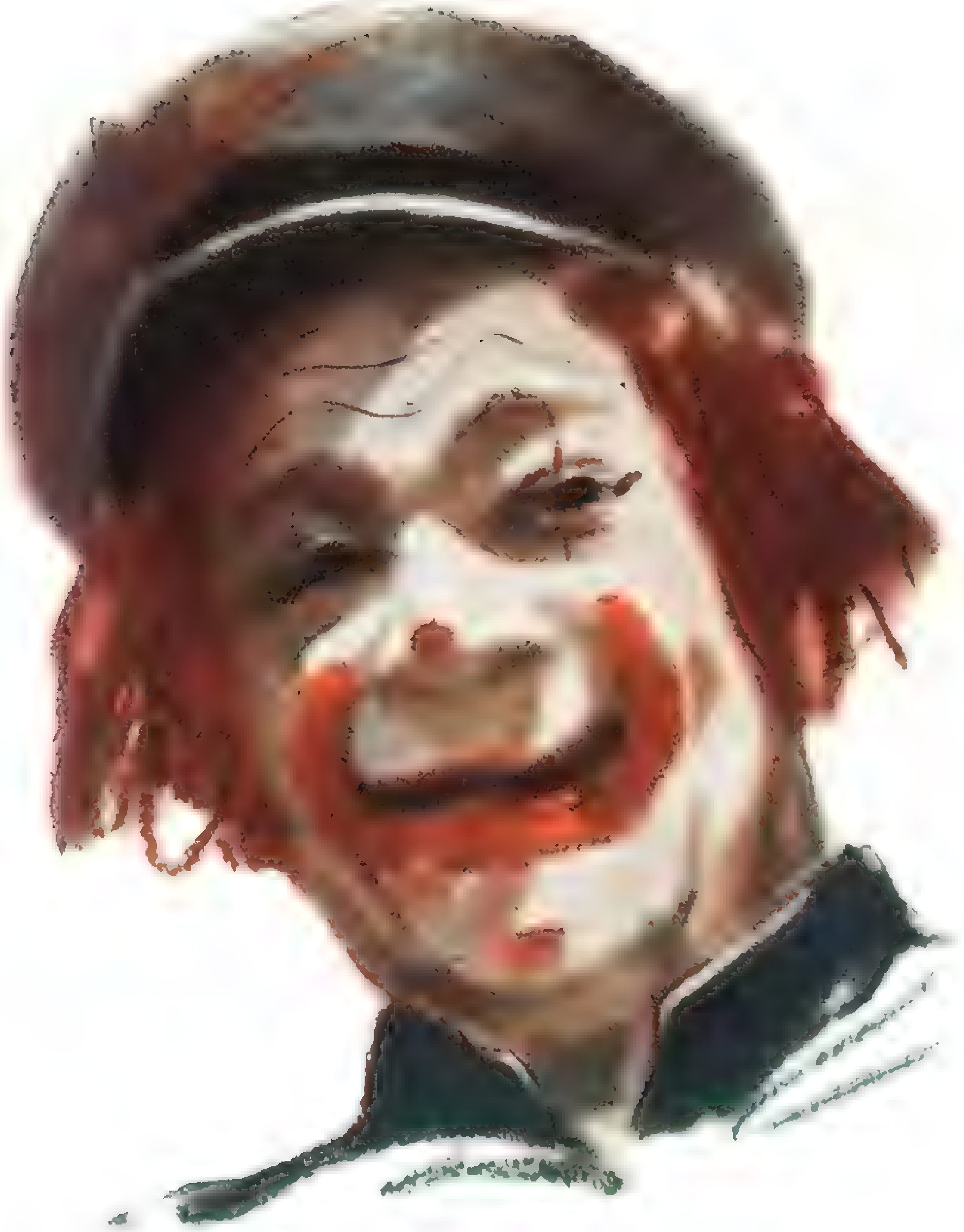
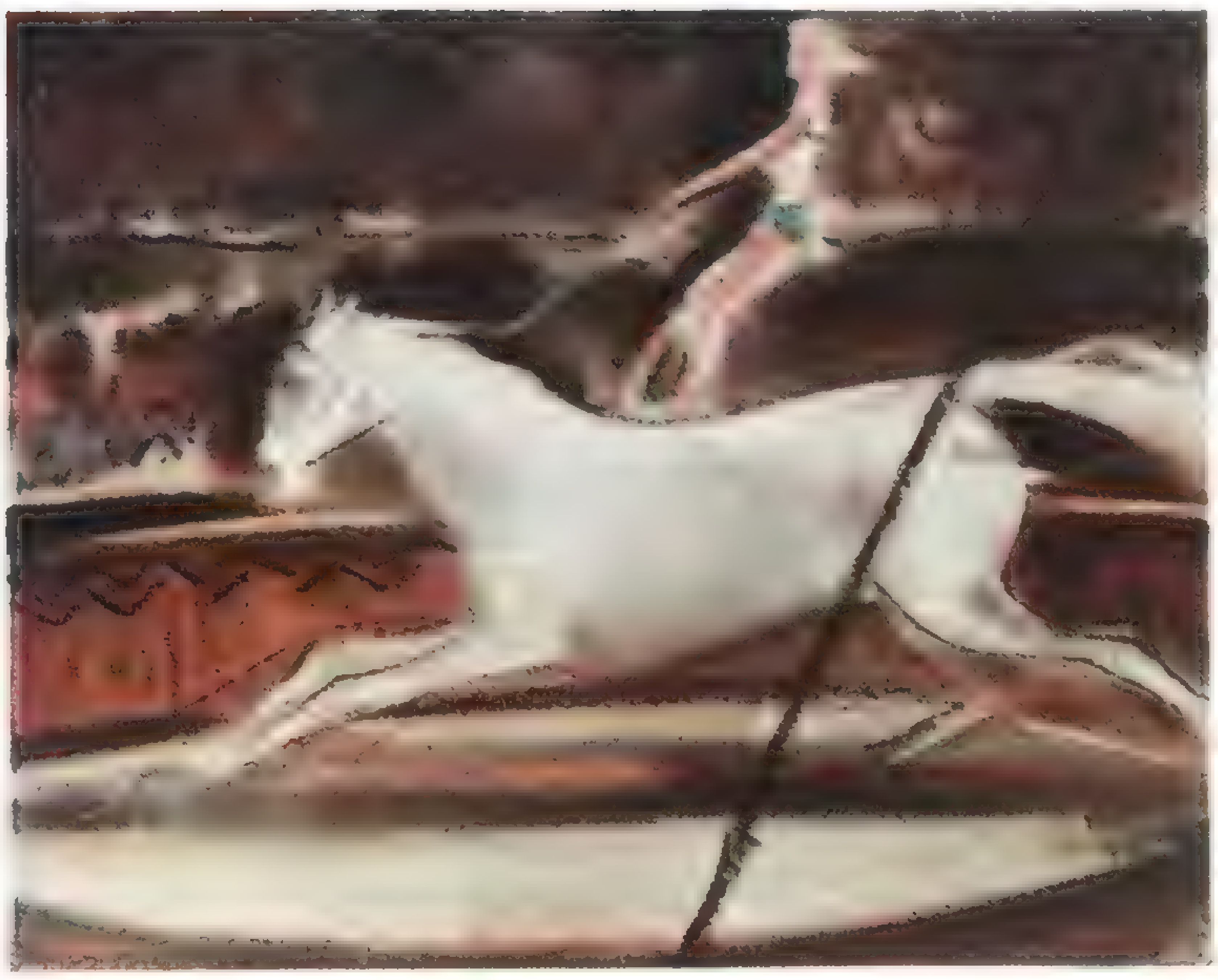
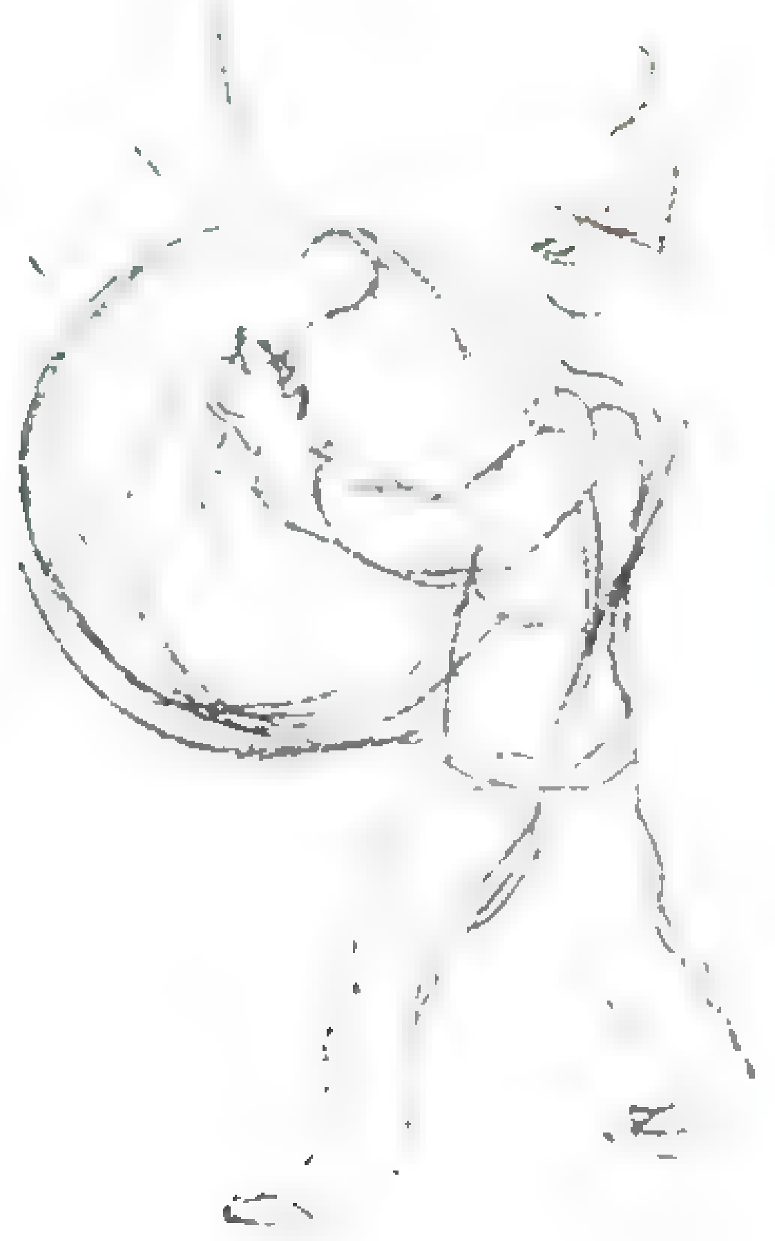
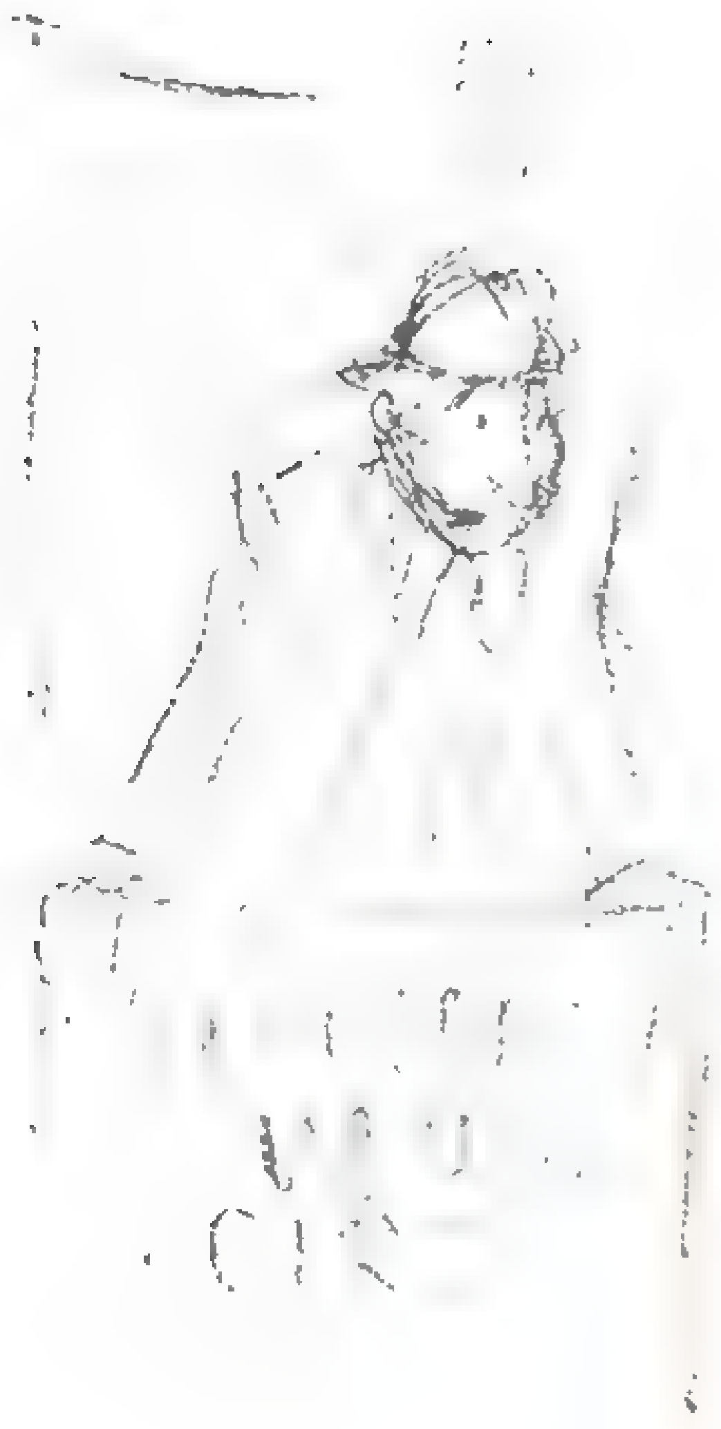


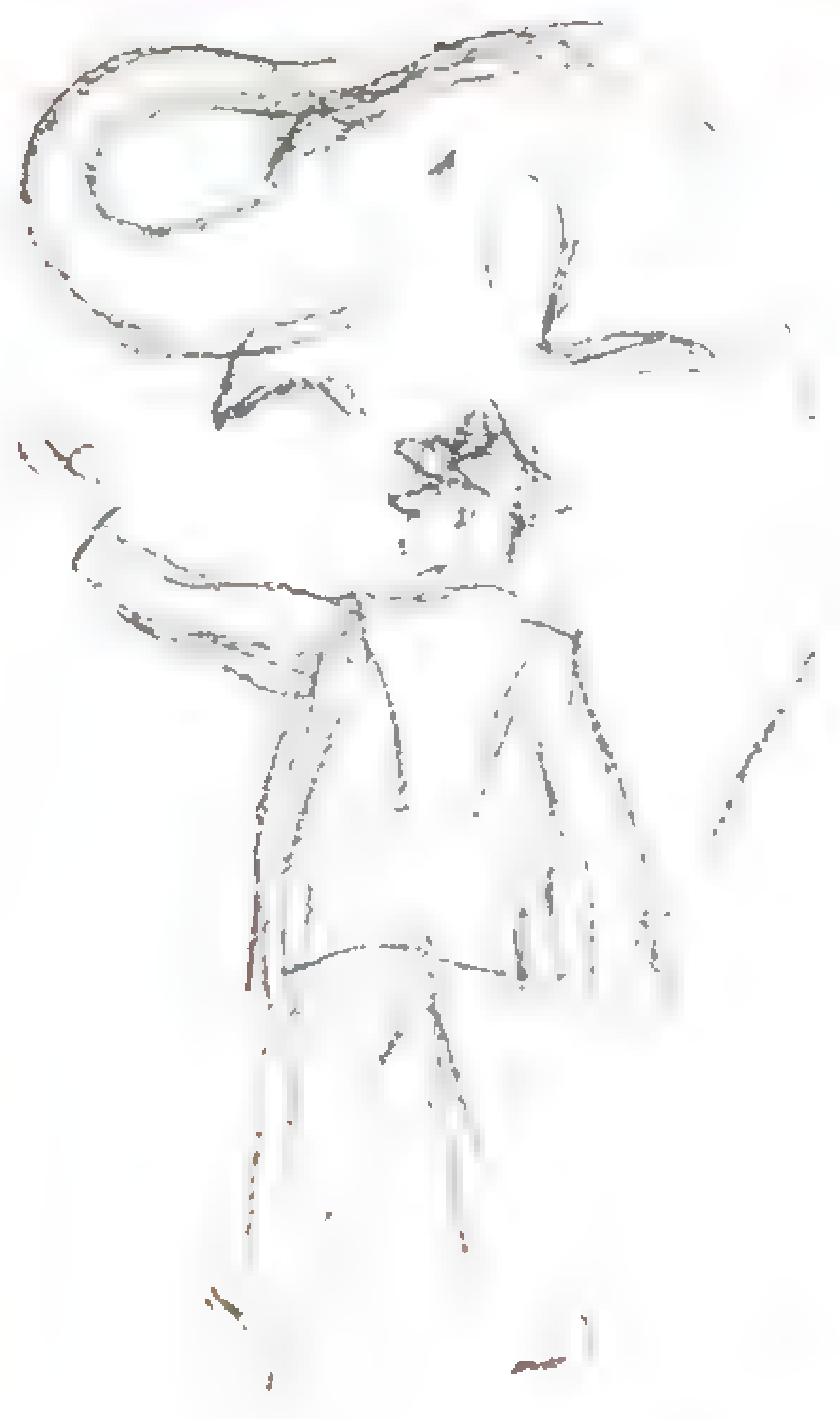
A Sketchbook View of the Circus

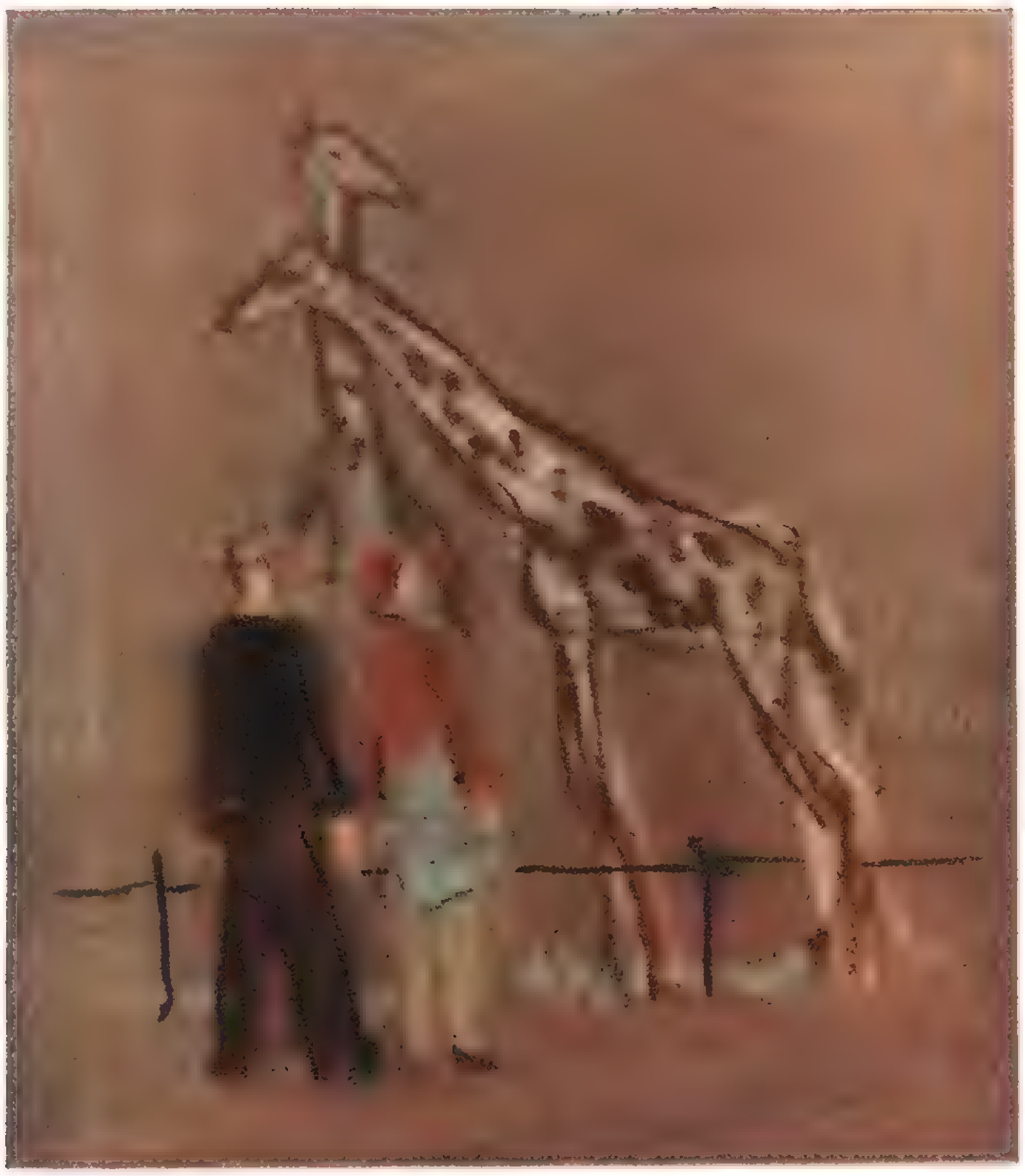
by MAURICE FREED

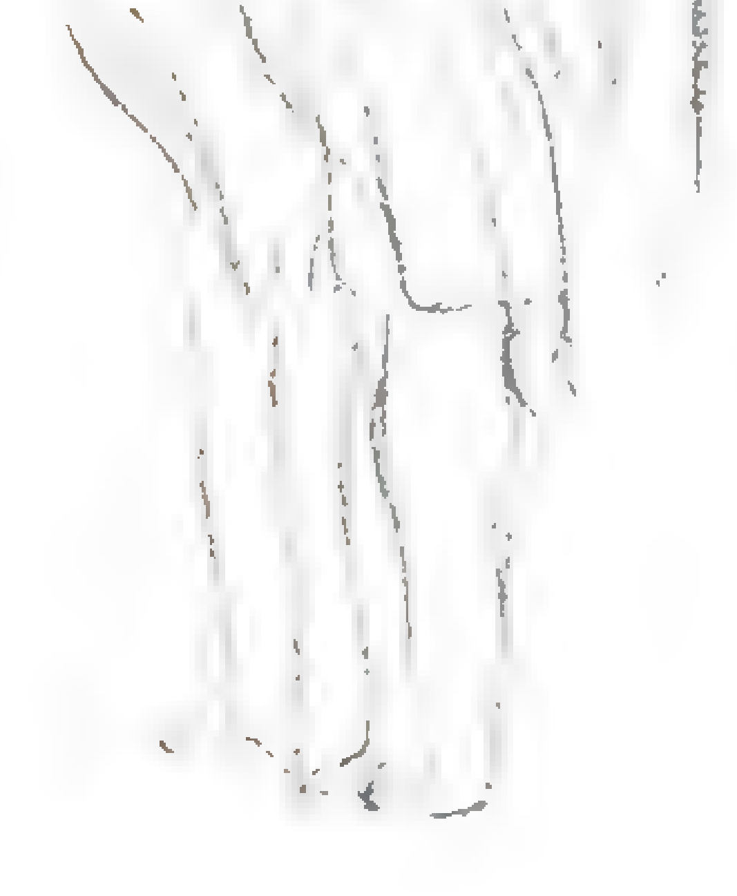


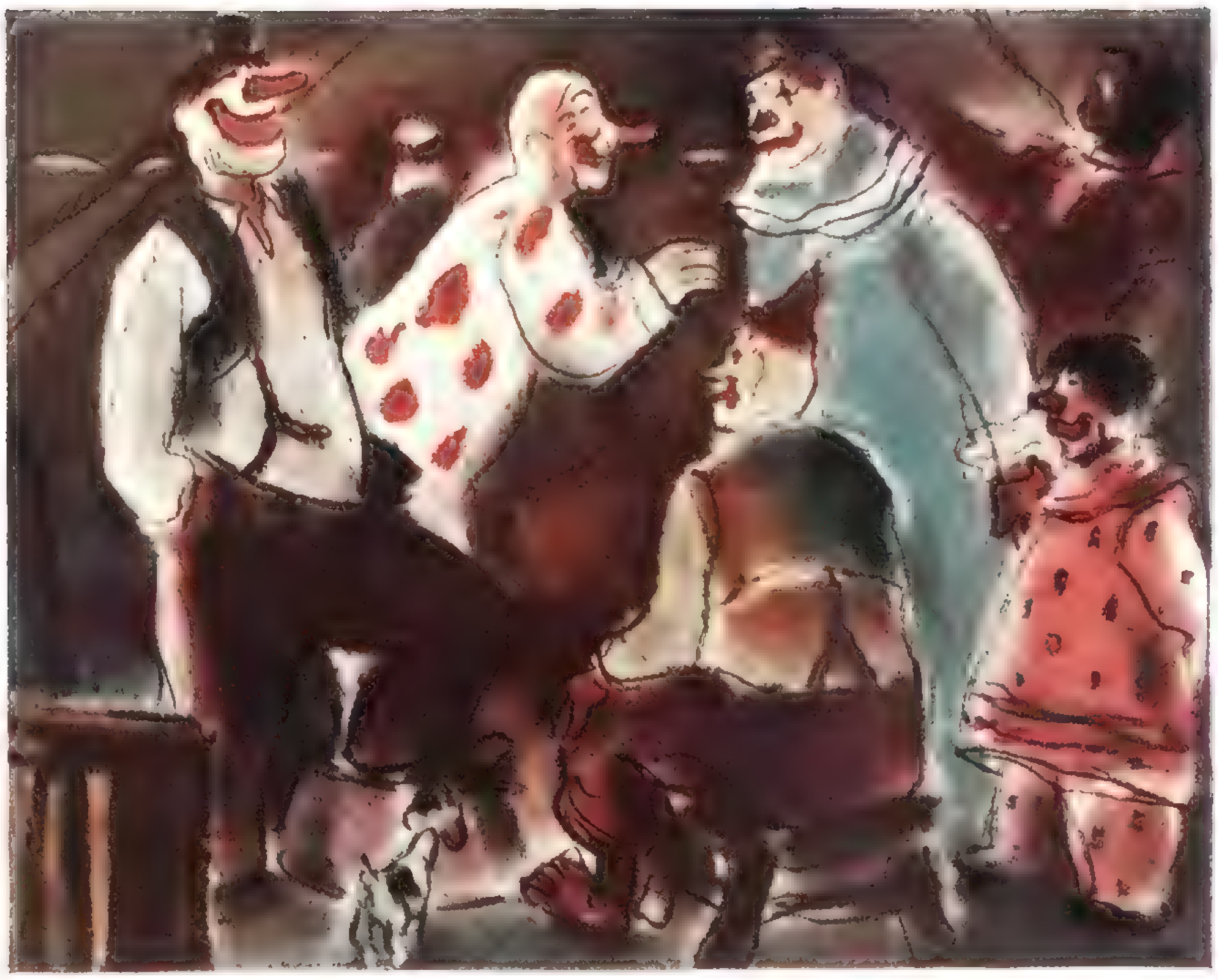


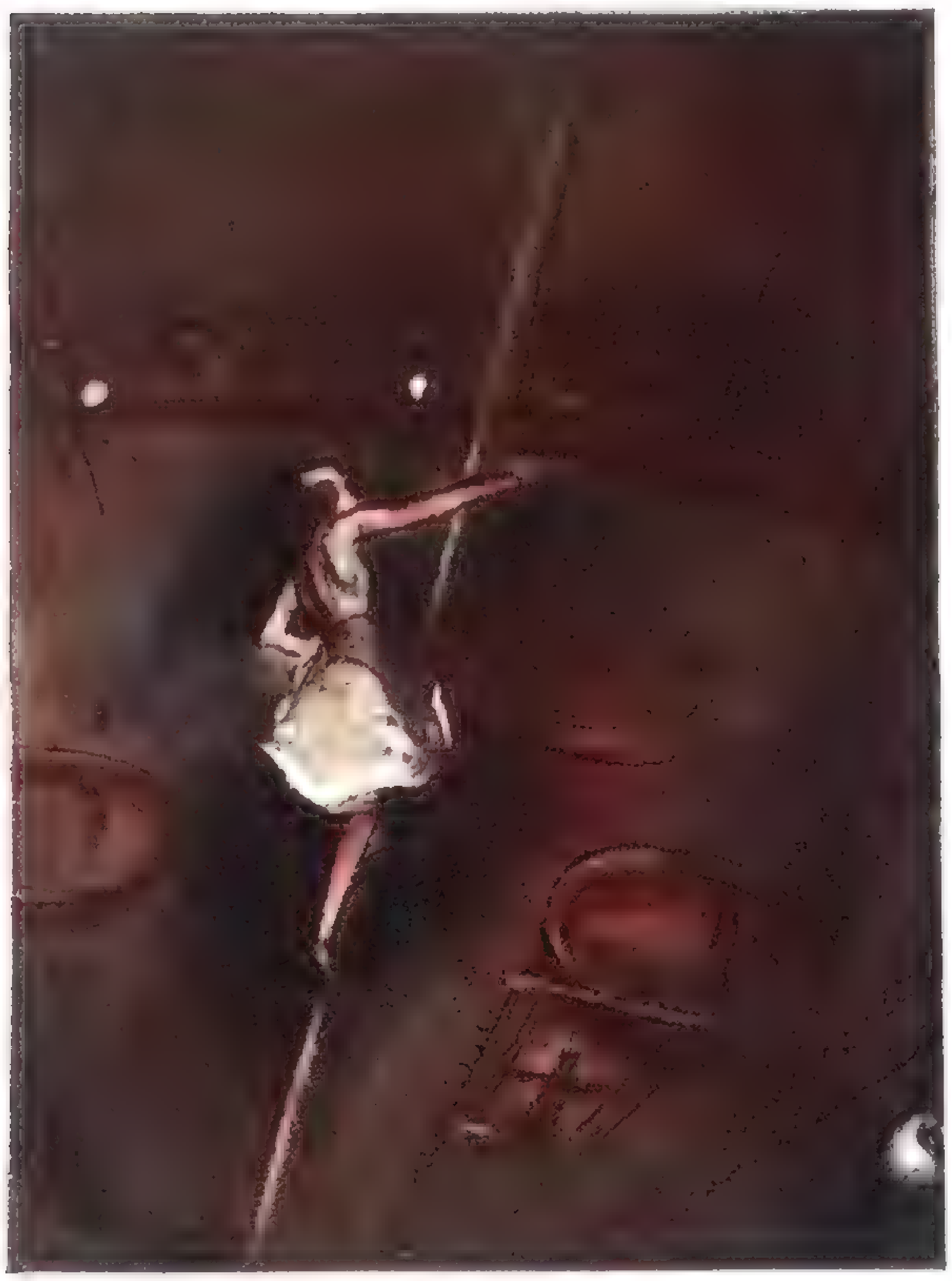








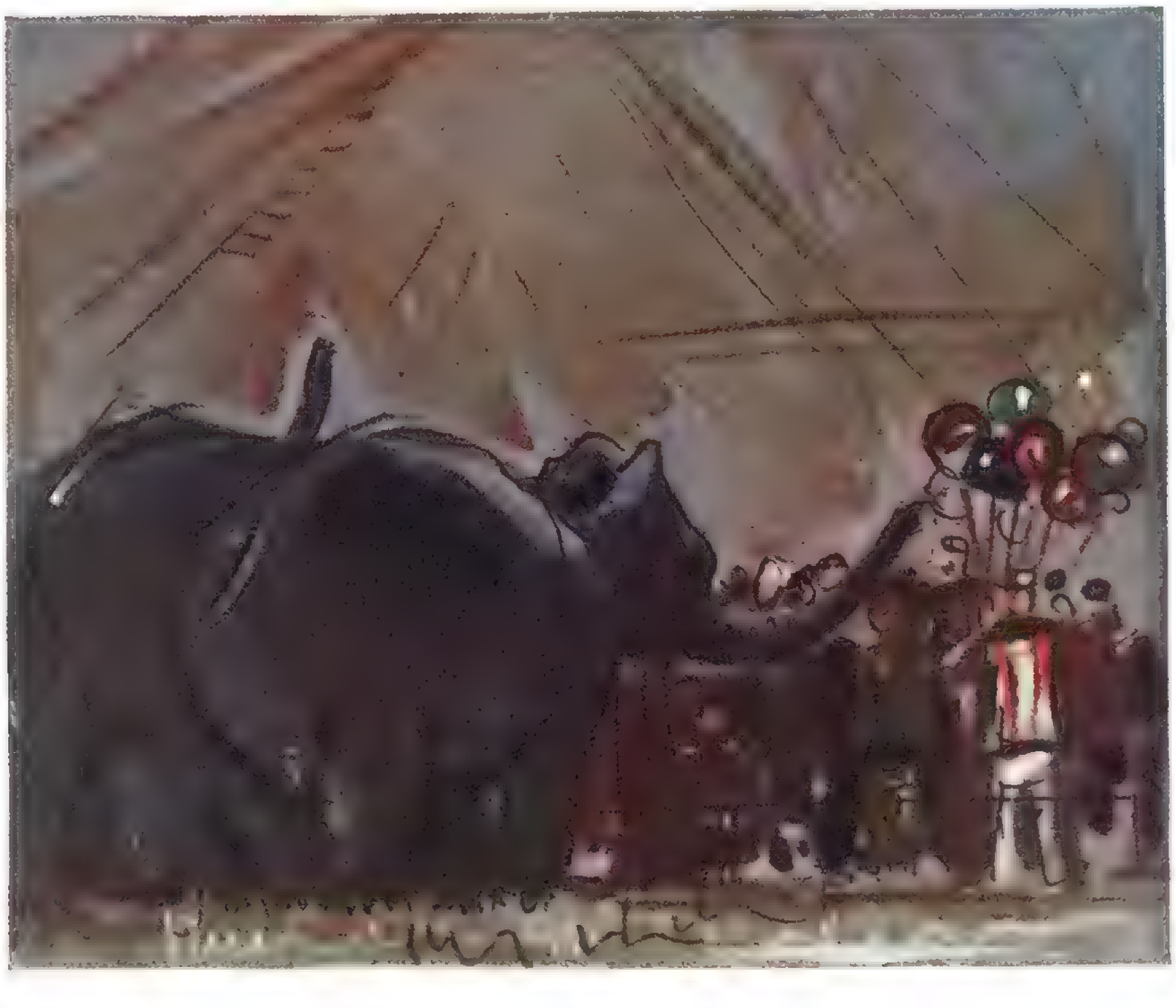


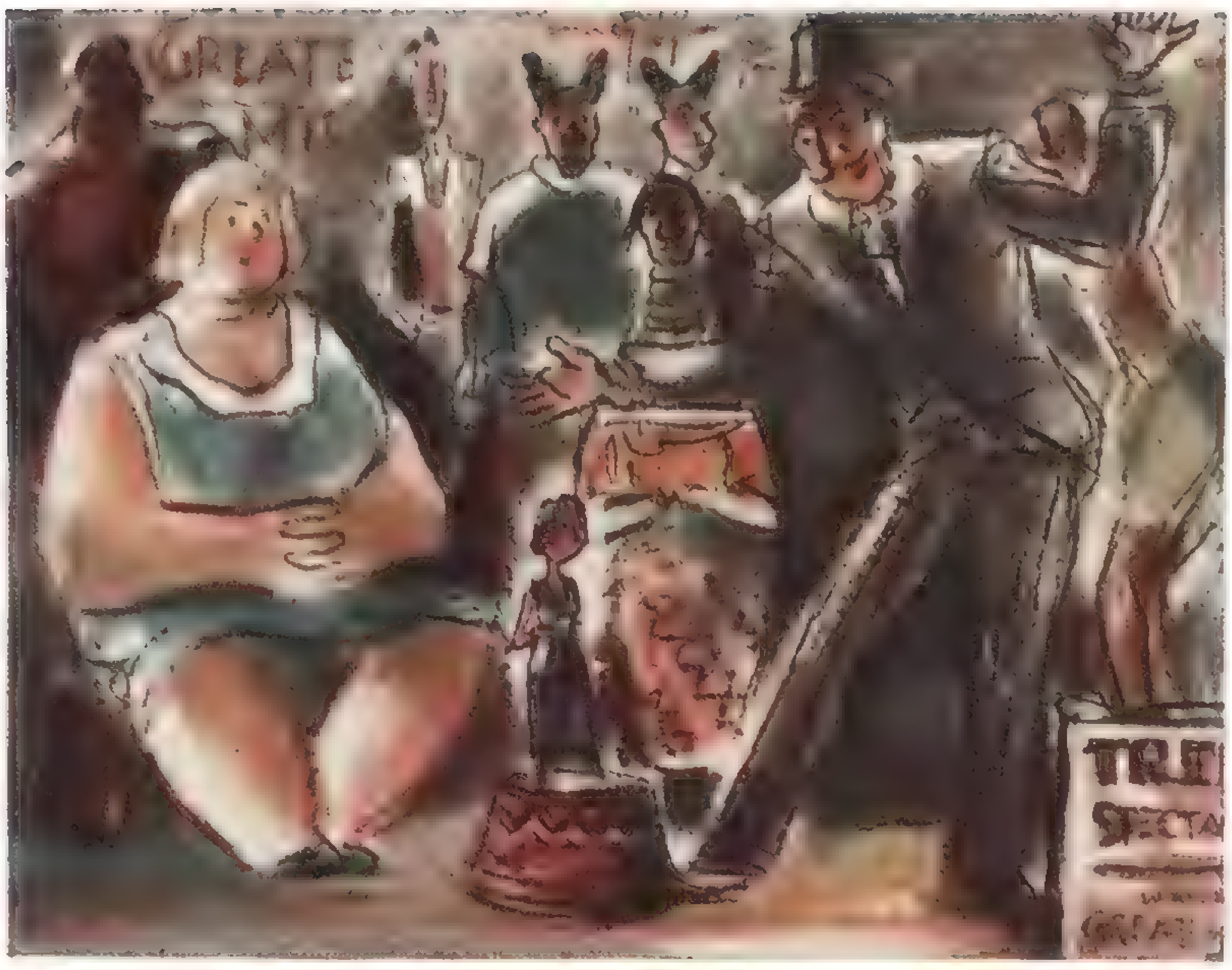


Sawdust and Spangles

by **MAURICE FREED**

JUGGLE hotdogs and peanuts and bottles of pop, and wrap your illusions tight about you, or the full thrill of the circus will not be yours. Believe that the girl on the tight rope has a sick baby and a faithless husband outside the big top, and yet she cannot falter, for the show must go on. Cherish the suspicion that the ringmaster is a villain who beats his mother before breakfast. Tread warily before the elephants, and preserve respectful mien, because they never forget a face. Have wide-eyed faith in all the freaks and bear in mind that only God can make a midget, while the beat of a broken heart beneath some polka-dotted muslin is all that goes to the making of a clown. Look closely for the grimace of permanent pain that must be frozen beneath the jester's painted smile. Bow low before all adjectives and be avid of the wonder in every barker's ringing spiel. Your eyes will see the glory, and your heart will feel the glamour, of the greatest show on earth.

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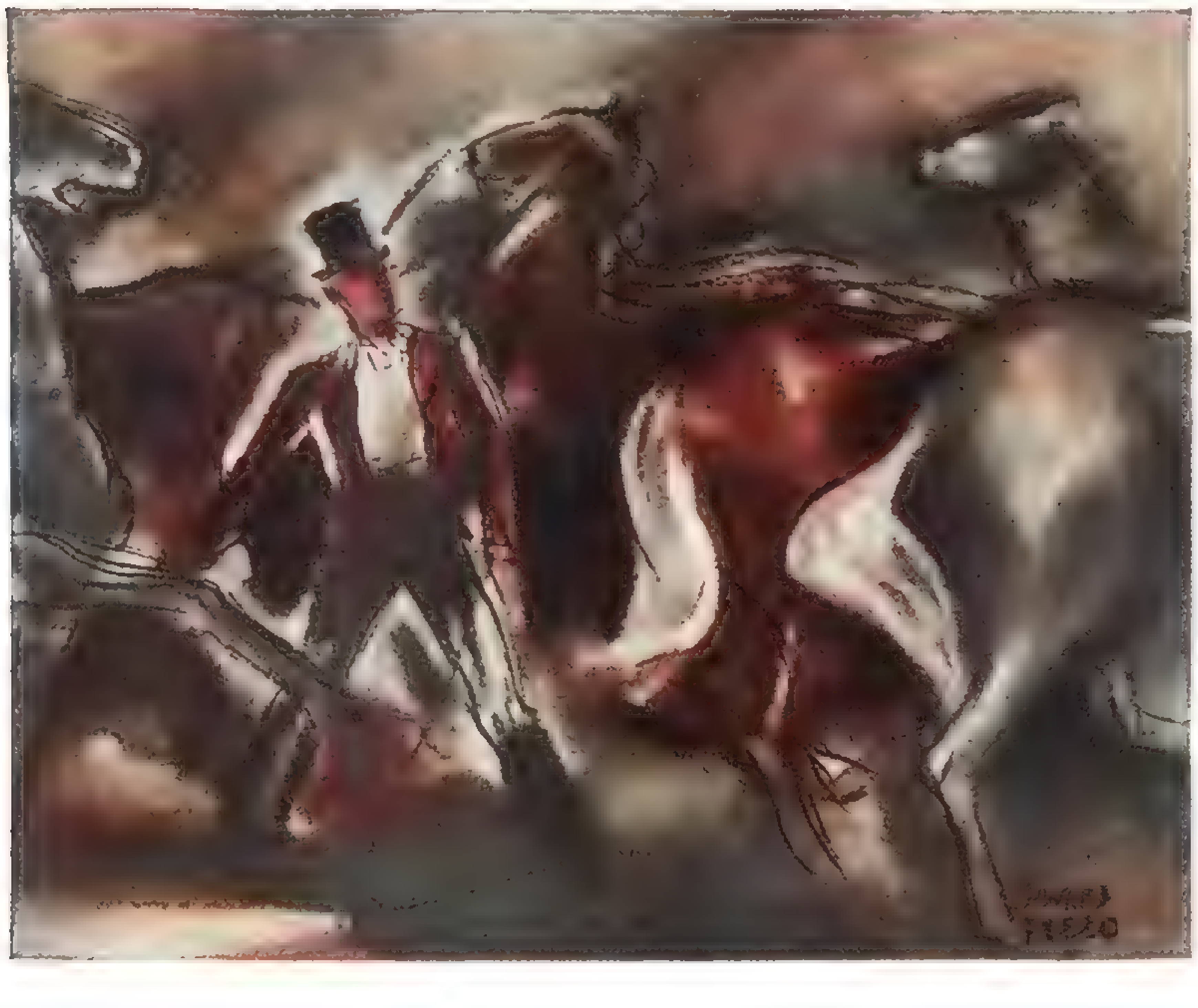

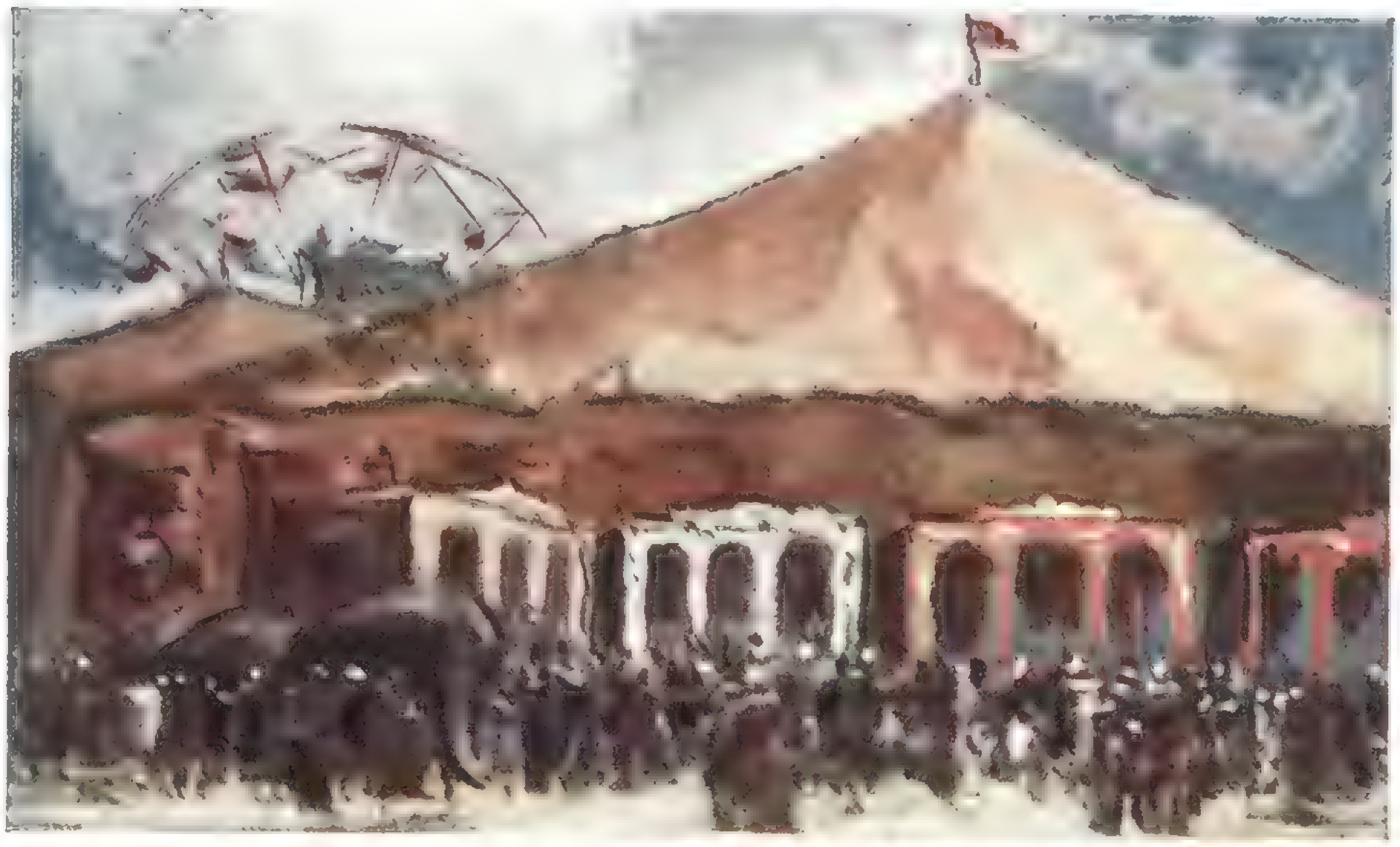

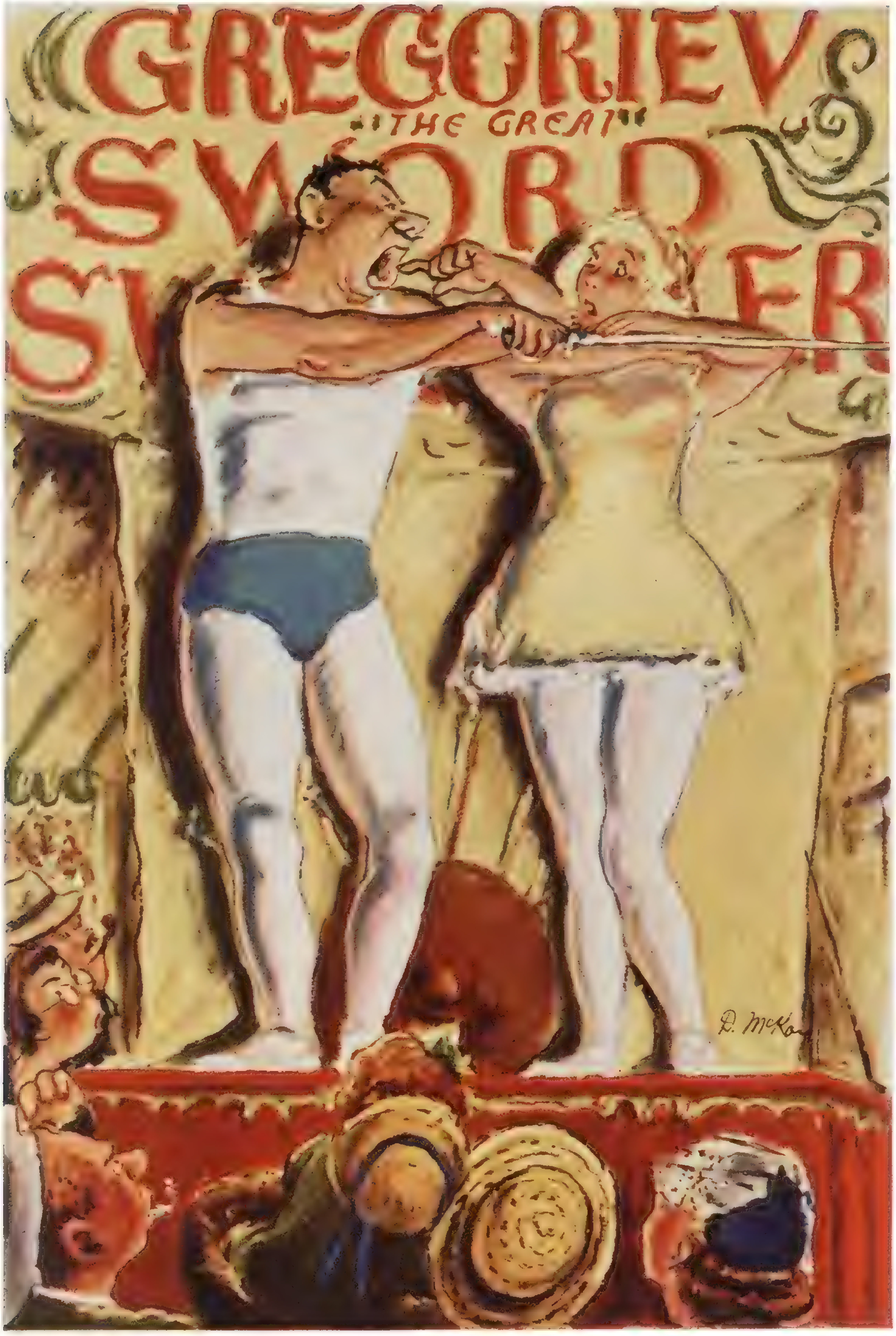
GREGORIEV
"THE GREAT"
SWORD
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D. McKay

"I t'ink I'm gettin' a sore t'roat!"

The Miracle of the Ages

A personality sketch of Louis Michel Eilshemius, self styled as the new Leonardo da Vinci

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

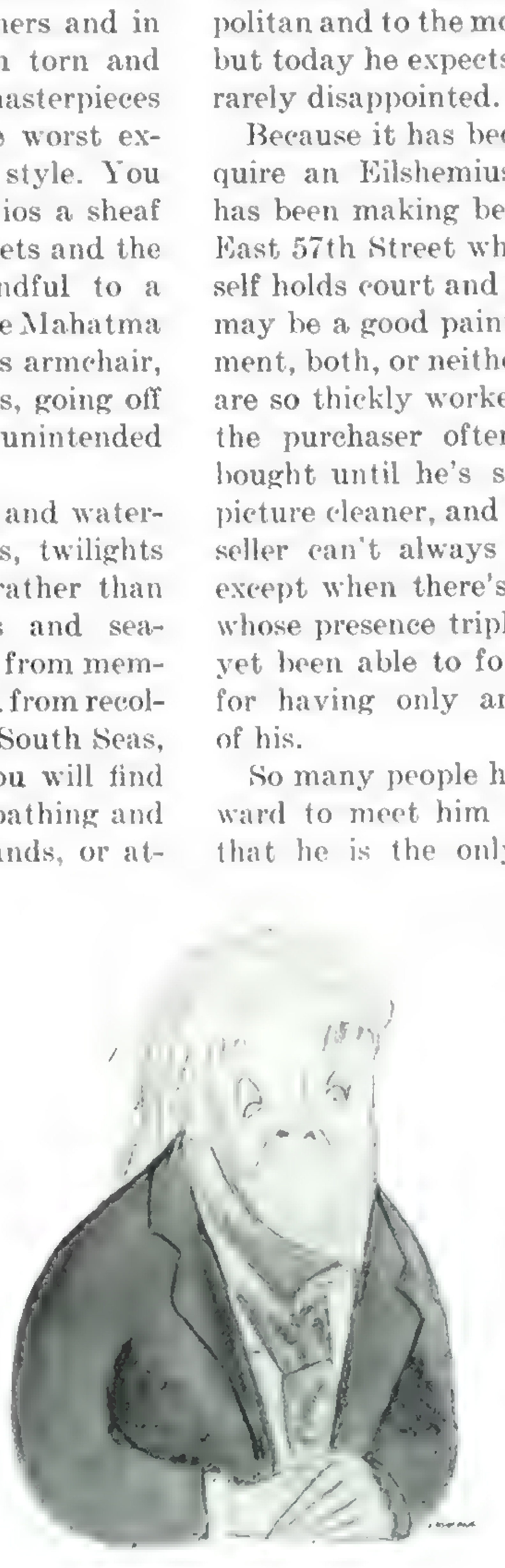
IN 1922, when he put down the brush forever, Louis Michel Eilshemius, self-styled Mahatma, Master of Arts, Doctor of Philosophy and Miracle of the Ages, among other things, had painted five thousand oils and water colors, many of them on the oblong cardboards with which his laundry had returned his shirts, on cigar box covers, music sheets, hat and suit box covers, magazine pages or what have you. He had painted enough pictures to have an Armory, even a Rockefeller Center, show all by himself. Over a period of thirty years he had painted his own Mile of Art, with some hundreds of feet to spare.

And in the old brownstone house on East 57th Street, in New York, in which he has been living for something like the past twenty-five years, those pictures are lying around in unframed heaps, one atop the other, on old-fashioned sofas, sideboards and tables which exhale the smells of the '90s, but mainly on the floor, in corners and in dusty portfolios, many of them torn and bent at the corners, the near-masterpieces inextricably mixed up with the worst examples even of the Eilshemius style. You extract from one of the portfolios a sheaf of pictures painted on music sheets and the least pressure reduces the handful to a crackle of dust and paper, with the Mahatma himself, sitting immovable in his armchair, as he has for the past two years, going off in a transport of distress at the unintended vandalism.

They are pictures of nymphs and waterfalls, clouds and moonlit nights, twilights and sunsets, moods of nature rather than specific landscapes, landscapes and seascapes painted much more often from memory than from model, but derived from recollections of Africa, Asia and the South Seas, lyric spots of sea and land. You will find nudes among the 5,000, nudes bathing and disporting themselves on the sands, or attempting to intensify the romanticism of moonlight, nudes so unreal as to lead the connoisseur to believe that they were painted from photographs and painted with a man's lingering delight on the physical characteristics of Woman.

And over this disorganized heap of art, a haystack scattered over an entire floor, a haystack from which canny dealers and collectors already have extracted the best bits of wheat, the painter lords it, a growling, peevish, invalidish relict of the last century, stubborn in his refusal to recognize anything that has a twentieth century mark on it, but easily charmed by a word of honest, or dishonest, praise into temporary forgetfulness of his quarrel with the world for not recognizing, and paying obeisance to, its Master. It is not hard to charm him out of his peeve, for in a way his has been the last laugh. Pictures by Eilshemius which were the joke of the Knowing up to a few years ago have now become the objects of admiration by a strong group of critics and voguemakers who took him up in a big way, perceiving, beneath the layers of dust, qualities hitherto unrecognized. And this vogue, this recognition, has helped Eilshemius' dealer to dispose of, for fancy prices, canvases of the very man whose previous gifts of his own paintings had been politely, but firmly, refused. In the old days, before recognition came, Eilshemius used to try to give away pictures, equally to the Metropolitan and to the most casual acquaintance, but today he expects bids from both, and is rarely disappointed.

Because it has become the fashion to acquire an Eilshemius, the souvenir hunter has been making bee lines to the house on East 57th Street where the Mahatma himself holds court and getting a canvas which may be a good painting, an item of investment, both, or neither. The particles of dust are so thickly worked into the picture that the purchaser often can't see what he's bought until he's sent his purchase to a picture cleaner, and for the same reason the seller can't always see what he's selling, except when there's a nude in the picture whose presence triples the price. He hasn't yet been able to forgive the Metropolitan for having only an unpeopled landscape of his.



So many people have been running backward to meet him that he is certain now that he is the only American painter in step. If he declared himself the modern Leonardo da Vinci in the old days, before the Metropolitan, the Luxembourg and the Whitney, Detroit and Cleveland museums and such private collectors as the Chester Dales began buying his pictures, how much more difficult is it for him to describe himself adequately now? In fact, whenever he tries to tell you about himself, he is so deeply struck with the wonder of himself that he becomes literally incoherent. Eilshemius only a Leonardo da Vinci? You can make an approach to the true relation by thinking of Leonardo as the Louis M. Eilshemius of the Renaissance in Italy.

Since Eilshemius stopped painting, in 1922, he has been talking, almost unremittingly, on his favorite theme and, on occasion, expressing his wonder at himself in print. Not that he maintained modest silence while he was painting. The nearest approach Eilshemius ever made to modesty was to run down other painters without praising himself. But when he stopped painting, his activity became concentrated in the effort to create the Eilshemius legend, which is based on the psychology which makes one Junior boast *his* Dad killed one hundred Indians after his playmate had told him *his* Dad had killed ten.

Eilshemius saves his legend from monotony by claiming not only to be the greatest painter that ever lived, but the greatest everything else that ever lived. He finds it hard to believe that anyone could be so wonderful as Eilshemius and that *he* is Eilshemius. There is no activity in which he can bear to play an inferior part. He is not only greater than Leonardo, Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe and Don Juan; he has to be superior to his interviewer, too. He had read, he told me, a thousand books. But before that could be put into the record, so to speak, he asked me suddenly: "How many books have you read?" Trying to err on the side of caution, I said: "1,000." "Oh, I've read 10,000 books," he amended—"and in five languages."

The chief difficulty with the greater part of the life story of Louis Eilshemius is that one has to take Eilshemius' word for it and, day-dreamer and wishful-thinker that he is, there is no doubt that he has, in all innocence, confused reality with fiction. The gap between what he's done and what he says he's done is so wide as to justify the conclusion that the legend is the man's alibi, his compensation, for an unsatisfying reality, for he began framing his legend when everybody—museums, dealers, critics, collectors, publishers—thought him an old nuisance, or worse. "By God!" he exclaimed, "people think I'm nothing; that makes me so wild." That makes him so wild he flies to the other extreme and lays claim to everything within reach of his tongue.

He was born seventy years ago. Even he does not claim youth, calling himself ex-actor, ex-all Round Athletic Sportsman and ex-Don Giovanni, among other things. His ancestry is Dutch. His parents, he tells me, were religious and he recalls definitely that

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The Horrible God

A strong suspense story in which an unspeakably foul little statue bedevils its unfortunate owner

by THOMAS BURKE

• FICTION •

Mr. Rainwater wasn't easily scared, but for the last three or four days he had had a strong feeling that he was being followed, and it was upsetting him. He knew that the feeling of being followed is often a symptom of a neurotic or morbid state, but that wasn't his state. He was quite healthy and free of melodramatic or nervous imaginings. He was being followed. He could feel it through his skin. He could feel it in the air the moment he left his home. He could feel pursuit and the prickings of danger.

Towards midnight that evening his suspicion became certainty. He was walking down Shaftesbury Avenue towards Piccadilly, and was in the thick of the crowd coming from the theatres when, clearly and with electrical urgency, a voice reached his ear. It was a keen mutter, and it said: "I speak as a friend. The vengeance of the god Imshamshu is a terrible vengeance. He seeks his own place."

Rainwater turned swiftly. He collided with two girls just behind him, who were giggling and talking of Ronald Colman. On one side of him a policeman was striding. On the other side was a wall. Two paces ahead was a newsboy, and walking away from him were a couple of nondescript youths who had evidently been drinking. As the crowd swirled round him he looked here and there for the possible speaker, but could see nobody to whom that queer mutter could have belonged. It was not an English mutter. On the opposite side of the street was a large negro in a brilliant blue suit; in a bus coming from Piccadilly Circus sat a man of muddy color and Oriental features; and outside the Monico, some thirty yards away, was an Algerian rug-seller. But the distance of these men from him made it impossible for any of them to have spoken those words in his ear two seconds ago.

He stood and considered. It was odd; very odd. The voice had been so sharp and so close that it must have been addressing him. It had come right into his ear, as though the mouth had been touching his shoulder. Yet nobody to whom he could trace it. He knew, of course, the Oriental trick of self-effacement; that sleek movement by which a cat will pass round you before your eyes without your seeing it, and which the Oriental can achieve by a cessation of mental action. He attributed the vanishing of the speaker to that, and he had reason for believing that the speaker had been an Oriental. The message, he was sure, was meant for him, and no other person in the crowd; he was sure it had come from an Oriental; that it connected with his feeling of being followed; and that everything connected itself with that horrible idol.

The idol had been worrying Rainwater for some time—even before the following had begun. It was an idol of a kind he had never before seen; an idol which gave him the shudders every time he looked at it. As a collector of native bric-a-brac, he was accustomed, even hardened, to the many variations upon certain themes of which the black mind, in its more exalted fervors, is capable. But this . . . The most cloistered nun, knowing nothing of the images by which men express the baseness of man, would have known at a glance that this thing was in form and spirit horrible. The most experienced Madame of a Buenos Aires sailors' hotel would not have confused it with the realistic emblems of native religions which her customers brought from their voyages and with which they improved her knowledge of anthropology. It was just a masterpiece of unrelated horror.

The artist who made it had withdrawn from the unfenced fields of religious ardor and had immured himself within the narrow dogmas of art—just to show, apparently, that art, with all its fetters of form and technique, could outsoar anything achieved under the license and tolerance by which the darker religions distinguish themselves from art. Certainly he had succeeded. Never had Rainwater, under that cloak of respectability which hides so many anomalies, even imagined anything like it. Nor had anybody else whom he knew. Of all his acquaintance among curators of museums, not one could put a name to it or even conjecture the country or island of its origin. When he showed it to them they stared and whistled. And that was all he could get from them. They could tell him that it wasn't Egypt, that it wasn't Java, that it wasn't Easter Island, or Haiti, or Liberia; but they couldn't tell him what it *was*. They could only tell him that he'd better put it away or throw it away.

He put it away at the bottom of one of his curio cabinets. He couldn't give it away, because nobody he knew would have accepted it. All his friends were married. And as a collector he couldn't bring himself to throw it away. Yet in keeping it in his rooms he felt a distinct unease, as though, in possessing it, he were partly responsible for its horror, and had had a share in making it. He *wanted* to throw it away, or burn it, or drop it over one of the bridges, but whenever he reached the point of setting out to do it, the collecting instinct mastered him. If the thing had been emitting an evil smell into his room he still wouldn't have been able to screw himself up to throwing it away. So he kept it locked up, and only took it out now and then. Which made him feel more guilty. If a friend was announced he would hurriedly hide it. If he heard his housekeeper's step outside the door he would throw a newspaper over it. When he had had it for three weeks his demeanor had become almost furtive.

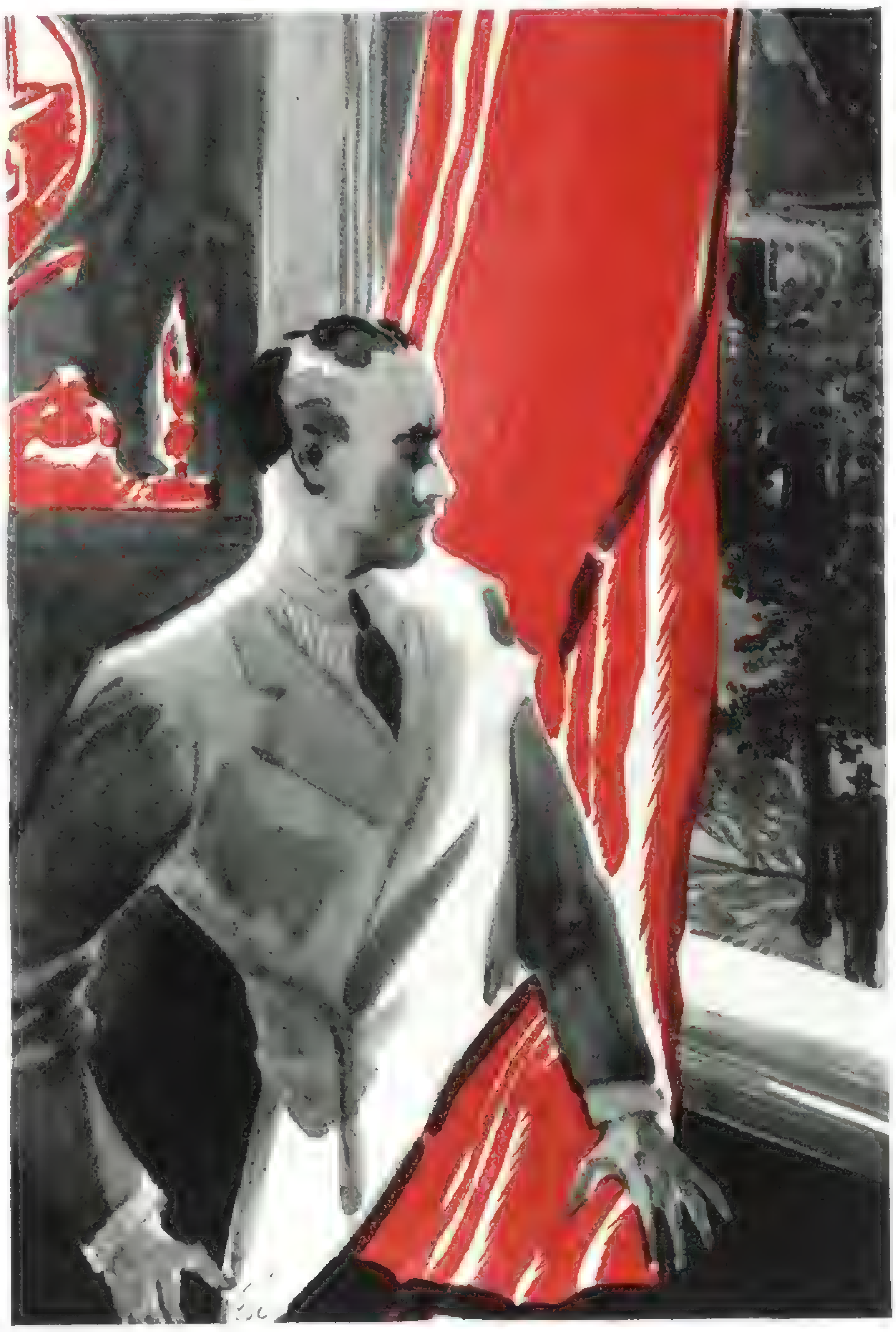
And then began that feeling of being followed and its climax of that muttered message. He wished he had never seen the wretched thing, or, having seen it, had resisted the temptation to buy it. The thing itself was a horror, and now it was leading to this uncanny following and this uncanny message delivered in a crowded street. He didn't know what to do about it. It wasn't the threat that disturbed him so much as the stealthy following, and the manner in which the threat had been delivered. If it was the ju-ju of some tribe or creed with representatives in London, why couldn't they come to him openly? Why the following about, which had begun, apparently, from the moment he bought it, when he had been followed to his home? And how could he put the little hideous god back in his own place, when nobody, not even Oriental scholars, knew whence it came?

He walked on in some disturbance. Every now and then he looked back, or stopped by a shop whose side-window reflected the path behind him. But he saw nobody who might be the follower, and did not expect to. Whoever had been following him the last few days was an experienced shadower; clever enough to convey the horrid sense of his neighborhood and clever enough to remain unperceived. Mr. Rainwater was beginning to realize that there is something in being followed which is more shocking than a revolver at the head or a knife at the throat. There is nothing to grasp; nothing to combat; only a persistent nagging at the nerves which in time can wear you down.

And Rainwater was being worn down. If they wanted their god they could have it, so far as he was concerned. He couldn't throw an artistic treasure away, but if it meant something more to people than it did to him they were welcome to it, if only they would come and ask for it. They must know his address, or they wouldn't be able to follow him as they did. Why, then, this menacing and muttering of vengeance?

On reaching home he learned that they did know his address. His housekeeper met him in the hall. She held a grubby piece of pink paper. "I don't know what this is, sir, or how it came. I found it on the mat under the evening paper. Would it be anything you know about?" She passed it to him. It bore six words in an ungainly scrawl: "Imshamshu waits. You have been warned." Mr. Rainwater made a noise of irritation.

He passed it back to her. "No; I don't know anything about it. Some odd bit of waste paper that blew in, I should think." But he went upstairs feeling a little sick. When he got to his room he went first to the little cabinet in which he kept the horrible thing. The room was filled with the results of his collecting mania. They hung on the walls, they stood on tables, and they decorated half a dozen glass cabinets; tribal work mainly, some of it phallic and all of it bizarre. The horrible thing was not resting in one of the glass cabinets. It was in an old lacquer cabinet—a nest of drawers three times concealed within other drawers. He had just opened it and had reached the drawer containing the thing when, without conscious impulse, he went to the window and moved the curtain aside. He moved it aside casually; he dropped it swiftly.



On the opposite pavement, under the overhanging trees of a front garden, was a motionless figure. The figure was dressed in a raincoat, and its soft hat had the brim turned down. To see the face was impossible, but something about the pose of the figure conveyed to Mr. Rainwater the sense of Oriental. He turned from the window, shut all the drawers and doors of the cabinet, without looking to see if his treasure was there, and dropped into a chair by the fire. He had scarcely dropped when he got up again; found a glass; and mixed himself a drink. He went back to the chair with it, and dropped again. He wasn't a coward and he wasn't a man of stout nerve. He was like most of us, in-between, and ready to admit when he was shaken. He was a mild and amiable man, but could, as mild and amiable people can, be capable of ferocity when really roused and when there was some concrete object of his ferocity. Such as a man who insisted on having the window of a railway carriage closed on a warm day. But against intangible hostility, or against anything unfamiliar, he was a reed. His heart didn't give way, but his nerves did. None of the incidents of the last four days had made him *afraid*, but they had brought him to the edge of a breakdown. He needed that drink.

Sitting there in the midnight silence he began to hear, or to think he could hear, odd noises from the street. Little soft noises, of the kind that make people ask each other in whispers—"What's that?" Once or twice, without knowing why, he looked over at the lacquer cabinet, and found himself relieved to see that it was still there and still a lacquer cabinet. He wanted to go to the window again, but couldn't. He wanted to know if the figure had gone, but there was the possibility that he would see it standing in the same position; and he didn't want to see it. There was nothing in the figure itself, or in its attitude, to disturb anyone. It was just a solitary and motionless man, yet its mere presence conveyed a stream of menace and portent and alarm which was the more potent for being obscure. It created that shrinking of the skin which man always knows before the nameless peril. In its immobility it was horrid, and Mr. Rainwater didn't want to see it. Also, he had a feeling that, horrid as it was in stillness, it would fill him with more horror if it moved.

He wanted to go to bed, but couldn't. He had half an idea of taking the horrible idol from the cabinet, opening the window, and flinging it out to the watcher. But if it fell in the roadway it might smash, and that might mean more of this furtive persecution. And he felt that he couldn't stand much more of it. He was accustomed to a peaceful life, and he could not adjust himself to this invasion of his peace. Somehow or other he must get rid of the thing. He couldn't give it to a museum, because that might bring persecution on the museum's curator, and if he burnt it or dropped it in the river, he still wouldn't be free of their attentions. And he couldn't hand it over to them because they never came near enough to him. If he took it out now, and went downstairs to give it to the solitary watcher, he was certain that the solitary watcher would have vanished.

But about three o'clock in the morning, after his third drink, which had done his nerves little good, an idea came to him. A simple idea which should have come to him when the persecution began. He would pass it to the people most able to deal with the situation. He would resell it to the shop where he bought it, at any price they cared to give. It was a dim little shop, near Waterloo, kept by two young Japanese; and two young Japanese were surely the best people to meet Oriental menace, and to understand and answer the roundabout messages. On that resolution he went to bed, not caring whether the house was surrounded, or whether he was to be burgled or assassinated, or not. He was beyond caring. His nerves had jittered so much under the persecution, and had developed such a side-jittering from the three heavy drinks, that they were now exhausted. Anything could happen, but Mr. Rainwater was going to bed.

Nothing did happen; and after a miniature breakfast he took the horrible god from the private drawer of the cabinet, packed it carefully in tissue-paper, put it into his overcoat pocket, and set out for Waterloo, followed, he was sure, all the way.

He did not get rid of it so easily as he had hoped. The Japanese partners were not in a buying mood. When he offered it, saying that he was tired of it, and that it was not in keeping with the rest of his collection, they hesitated. They answered as curio-dealers always do; they did not want it. Those things, they said, were not easy to sell. Netsukes, yes, or sono-kotos; but not that kind of thing. When they could sell that kind of thing they got a good price, but they might have to keep it in stock for a year, two years, five years, before finding a customer. They had had it in stock for three years before Mr. Rainwater bought it.

Mr. Rainwater asked: would they make an offer? They replied that they would hardly dare. The offer would be too ridiculous. They really did not want it; the small demand for such things made it impossible to offer a price at all relative to the artistic value of the thing.

Mr. Rainwater said sternly: "Name a price."

Under compulsion they named, with confusion and apology, ten shillings.

"I'll take it." He pushed the horrible god across the counter. They tendered, across the counter, sadly and with deprecation, a ten-shilling note. He took it; said "Good morning"; and walked out into the morning sun.

Outside, he took a deep breath, said, "That's that, thank God," and walked away as though liberated from clanking chains. He walked all the way to the West End, and did not once have the feeling of being followed. This restoration of his normal life filled him with the holiday spirit, and he spent the ten shillings, and more, in a super-excellent lunch.

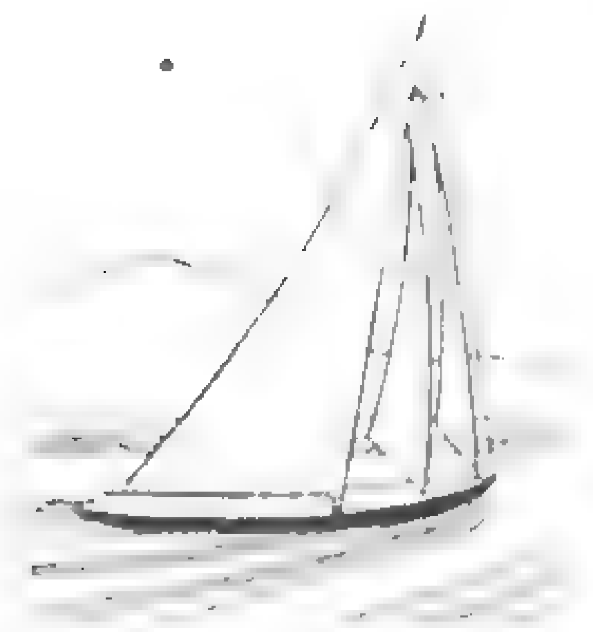
That evening, in the little shop near Waterloo, the Japanese partners smiled at each other. "Yes," said one, "we have done well with this thing which the English sailor carved for us. Eight times we have sold it; and eight times we have frightened the buyer into bringing it back." In a mocking sing-song he recited: "The vengeance of the god Imshamshu is a terrible vengeance. He seeks his own place . . . These superstitious English!" Silently, with indrawn breath, they laughed.

The Embattled Cup

A lively account of the stormy background of the America's Cup Races since Lord Dunraven's day

by LAWRENCE PERRY

SPORTS



Not long before he surrendered the British Foreign Office portfolio in 1900, Lord Salisbury remarked at a private dinner in London, attended by several Americans of note, that he had little fear of armed strife between Great Britain and the United States as long as the two nations continued to race for the America's Cup.

While Salisbury spoke in light postprandial vein and with an exaggeration permissible to statesmen in such a mood, his hearers did not miss the underlying note of seriousness.

For it is a fact that back of these international yacht races exist many elements which have always transcended a mere sporting significance. The pride of the two nations has been curiously involved and yet not so curiously when you realize the background of maritime rivalry, the fact that these cup races have connoted world supremacy in the designing, building and navigation of sailing craft.

No trophy which has been in competition over a span of so many years, symbol of a sport involving so many legal and scientific elements lying apart from the sheer fact of contest, could by any possibility have escaped trouble of variegated sorts and varying gravity even had international interest been less keen than has been the case.

[It was in August 1851 that the schooner yacht America won the silver cup valued at about $500 in a race around the Isle of Wight. Known thenceforth as the America's Cup it was eventually turned over to the New York Yacht Club to defend against all comers. The faithfulness of the club to its patriotic trust has caused all the trouble.]

In the wan gray light of a December afternoon nearly forty years ago a peer of the British realm sat at the bar of public opinion.

More specifically, the Earl of Dunraven sat in the model room of the former club house of the New York Yacht Club on Madison avenue in New York City twisting his gray mustaches and staring in a sort of glazed hauteur as America's most distinguished jurist baited him in cross-examination.

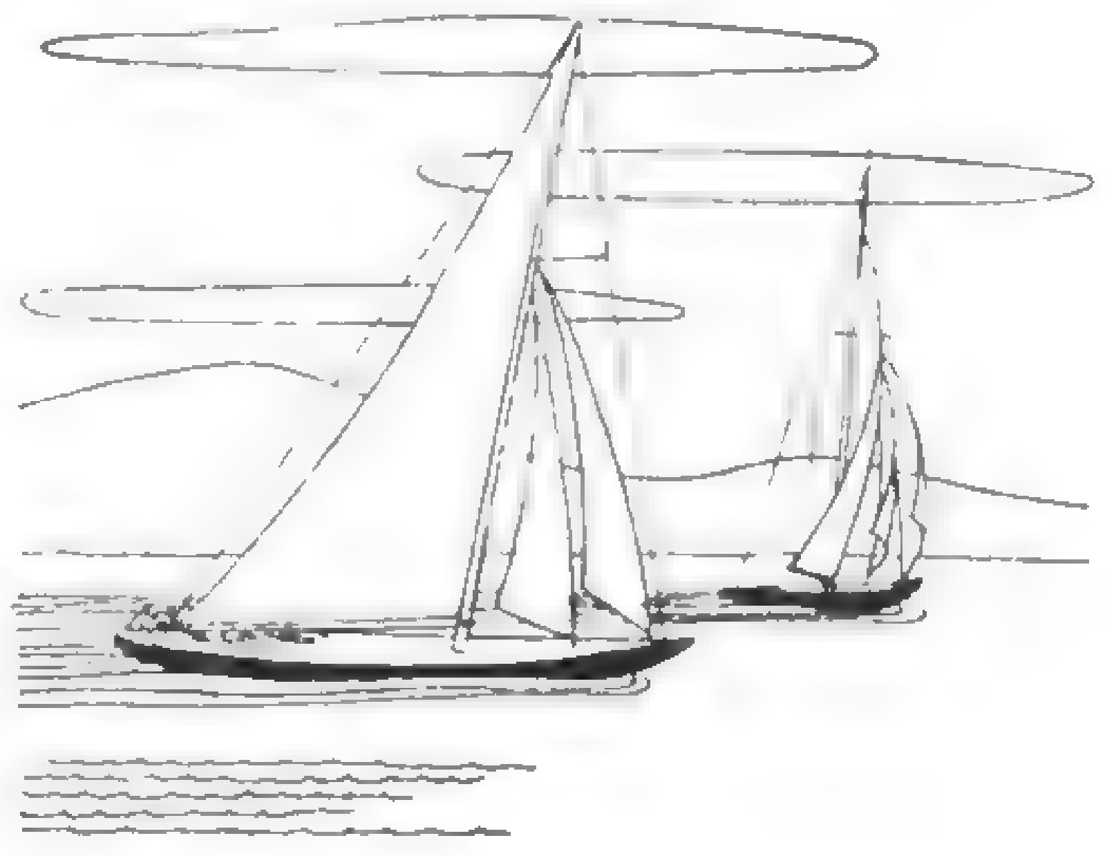
It was a proceeding which the Hon. Joseph H. Choate loved best of all his manifold legal activities and the thing of which it may be said, having due regard for all his eminent parts as a lawyer, he did best.

It gave play to his sonorous wit, his humor, his robust fancy, his sarcasm, which in the less serious occupation of after dinner oratory were expressed with equal facility and a most joyous public appreciation.

But humor was lacking that December afternoon of 1895 as he searchingly grilled Lord Dunraven in an effort to break down a charge that on the night before the first race of the 1895 America's Cup series between the sloop Defender and the challenging cutter, Valkyrie III, the ballast of the American craft had been so altered as to enable her to sail the race of September 7 on a longer water line than official measurements, made the preceding day, allowed her; that, in other words, those concerned in the defense of the America's Cup had practiced deliberate fraud, it being understood that with a longer water line the defending sloop would hold an immense sailing advantage over her rival.

Lord Dunraven had returned to the United States to testify at the official investigation ordered by the New York Yacht Club following the peer's specific charges appearing under his name in an early November issue of the *London Field* some two months after he had withdrawn from the series and taken his sloop back to England.

Submitting no evidence that would have been accepted as convincing and final in any court of law he none the less adhered to his position with coldly insolent poise, parrying Choate's rapier thrusts with deft ease and at times driving shrewdly in riposte. As for instance:



Mr. Choate—You sailed that race that day believing that someone was trying to cheat you, did you not?

Lord Dunraven—I sailed that race that day believing the Defender was immersed too deep in the water.

Mr. Choate—Yes, and believing that a fraud was being committed upon you?

Lord Dunraven—If you like to put it that way.

Mr. Choate glanced at Dunraven's counsel, G. R. Asquith, a prominent English lawyer. Receiving no comfort here he turned to J. Pierpont Morgan, chairman of the investigating committee. From under beetling brows Mr. Morgan's eyes were gleaming inimically.

In the end the investigating body had no difficulty in finding the charges unfounded and Lord Dunraven who had gone to England in advance of the decision was so advised by cable. In due course, no apology having been received from him, the club in a special meeting withdrew him from its list of honorary members.

Thus was concluded the sorriest incident that has ever marked association of the United States with International sport. But it was by no means the only untoward occurrence.

James Ashbury, first challenger for the cup, racing the schooner Cambria in 1870 and the Livonia in 1871, wound up his relations with the New York Yacht Club by declaring it to be guilty of "unfair and unsportsmanlike methods" and concluding with the statement that if ever again he crossed the Atlantic for the trophy he would bring legal advisers with him.

Over a period of many years, wherever British sportsmen gathered, talk was heard of shrewd legal tamperings with the Deed of Gift under whose terms the original owners of the schooner yacht America, first winner of the cup, had turned it over to the New York Yacht Club.

Talk also went forward of courses for Cup races that would be so laid as to inure to the advantage of American skippers; of excursion craft so navigated as to harass the challenging boat and so forth and so forth.

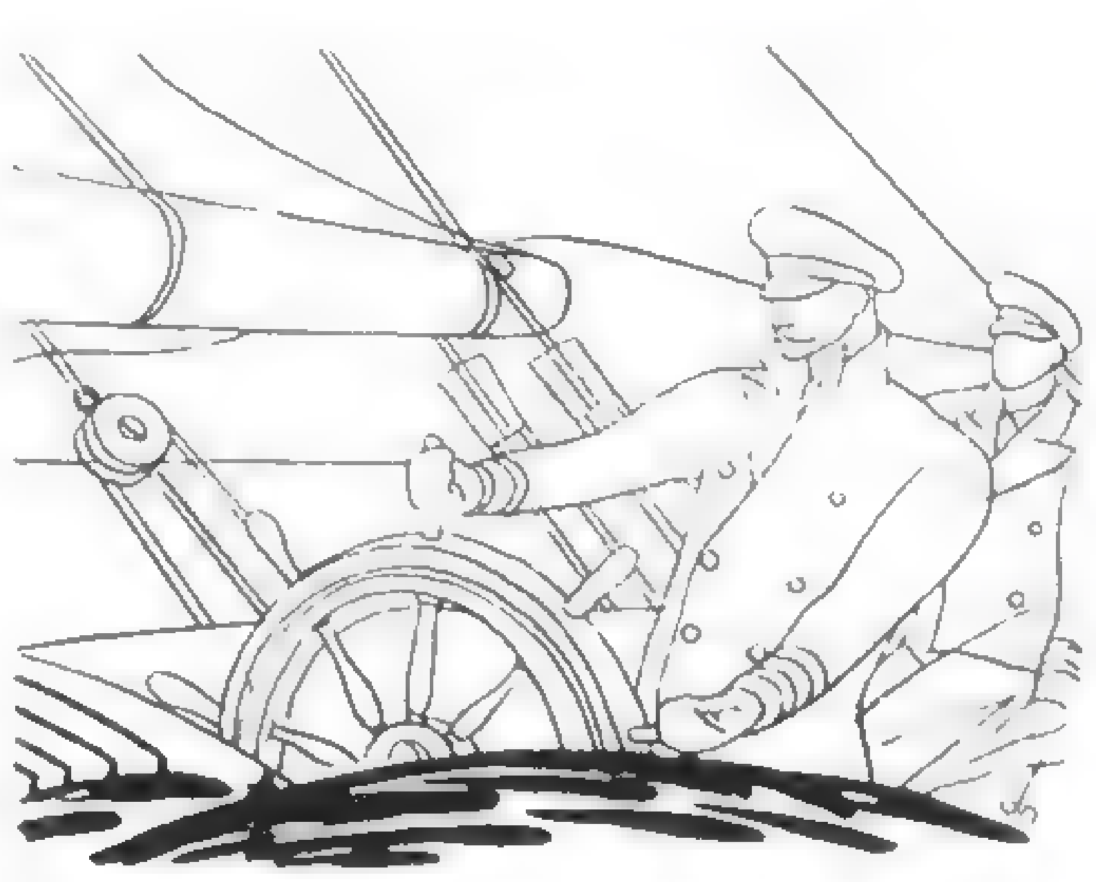
I think no student of America's Cup history has been able to escape the conclusion that those concerned in the defense of the trophy in those placidly simple days of the seventies, eighties and nineties were never moved by a sporting, if quixotic, impulse to leave any loophole through which a break for a British challenger might have been discerned.

Saying this, it is but fair to note that no Briton in all the eighty-odd years' history of the America's Cup has been able to substantiate any accusation of unfairness or trickery and no American has ever been found able to prove a single dishonest act in connection with the defense of the cup. And, further, I am sure that no British challenger has ever been asked to meet conditions more onerous, more favorable to a home craft, than the schooner yacht America encountered when she won the cup in that famous race around the Isle of Wight on August 22 in the year 1851.

At any rate, the aftermath of the Dunraven incident was a reported gentlemen's agreement among all the prominent British yacht clubs to have nothing more to do with the America's Cup.

Now at this period there were still elements in society—and so in the New York Yacht Club—who did not care a hoot what England thought about us. Which is to say that a British peer or nobleman did not bulk overly large in New York's highest circles—unless he happened to have a Dutch background; and of course that never happened. They were glad to see him—if he came properly accredited—but they did not get excited about it.

As for the New York Yacht Club, it was still in some appreciable degree an organization of gentlemen who once upon the decks of their craft were promptly and, as it must have seemed, miraculously translated from members of a cultured and aristocratic metropolitan group into rip-roaring, hard-drinking, two-fisted hell-and-be-damned mariners.



They were the sort of men who could sit on a cold January afternoon in front of a glowing fire in the old Union Club on 20th street and Fifth avenue and end an argument over the respective merits of their schooners by pulling them out of their winter quarters and taking them on races across the mid-winter Atlantic on a ten thousand dollar a corner wager.

The annals of the New York Yacht Club of that day and later are filled with instances of tall sails and keen hulls roaring up and down and across the Atlantic in threshes that would have tried the souls of a less hardy breed. They were stalwart men, bearded, bronzed, or heavily mustached and they could out-swear any bucko mate on our two coasts.

But while the boycott of American yachting by a dozen of Great Britain's leading clubs was received indifferently by these members of the New York Yacht Club, there was on the other hand a minority who for various social and economic reasons of extremely practical nature were sensitive to English opinion. The importance of this group was out of all proportion to its numbers and whether because of its influence, or for reasons of pride, it was not long before a feeling prevailed that if only for sporting reasons this snubbing by the elite of British yachtsmen was not a happy condition for America's leading yachting organization to endure.

And then it was—August 6, 1898—that a wholly unexpected bid came through the quiet and unpretentious Royal Ulster Yacht Club of Belfast. Socially speaking, it was by no means qualified to restore the cup's lost sanction; for the Irish Club was not of the group of snifty British yachting organizations—all of which were still obdurate and were to remain so until this present year of grace. As for the challenger himself, he was a self-made man of a type then much more familiar to this country than to England. Even the fact that the year previously, Jubilee Year, he had been knighted in recognition of his munificent gifts to the Queen's charities did not cloak his essential character as a hustling, go-getting tradesman whose tea and provision corner shops throughout England, whose pork-packing interests in our middle west and many other enterprises, had earned for him an enormous fortune.

He was not a yachtsman, had never sailed a yacht, never owned one. But, whether or not he had heard of the plight of the New York Yacht Club—stories had it that he had—he saw in the America's Cup an opportunity for business advertising and personal fame which would have struck even a man far less keen than Thomas J. Lipton.

So forthwith he challenged for a race to be held in the early fall of 1899. Negotiations concerning conditions of the forthcoming race were conducted with winning courtesy and every consideration between the cup committees of the two clubs and when the challenger, Shamrock I, began to take form at the yard of the Thorneycrofts at Millwall on the Thames near London, a beautiful creation of manganese bronze and alloyed aluminum, British yachtsmen, knowing Lipton's advertising propensities and inclined to be skeptical, dismissed all doubt and joined their sovereign in his keen interest in the venture.

The American public rose to Lipton with a resounding hurrah and in no single instance did Sir Thomas disappoint us. Announcing himself to be an ambassador of good will as well as a challenger he proceeded to make good everything that had been said of him and everything he had said concerning himself.

Standing upon the deck of his palatial steamyacht, Erin, blue eyes twinkling, yachting cap cocked to one side, he stole the show from the New York Yacht Club in a manner that must have amazed, if not dismayed, the serious-minded and reticent custodians of the cup they were pledged to defend.

A steamboat was employed almost daily to take invited guests from New York, twenty miles away, to the hospitable decks of the Erin anchored inside the Horseshoe at Sandy Hook. Sir Thomas made no play for American, or more specifically for New York society. His eye was on a much wider and more economically beneficial source of popularity—the great American public. And it was to this public, variously assorted, running in its component elements from men of big business and opulent professions to politicians, office-holders, actors, singers—who not and what not—who filled Lipton's chartered steamboat on its frequent trips to Sandy Hook, that the knight made his appeal.

Nor did he frown upon those who with a wink of the eye toward the fair sex of the United States placed emphasis upon his status as a bachelor nor by any means irrevocably committed to single estate—though he actually was, sad to say.

Sir Thomas's large and by no means eclectic hospitality placed him very shortly outside the sphere of metropolitan society who, disliking the jostling it received in the early days of the Erin's advent, did not take long to develop an unmistakable indifference to Lipton's invitations—which to the knight's credit, be it said, had never flowed in any abundance toward Fifth avenue, Newport, Long Island and Tuxedo.

All that the New York Yacht Club got out of the Lipton challenge was oceans of publicity—which it did not want—and the successful defense of the cup. And this, things being as they were, was all it could expect or desire.

Lipton went home empty-handed in a sporting sense with all good grace as became a man who had made himself a national idol, whose tea business and wine and malt liquor bottlings and other interests were placarded on boardings throughout the United States, whose name was on every tongue, his picture in every newspaper.

With conditions favorable for real racing in the last test of the series, Shamrock had made so excellent a showing as to convince Lipton that the cup could be won. If this sporting ambition had been a secondary motive when he first challenged, it now became primary and he lost no time in announcing his intention to make another attempt in 1901. Feeling he was entitled to another chance, the New York Yacht Club held itself in an amiably receptive mood and such was its attitude the following year when the much-talked-of challenge arrived calling for a series in the late summer of 1901.

Sir Thomas was a bit more particular about the conditions this time. Some of his suggestions the defending club accepted and some it did not. But everything went forward with the best of feeling and Lipton's outward urbanity perfectly concealed the sharp intensity of his will to win.

On May 22 occurred the highest sanction which England had ever accorded the America's Cup. King Edward VII commanded that he have a sail on the new challenger. Accordingly, Lipton met him and the Marchioness of Londonderry at Southampton on the Erin and took him to the racer which lay off Cowes.

In good sailing breeze and a moderate sea the challenger was jockeying for the start of a trial spin against Shamrock I when a puff of wind struck her and something happened that made "all Britain gasp." The towering hollow steel mast of the new sloop broke off short, carrying the entire rig, sails, spars, masts and standing rigging in a gigantic crash to the deck and so into the ocean.

At the time King Edward was seated at the top of the companionway smoking a cigar. Although the jack-yard narrowly missed him he was unmoved and helped direct the rescue of several of the crew who had been carried overboard.

Cabling to New York, Sir Thomas asked for a month's postponement of the series and the request was cheerfully granted. It was, so far as the challenger was concerned, a lucky accident, for she had not been doing at all well and when at length she took to sea again she was a vastly improved sloop.

Meanwhile the New York Yacht Club had been having its troubles. In Constitution, the new defender, the Herreshoffs had

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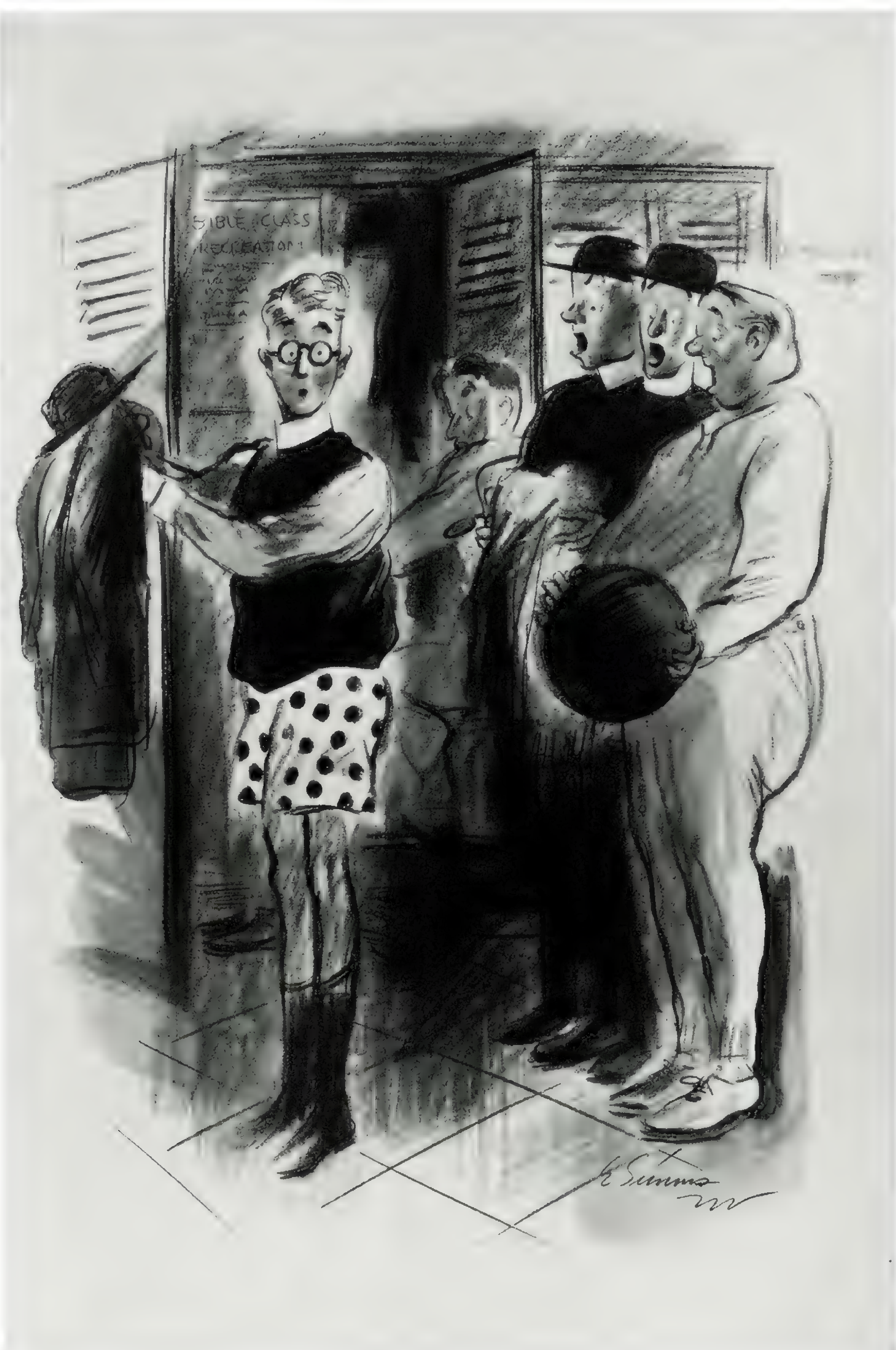
BIBLE CLASS
RECREATION

"Why, Brother Matthew!"

The Conqueror

Story of a Northern Casanova to whom the pursuit was more important than those pursued

by KNUT HAMSUN

• FICTION •

SEVERAL young people were rowing out to an island. One of the men suddenly jumped up in the boat and began to recite poems in a voice that could be heard from the shore. All the young women listened to him except one, the youngest of them, a slender and vivacious girl with blonde hair, and nostrils that moved provokingly. She, rather, feasted her eyes on a handsome fellow who was rowing, and smiled at him behind the other's back. Whereupon the speaker grew angry and read louder than ever. His face flushed. Suddenly he stopped and, turning around, called to the inattentive beauty on the cross-seat: "You are right. My poems are not so good, but I can also tell stories, and perhaps much better. When we get ashore, you shall hear some."

All the women clapped their hands in anticipation of what he would tell them of his journeys, for his adventures were many. But the young girl, who had shown no interest in his poems, didn't seem any more enthusiastic about the new literary prospect. He grew angrier than before. "What do you want?" he asked, somewhat puzzled and distressed.

"What do I want! I don't understand you," she replied, amazed. "My name is Andrea. There is nothing I desire. I am glad to have had the pleasure of coming along with all of you on this outing." It seemed that she really meant what she said.

Shortly after, the party landed. They set about unpacking their things and poured out some wine to refresh themselves. Two of the group had already disappeared, Andrea and the rower. Now and then the wind brought their laughter back from the low scrub growth by the shore, whither they had gone, no doubt, to hunt for sea-birds' eggs.

"Now you must tell us your story," shouted the women to their hero.

"Gather around, then," he replied. "Call Andrea, too." But he jumped up on a rock and called her himself in a half-appealing voice.

Andrea came and stood there, looking questioningly at him.

"My young lady," he began, "it is for you I am telling the story. You stand there like a silver cross gleaming in the sun. Your beauty, your youth, they intoxicate me! I am mad about you. Look at your arms, how the warm blood courses beneath your skin! Yes, you alone it is to whom I want to tell my story."

Andrea looked at the company, noticeably embarrassed, and sat down among them.

The man went on with his story and kept it up for half an hour. His voice grew stronger as he went on. It seemed as if he were being consumed by wild and searing flames. The traveling companions of whom he spoke had had some wonderful experiences. "Am I boring you?" he finally asked.

"No! No!" they all cried, all but Andrea, who said nothing.

"Why don't you answer, too," he asked her. "It is you, you know, for whom I am telling this tale. But wait—I have only this to say, that the man about whom you have heard me tell all these things was not really happy. True, everything went well enough with him. He came out well in all his little affairs, and always conquered in his gallant adventures, but one day he was seized by a great and lasting passion. Then he lost."

"Bravo," half-mumbled Andrea without raising her eyes. "Go ahead and tell us all about it."

But the Conqueror was puzzled by her interested indifference. Her coolness unnerved him, and he fought hard within himself to get the upper hand of her.

By now the other women showed no further interest in him, for more than one of them knew the fickleness of his heart. If the lot chanced to fall upon the one today, it was bound to land upon another tomorrow when the grass, by which his soul was fed, looked greener in other pastures.

Andrea, however, continued: "Tell us some more."

"Why should I do that?" he replied. "Your coldness freezes me. Ladies and gentlemen, evening is upon us."

So they started for home.

On the trip back, the Conqueror for no reason at all landed a terrific blow on the rower's jaw and took the oars himself. He neither saw nor heard anything, but rowed like a bear.

When they came to land, Andrea sidled up to him. He grasped her arm and, pale and trembling, spoke to her: "Torment me no longer. I cannot stand it. Make up your mind now. Never have I loved anyone as I love you. Tell me what is mine to do—to live or to die."

"Live!" she answered buoyantly. "I have loved you ever since the first time I saw you. What do you suppose I tormented you for today? Alas! I have tortured myself more. I have suffered as I never have before." And she rolled her large, wondering eyes at him and called him her prince and her god.

In a few days his happiness was complete. Victory had been sweet, and he enjoyed it as he had enjoyed all his other conquests. But shortly his old feeling of growing weary of what he had achieved with so much difficulty came upon him again. Disgust followed in its wake—exhaustion after the battle. He left home secretly, remained hidden away in the nearest city, did not write, sent no word of any kind—did not come back any more.

Two days ago, the Conqueror had come to a tourist hotel where only a few people ever stopped. Everything was infernally boresome in the town. His heart was restless, though wearied. But one afternoon he chanced to meet a lady on the stairs. She was on her way down, he on the way up. He tipped his hat in greeting as she passed him on her way to the garden. Upon immediate inquiry he found out from the proprietor that she had just arrived with her father.

A long green cloth skirt, a large black

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The Vanishing Collegian

On the passing of the conceited and chinless lout who served as the butt of a nation's ridicule

by DAY EDGAR

• ARTICLE •

Just as the buffalo once swarmed abundantly on our prairies; just as the wild pigeon once darkened our skies for days in passage, so did this strange creature in raccoon fur and horn-rimmed glasses obtrude himself conspicuously upon the American scene. Today the buffalo perpetuates his dwindling progeny on reservations; the pigeons long since took their last sad flight; and the collegian of the Jazz Age draws so near extinction that soon he, too, must claim the attention of antiquarians, soon the historians must record his rise and the ignominious heyday that brought about his fall.

The rise was gradual. In the early years the college student kept to the seclusion of his native campus, and the everyday world rarely saw him in the flesh. His numbers were few, for he was dedicated to one of three careers: The Clergy, the law, or medicine. Unless his ambitions focused on one of those professions, he did not go to college; he went directly from school to work.

In those days he stood high in public opinion. The college student was visualized then as both superior and attractive, as a romantic figure; in short, a hero.

The fiction of that era, at once a cause and an effect, illustrates this. To choose three outstanding authors who wrote about campus life before the Jazz Age, consider our first Pulitzer Prize winner, the late Jesse Lynch Williams, a gifted and charming man; Ralph D. Paine, whose sport stories I devoured before my beard was grown; and Owen Johnson, who wrote those classic Lawrenceville tales and the memorable saga of Dick Stover at Yale. The college stories by these men may vary in merit, but they have one characteristic in common: The students in them were presented as admirable and intelligent fellows, manly, chivalrous and, above all, well-mannered.

How much of this was idealization, and how much an accurate reflection of campus life? It may be that in fiction the college student, like the cowboy, acquired a glamour not always found in the living models; but whether realistic or misleading, the campus fiction by graduates of the Golden Nineties helped to establish the college student in the public mind as a fine upstanding fellow, helped persuade us to take him to our hearts as one of our national heroes.

The boys especially took him to their hearts. In their estimation he ranked with Admiral Dewey and the Indian Scout and the cowboy. This youthful hero-worship, always a powerful force, had its effect. Not everyone could become an admiral, and there was no future in trailing Indians or punching cattle, but the college student was a feasible idol. Anybody could matriculate and share the adventurous life which fiction attributed to the demi-gods who roamed the campus.

Influences other than hero-worship were also at work. On the part of parents there was a growing appreciation of the advantages of the higher education. That way lay the prestige and profit of the leading professions; a university background, to some extent, atoned for the lack of a socially impressive ancestry; and political advancement, approached through the practice of law, came almost to require a college degree; for suddenly our Presidents had stopped being born in log cabins and were, instead, just ex-college boys.

Under the combined pressure of these various influences enrollment began increasing. New colleges sprang into being. Each State built one for the sons and daughters of its voters. Rich men founded universities as memorials to themselves. No longer was the higher education only for those who would preach sermons, prepare briefs or practice medicine; no longer did the deans and presidents of the older universities travel around and deliver Commencement addresses at schools in order to drum up trade in the form of enrolling freshmen. Instead, they sat back aloofly in their swivel chairs and made the applicant fidget under probing questions as to his scholastic qualifications.

"Rather low, rather low," they murmured. "And how is your Latin?"

If the Latin proved too fragmentary for one college, the applicant simply moved on to another. Nobody doubted the wisdom of enrolling. It had become, definitely, The Thing To Do. From a comparative handful, the country's enrollment soared to a total of eight hundred thousands. And while his numbers were rising, the collegian's reputation was steadily falling.

This is not absolute proof that the students of the Golden Nineties were of a superior type. Any crowd of a hundred will produce more fools than will a group of ten. Or it may have been that the college students, like some of our Presidents, remained heroes only as long as they stayed in seclusion and allowed friendly press representatives to mould the public estimate of them. Whatever the cause, the effect was very definite. By the dawn of the Jazz Age the popular conception of the college boy had done a complete about-face.

Instead of an intelligent athlete, he was now visualized as a callow thick-wit, an oaf with a scant inch of brow between the horn rims of his glasses and the beginnings of his slicked-back hair. He drove a roadster adorned with flippant but unfunny *doubles entendres;* always on his hip was a flask of mediocre liquor which he gurgled, by preference, in public. A raccoon coat draped his sloping shoulders. His conversation dealt only with girls and gin, football and frats.

The change was not one of superficials; the entire character had altered. The stalwart gentleman of the Nineties had become a boor who was industrious only in his evasion of everything resembling an education; a public nuisance who persistently flirted with other men's mistresses in night clubs and created a disturbance in the front row at the theatre; a fop with wide-bottomed trousers who drew frowns whenever he appeared among normal citizens.

Recall the hundreds of cartoons of him that you have seen in the comic sections, in the smart magazines and in the popular weeklies. In none of these was he presented for approval. Always he was a target for ridicule, a chinless lout who lived extravagantly and ungratefully on his father's money; a conceited pup who regarded the world as his oyster, who, at graduation, would accept no position below assistant to the president.

What forces thus changed the college boy from a hero to a national butt?

Some of the opprobrium he brought upon himself. The more callous members of his

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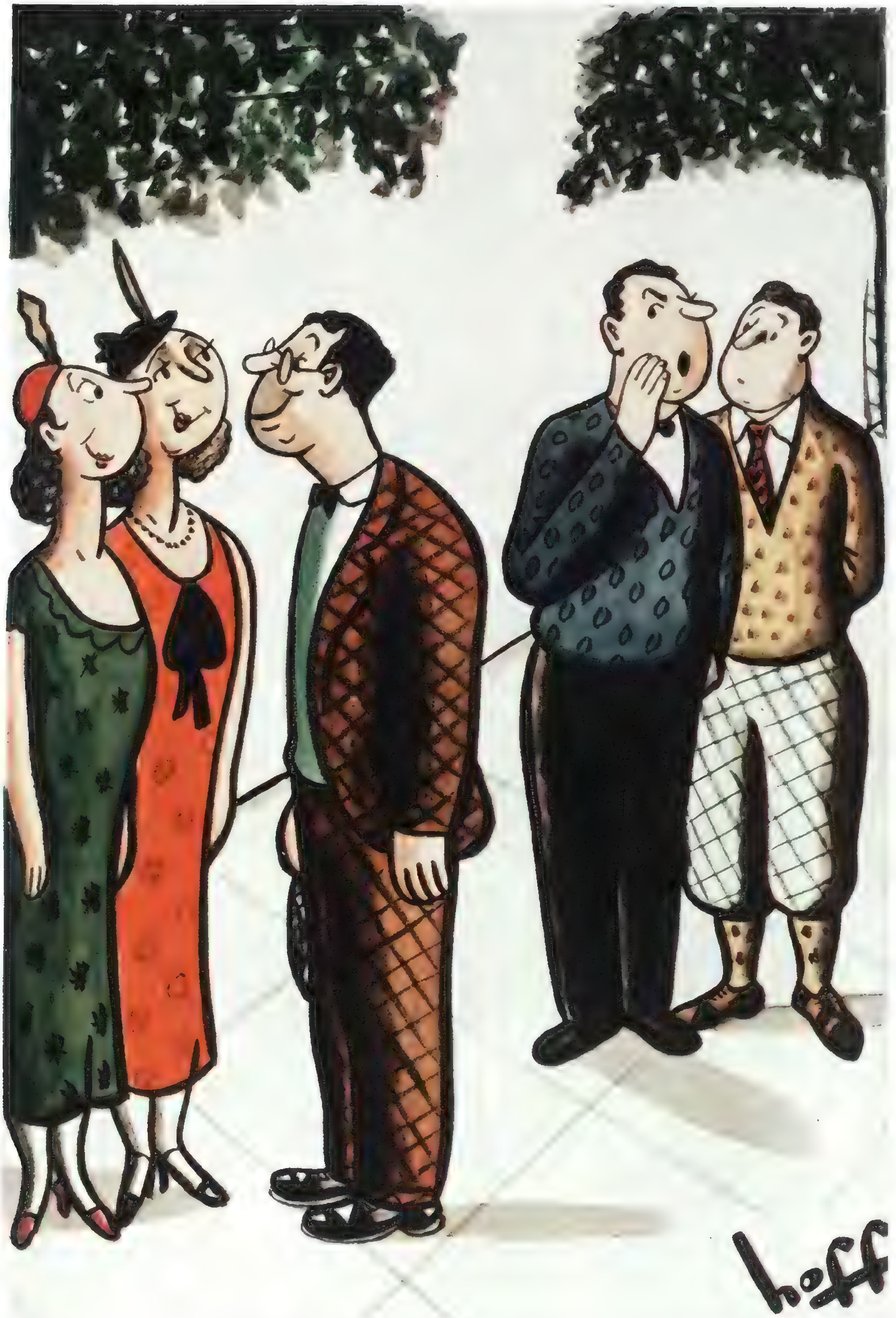
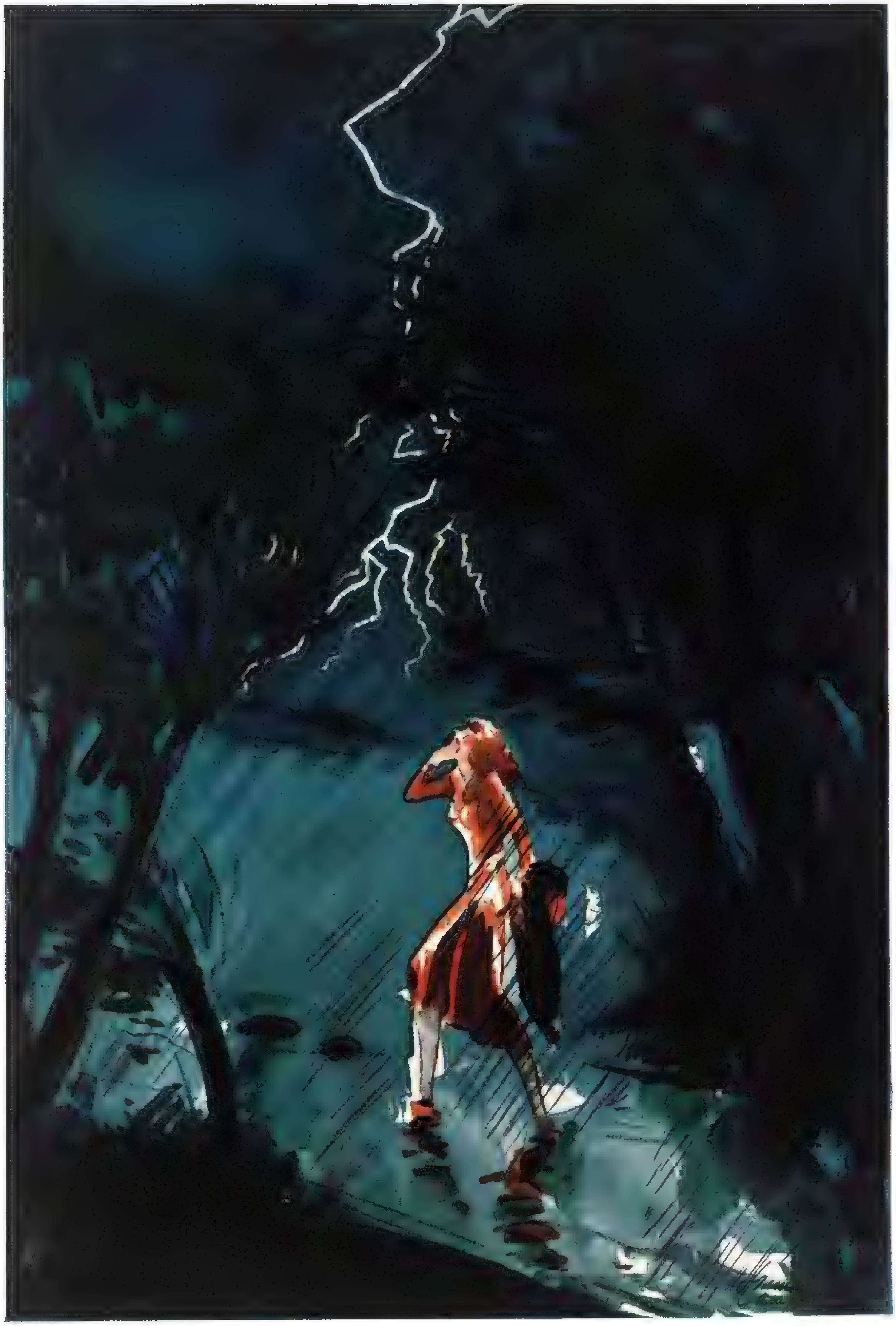


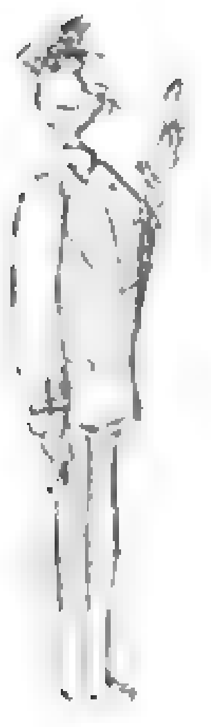
"I wish I knew how he does it. It's a gift from God, I guess"

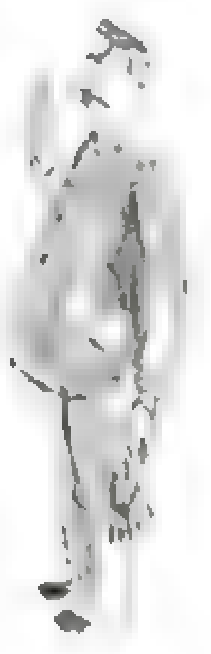


"Oh H-a-a-r-r-r-vey—I've changed my mind——"

Women and Adults Not Allowed

An account of a visit to the secret rooms, closed over ten years, in the Naples Museum





by THEODORE PRATT

ARTICLE

I FIRST heard of *le cámere segrete*, or secret rooms, in the Museo Nazionale of Naples on board the Italian ship taking me to Italy. A young Italian banker who had come to the United States to study American banking methods and who must now greatly regret his study, told me about them in the English he had picked up. "In this rooms, in these room," the banker explained, "you must find all the secret thing that Pompeii has give up. The world know nothing it is like that."

It turned out, after unscrambling his English, that he was talking about the best collection of pornographic art in the world. It consists of the most pertinent objects found during the excavation not only of Pompeii, but also of Herculaneum, the second city buried by the ashes of Vesuvius. There are, in addition, things from other places, but most are from Pompeii. They have never been allowed to get outside Italy. They have never, in fact, gone further than the Naples Museum, where they have always been kept mostly under cover. The exhibit is made up entirely of erotic statuettes, frescoes, mosaics, pieces of jewelry, phallic symbols which once adorned the outside of houses of joy, and other articles showing better than anything else the nature of Pompeian days, and indicating that the citizens of the buried city saw nothing offensive in what is now commonly accepted as obscenity.

Few historians have laid eyes on the exhibit, and it isn't the kind of thing most history writers would go in for. The closest the heaviest tomes written in English on Pompeian art get to referring to it is stating the existence of "secret rooms in the Naples Museum," without mentioning what they contain. Baedeker, that usually exhaustive guide, does not list their existence in twenty-eight pages devoted to the museum. Muirhead, that equally thorough travel aid, contains no mention of them.

An Italian handbook, written by Domenico Monaco, curator of the bronze section in the museum, and published in Naples in 1898, mentions them by the rather indecent appellation of "private cabinet." It calls their contents *oggetti osceni*, or obscene objects, and lists them in an extremely coy manner which does not include the most relevant things. "Marble satyr and goat of fine execution," is the way Monaco's description goes. The 1906 edition of his handbook cuts down even that lacking list, as if it should be suppressed. Monaco states: "Gentlemen only are admitted." Another, but undated, Italian guide goes further in this direction. It admits that in the inventory of 1892 the exhibit contained two hundred and eighteen "pornographic objects," but dismisses them as not being remarkable, and then goes on to make this controversial note: "Women and adults are not allowed in these rooms."

Of all this my Italian banker on the ship concluded: "You will not see."

I wanted to know why I wouldn't see, and was told that the exhibit was now even more severely closed to the public. From around the turn of the century until about 1924, entrance was permitted, upon special request, to archeologists, artists, historians, bona fide students, and interested males of serious intent. But Mussolini, shortly after he came into power, ordered the rooms closed in order to protect the morals of the public. He seemed to feel that seeing such things would give Italians ideas which might bring to his dictatorship the decadence that caused the downfall of the Roman Empire. They have been carefully secluded now for over ten years.

Getting into the rooms, which I then adopted as a main objective, appeared to be a matter of overthrowing Fascism and Il Duce himself. The power against me was impressed upon me as the ship neared Italy. Fascist emblems began to appear in lapels innocent of them in America. Several gentlemen who had scorned Mussolini two days out from New York found diplomacy much the better part of valor and orated in his favor as the ship entered the Mediterranean. Passports were taken up by the purser for a thorough scrutiny, and the pedigree of each passenger was set down in a report for the Italian police. At Cannes, where the ship stopped for a few hours, this report was handed to an Italian official who hopped the first fast train out for Naples so that the information could be studied before the ship landed there. At Naples at least fifty plainclothesmen boarded the ship before anyone was allowed to land and circulated among the passengers, listening to their remarks.

That gave me an idea of what I was up against in trying to see something the Italian government didn't want me to see.

At the Naples Museum the next morning I spent several hours examining the excellent collections there on public view. As I passed through the halls containing the unrivalled Pompeian antiquities I looked for a sign indicating the secret rooms. There was none, nor was there any evidence that such a thing existed. I decided first to try the simplest method of finding out about it and asked a guard the way to *le cámere segrete*. He stared at me as if I had insulted him, his father, and his grandfather. He gave me a look of contempt and walked away, as though parting from the association of a crazy person.

At the main entrance I then asked to see the head guard. He appeared, rotund, moustachioed, and pleasant enough until he learned what I wanted. Then he shook his head in a vigorous negative. Entrance to the rooms was not allowed. I was, I told him, a writer on art, an American writer on art who had come nearly four thousand miles to study the exhibit in order to mention it in an important work which only Italy and his graciousness would permit me to prepare.

It didn't matter who I was. It didn't matter how far I had come. To see the rooms was impossible, altogether impossible.

Next I asked to see the assistant director. After quite a time he emerged, a nervous little man who regarded me suspiciously from the first. He didn't even let me get started on my career as a writer on art. As soon as he learned what I wanted to see he began to thrash his arms about in violent fashion. At the same time he became very voluble, practically screeching at me. He spoke so fast and so loudly that I couldn't understand what he was saying, except that there was little doubt that, as far as he was concerned, I would reach my objective only over his dead body and that of Il Duce himself. As he marched away, one of the guides who always hang around the entrance hall of the museum, stepped up to me and explained the reason for these high feelings.

The assistant director, it seemed, only a few weeks ago had refused the American

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The Belle Dame

Odd little interlude of love in a lunchroom, with a strange type of grifter for a heroine

by MYRON GRIFFIN

• FICTION •

“WELL,” he said, “she wasn't a bad-looking dame.”

He withdrew his hands from the soapy water and shook them, then rubbed the palms on his apron front. He glanced at himself in the long wall mirror, smiled and said “You know—some guys go for the type: kind of tall and pale and didn't say much. Well anyway, she just sat here, see. She'd ordered a coke, and when she finished it she sat and looked out of the window. There wasn't anybody else in the place, and I thought she looked kind of hungry, so after while I asked her.

“ ‘Yes, I'm hungry,’ she said. She didn't seem to mind it much, though. I got her a bowl of chili and a couple of doughnuts, and she ate them, and when she'd wiped her mouth said ‘thank you.’

“ ‘It's O.K.,’ I said, and she began looking out of the window again, just sitting there with her chin in her hand . . .”

The last customer was standing up from his stool, and the waiter went to the cash register. As he came back he glanced at the clock; it was nearly quitting time. “Now if they'll only stay out of here,” he said.

The two waitresses had left at midnight, though one was coming back when he got off. He was a dark young man with a smooth, good-looking face. His manner with the waitresses was much like that of a barnyard rooster especially confident of himself. He would stand there, surrounded with his varied paraphernalia, making a chocolate malt with deftness wonderful to behold, and when one of them dodged around him and smiled he favored her with an affectionate slap on the thigh. When they had gone tonight he simply said “See you tonight,” to the blonde one, and she said “All right, Harry, it's a date.” When he walked away he was smiling; “She's a good little babe,” he said leniently; “—but I wanted to tell you about this dame.”

He put one foot up behind the counter and passed a hand over his mouth. “I don't know,” he said, “it kind of got me. You know—I didn't expect her to fall down on her knees or anything for a bowl of chili, but the way she just sat there, it seemed kind of funny. So after a little I went over and asked her if she had a place to stay that night. No, she didn't. Seems her landlady had just told her to move along. Well, the kid looked decent enough, I didn't want to see her sleep in the streets, so I figured I could pile in with Pinky—you know him, he comes in here—at least for one night. ‘Come down at one-thirty when I get off,’ I told her, ‘and I'll see you get a place to stay tonight.’

“ ‘All right,’ she said, ‘thanks.’

“Well, one-thirty came, and no dame; but about ten minutes later she came waltzing in. ‘You're late,’ I told her.

“ ‘Excuse me,’ she said.

“I took her down to my place and let her in and showed her where things were, and said goodnight. I figured she'd be up next morning looking for work, so I said ‘If you get too hungry tomorrow, and can't find anything, drop around when I'm not busy and I'll get you something to go on.’

“ ‘All right,’ she said, ‘thanks.’

“So I went around to the place next day to change clothes. It was about one-thirty, but the dame was still in bed! Yeah!” He looked up as the door opened, and swore quietly. Negligently, without looking at it, he filled a water glass exactly to the brim and swung it to the counter before the customer, who decided to have a barbecued beef sandwich. “Beef barb,” the waiter repeated, and turned to the steam table. The sandwich rapidly came into being.

He came back to the sink and turned on the hot water tap so that it hissed loudly, emitting steam; and lowering his voice continued: “So I pounded on the door and woke her up, and told her to get the hell up and her clothes on, I had to get in there. I hung around and hung around, and finally went downstairs and brought her up a cup of coffee; and just about two o'clock this dame opened the door and said ‘Good morning.’

“ ‘Good morning hell,’ I said, ‘it's two o'clock.’

“I wasn't sore at her, but it did gripe me some. She said ‘I had a good sleep.’

“ ‘Well, I should think so.’

“So I sat there while she drank the coffee and smoked a cigarette, and then I asked her if she was going out to look for a job. Well, she had some things to do first; she had to go see her landlady. Well, I thought she could work some angle, and anyway it was O.K. by me. I made her get out and got into my good suit, and then walked up the street with her.

“ ‘Well, sister,’ I said, ‘I hope you have good luck.’

“ ‘All right,’ she said, ‘thanks.’

“Well, I thought that was that. But she came in that night. Just came in and sat down, and began looking out of the window. So I went over and said hello.

“ ‘Hello,’ she said.

“ ‘Well, did you do what you wanted to do?’

“ ‘Yes.’

“She just went on sitting there, so after while I asked her if she'd had anything to eat. No, she hadn't. That was along late in the evening, so I fixed her up something. After about a half hour she didn't show any signs of going, so I asked her if she'd found a place to stay that night. No, she hadn't. ‘Well,’ I said, ‘I don't want to get into the habit, but I guess I can put you up another night.’

“ ‘All right,’ she said, and got up to go, and about twenty minutes later in she came—with a suitcase!

“ ‘Hey!’ I said, ‘what is this?’

“ ‘What?’

“ ‘All the baggage. What you doing, moving in?’

“ ‘Oh, no, only last night I didn't have anything to sleep in, and no toothbrush.’

“Well I thought, Hell's bells. So she sat down, and it began to look like she was there for good, so finally I went over and said ‘What are you going to do now?’

“ ‘I don't know.’

“So I gave her four bits. ‘Go out and buy a dog or something,’ I told her, ‘Don't sit around here all the time.’

“ ‘All right,’ she said, ‘thanks.’

“The next day it was just the same, she didn't get up till afternoon, and the looks of that suitcase in my place got me kind of worried. So I got to thinking, and when she came in that night I told her to go over to the Silver Moon Steak House and ask for Pinky, and if he was there to bring him over. She brought him back, and I took him off in the corner. I gave him two-fifty. ‘Pink,’ I said, ‘I want you to get a room for this dame, and pay her rent, and move her in tonight, because if you don't I'm afraid I'll be sleeping with you forever.’ Well, it was raining hard and he thought I was crazy, but he finally said he'd do it.

“Later on he came in, soaking wet and mad as hell, but he'd found a place way uptown and moved her in, suitcase and all.

“After I got off I went up to see how she

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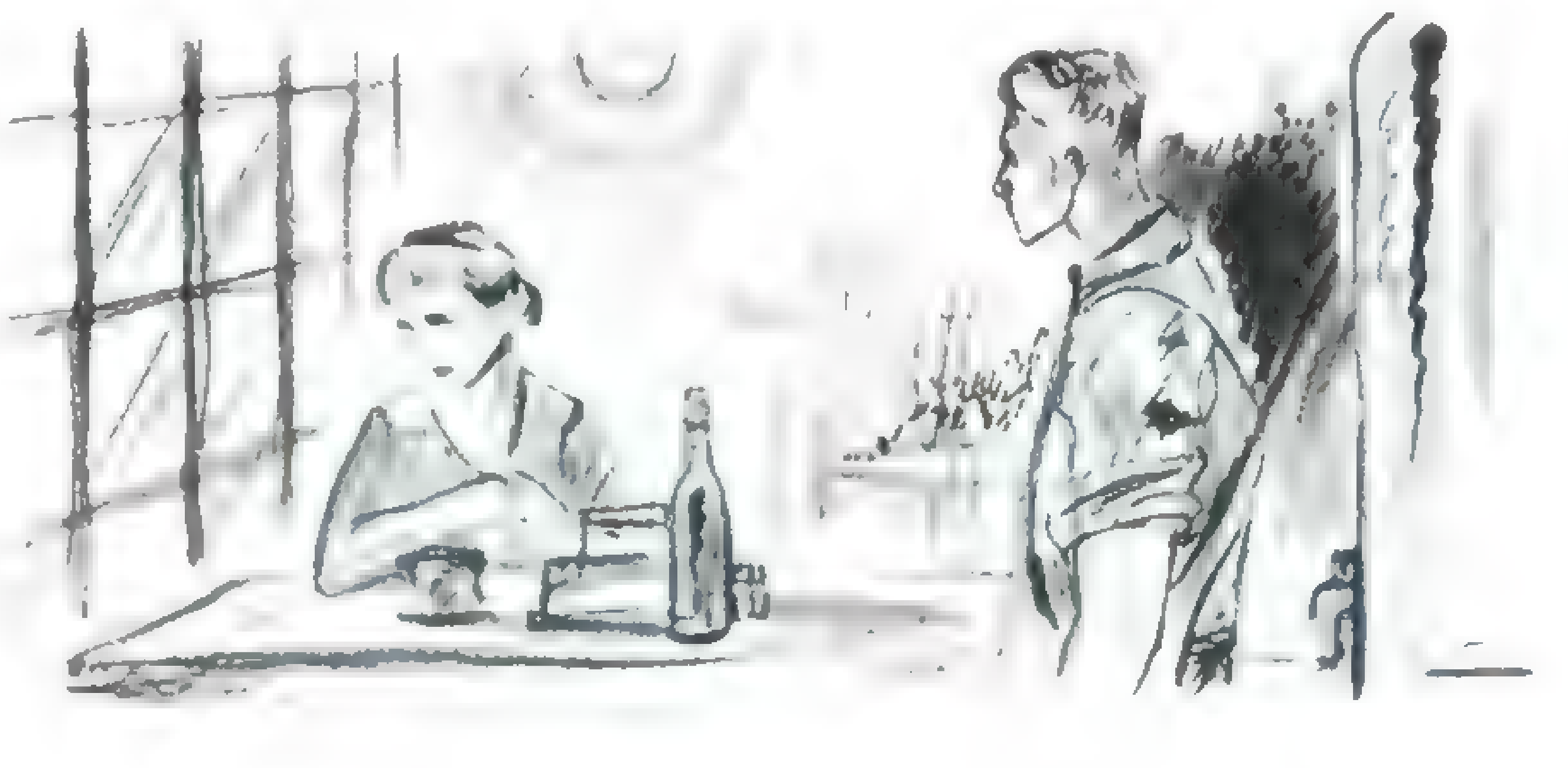
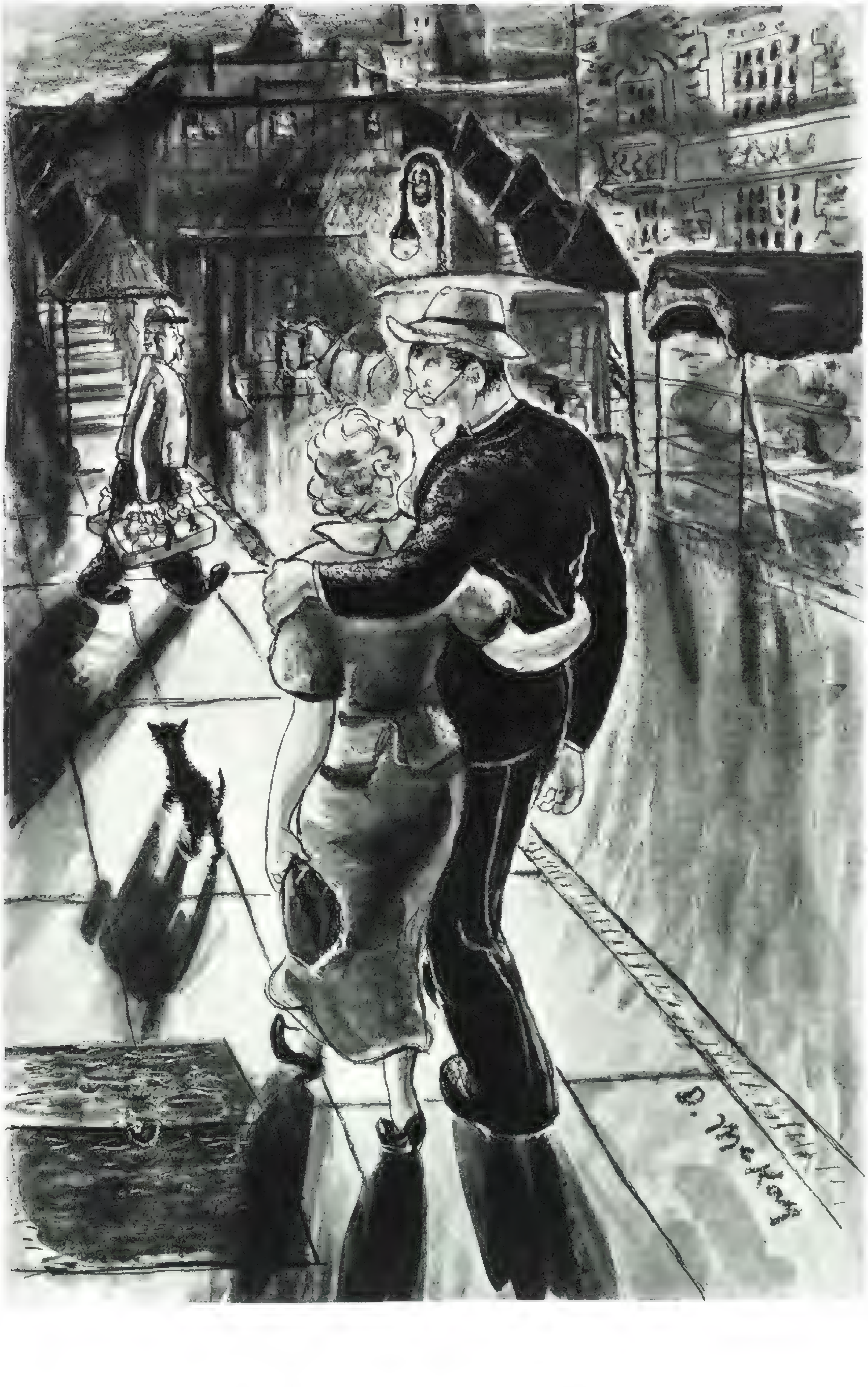




"Are you on a lease where you are?"

The New York Harbor

It takes a bloke from Sydney to give a New Yorker eyes to see the best port on the globe

by ALAN VILLIERS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

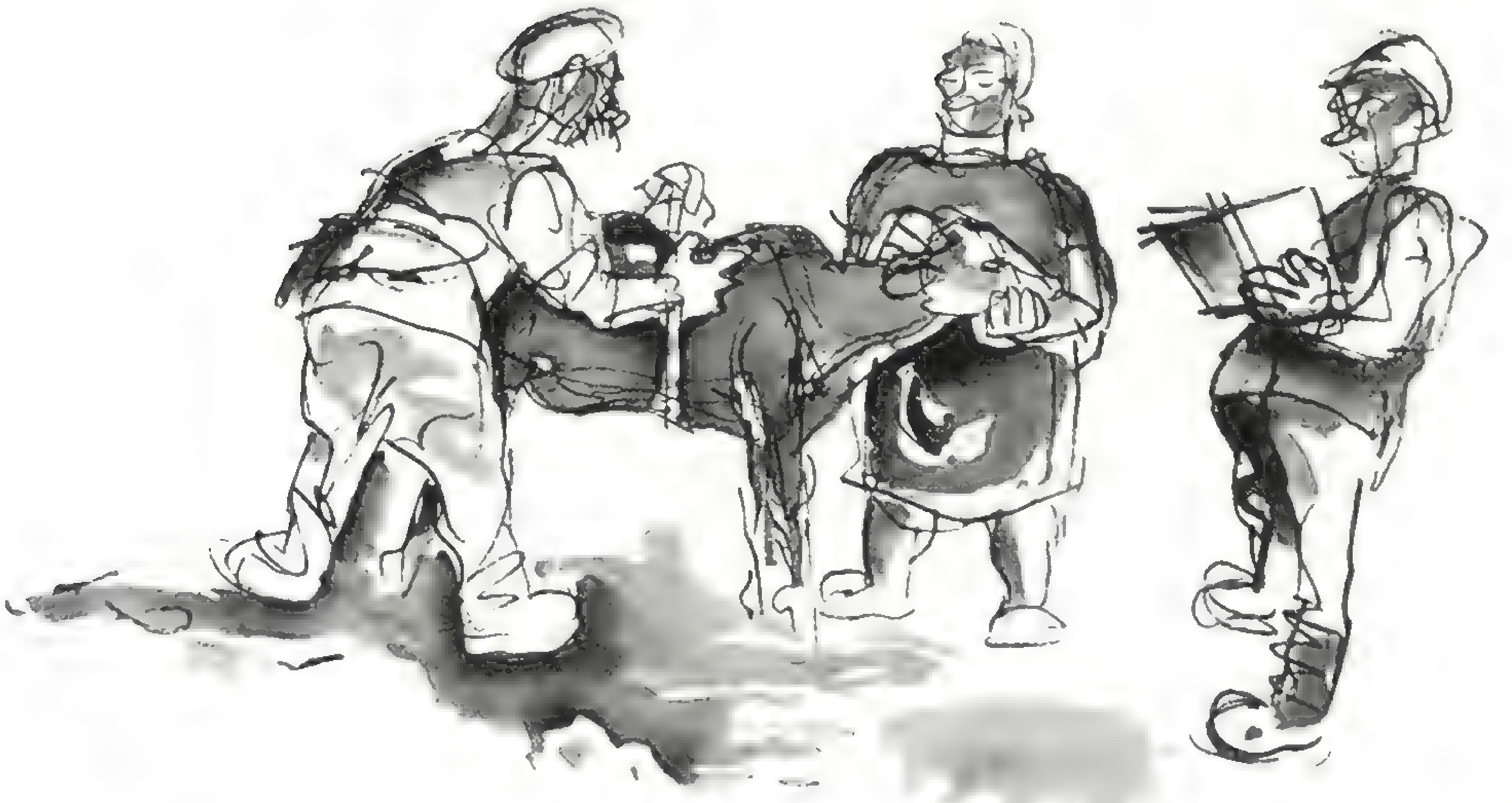
THEY told me about Coney Island and the Empire State and the subway crush at Times Square, but not a son of a gun ever as much as mentioned the harbor. Maybe they meant I should find out about that for myself and maybe they didn't know about it anyhow—I don't know. The average Manhattan dweller is the least nautical-minded islander in the whole world and he doesn't seem to have the least idea that he lives in the best capital city port on the globe. I say that, a bloke from Sydney? Yes, sir, I say that. And you've been to Rio and Naples and Tasmania and all those places? Yes, sir, I've been there; I've heard the sales talks about all the ports in the world from Pago Pago to the Bay of Whales, and I never did hear a sales talk about this place, but it is the best of them all. If New York's harbor had been designed you couldn't have done a better job; I don't know how it is everybody keeps so quiet about it, unless you're all so busy shouting about something else. You left me to find out about the harbor for myself and I'm glad. I walked the waterfront and I took ferry rides; I ambled over bridges and rowed up creeks; I walked along the side of the Kill van Kull and swept down the Harlem River in a tug. I saw ships, and ships, and ships: oil-tankers, liners, cargo ships, schooners, garbage scows, tugs, barges, barquentines, whalers, a full-rigged ship. Whalers? You saw a whaler here in New York Harbor? Yes, sir, I did the largest in the world. She had a ramp in her stern for hauling up dead whales to be ripped to pieces on her deck and she was just in from an eight-month cruise round the Ross Sea and the South Shetland Islands. She had killed 1500 whales and she'd lost two boats and twenty-four men. There was nothing about that in the newspapers; there was nothing on the air. No, sir, nobody knew. They heard once weekly of the adventures of a group of gentlemen eating a well known breakfast food down there somewhere near the Bay of Whales, whose doings were somewhat exuberantly described by an excessively enthusiastic announcer on Saturday evenings; but about the whale-ship that had lost twenty-four men down there quietly doing a piece of the world's work they'd heard nothing at all. No sir—nothing. Oh well, maybe nobody'd given the whale-ship any breakfast food . . .

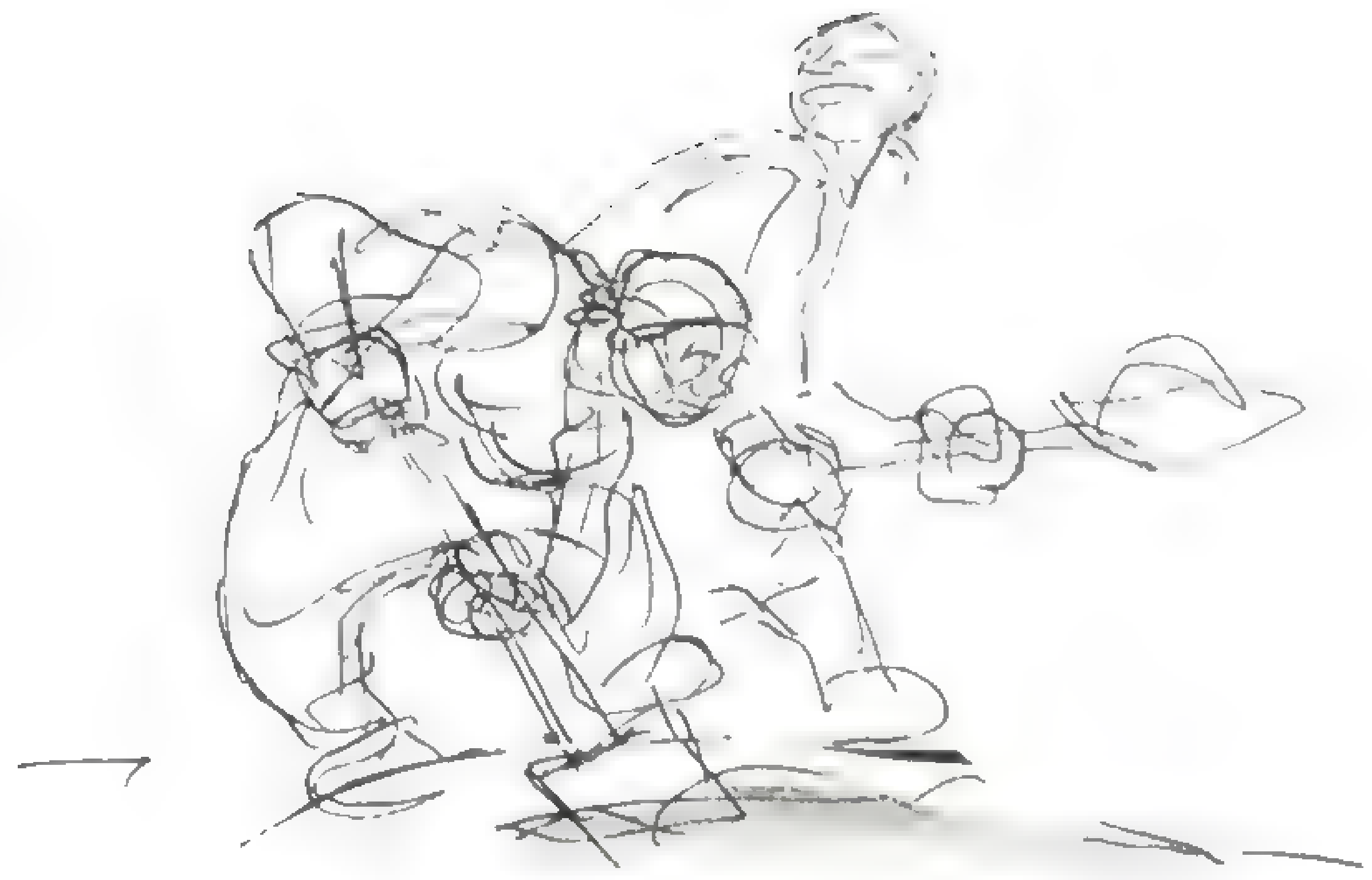
New York is a big port. It is an interesting port. And it is a port you can look at, too. Nobody can stop you. You don't have to crane your neck, even: the ships aren't hidden away, behind warehouses in inaccessible places, as they are in so many of the European centers. If you go up any high building you can see them. If you take a ferry ride you can see them. And if you only ride in elevated trains you can see them too. Or you can go and sit in the Battery Park in the sun and see sooner or later—all the best liners from the greatest maritime nations in the world. True, you will not be welcomed at the docks and you will find the piers well guarded. Heavy-jowled individuals with guns lashed around their middles will ask for passes and such things, and to speak of an interest in ships usually does little good. It is regarded as a cloak for much more sinister things; and if overstressed may be taken as a sign of incipient insanity. But there are no guards in the Battery Park; you can sit there and the ships will pass you by if you wait for them. Or you can walk along the Shore Road by Fort Hamilton on a Saturday afternoon and watch the parade of the liners passing out to sea, or take a Staten Island ferry ride from Whitehall and have five dollars' worth of maritime atmosphere for five cents any time the spirit moves you.

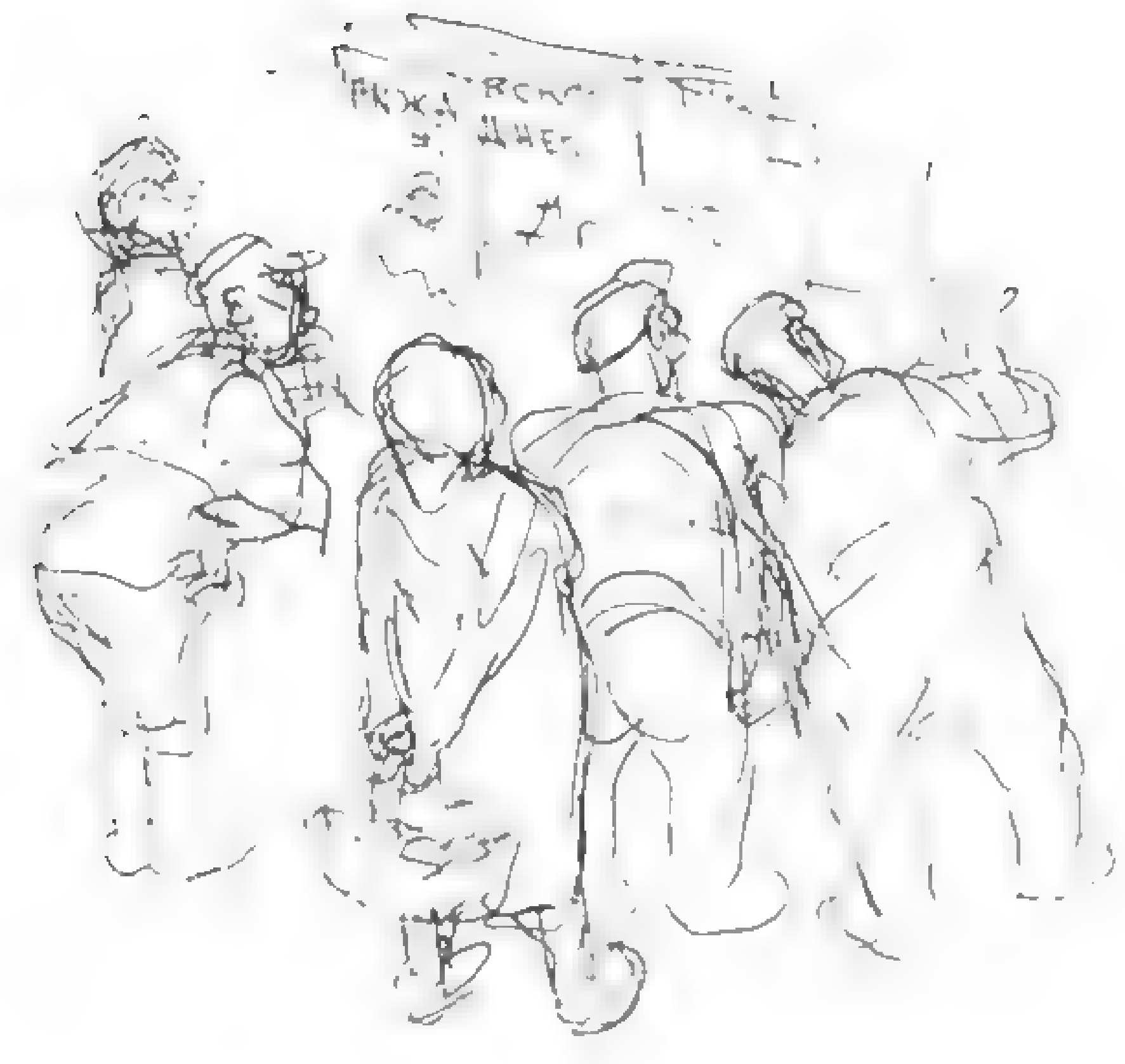
I like those ferry rides. You can see the ships and the harbor best that way. You can see then how the ships zone themselves, just like the people; you see the great liners gathered round Manhattan's rim, with their gaudy funnels and high superstructures topping the waterfront—here the red and black of the French Line and the Cunard, the buff and black of White Star; the red, white and blue of the U. S. Lines, one of whose cabin liners is backing out from a pier in the twenties. Downtown the fruit ships cluster, the shapely, attractive vessels of the Great White Fleet; then come the coasters that depart daily for Providence and Baltimore and Newport News. Then come the liners—the French, the British, the Americans, the Germans, and further up, the Italians and the Swedes. They keep themselves to themselves, each in its own area. The Hollanders and the Danes are over at Hoboken; the Spaniards and the West Indies vessels are in the East River, and the Norsemen are at South Brooklyn. Here the freight ships gather, too, with the commerce of the world; by the Erie Basin the vessels of a famous inter-coastal line rub noses with sea-wagons in from Belgium, from Brazil, from Borneo and Balikpapan. From and to the piers go heavy trucks laden with cases bearing queer hieroglyphs that stand for So-and-so in Mombasa or Mr. Such-and-such at the Seychelles Islands. A lesson in geography moves down every thoroughfare leading to the wharves. Whistles blow and winches rattle; engines begin their pulsing rhythm and bos'ns shout, and a cargo steamer begins her long voyage a voyage taking months, as like as not, by way of Panama to the China Sea and to Malabar and the Celebes and Singapore and Colombo, and back again by Arabia and the Gulf of Suez, the Mediterranean and Gibraltar Straits: and under her lee is a barge with gypsum from Tompkinsville bound to Welfare Island. A fish schooner passes by with uncovered hatches and diesel engine pounding, while a Soviet steamer is warped in with girl sailors (stewardesses, I guess) grinning over the rail and the proletariat shouting from the bridge. She is from the Black Sea with nickel, chalk, cement, wine, and general cargo; she will load wheat for the return journey. Farther on is a dockyard, with its jumble of oil tankers and freight ships in for repairs; a three-funnelled passenger liner from the Bermuda run is in dry-dock, towering over the masts of the yachts in Teboe's basin. Here—sure sign of improving times—diesel yachts and schooners are fitting out that have been idle for three years. New York is one of the country's first yachting centers, too, at Teboe's and City Island.

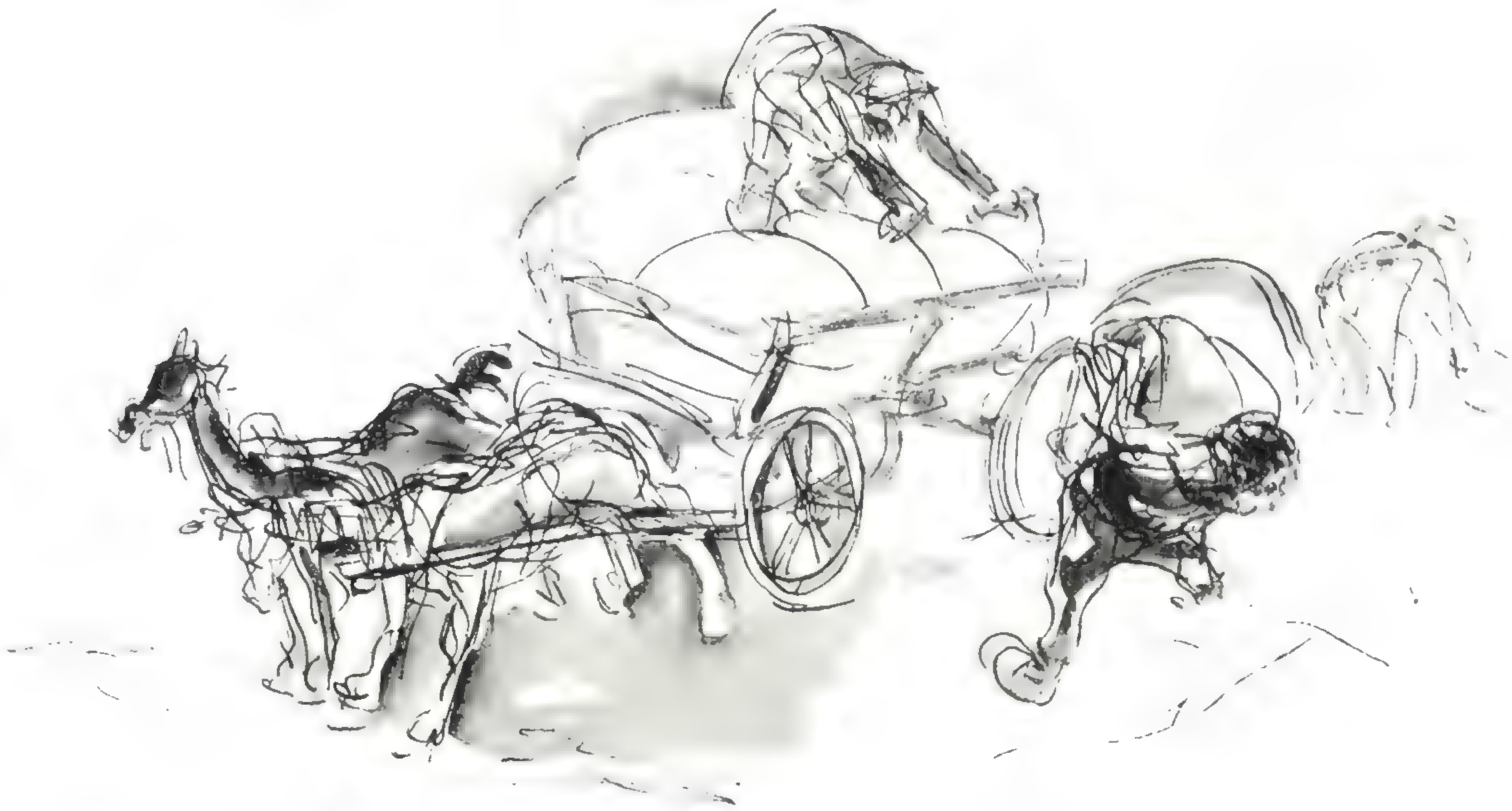
In the bay some laid-up freighters swing idly at their anchorages—a Norwegian timber-carrier, with masts sprouting from poop and forecastle to leave the decks clear for great stacks of pine boards. What is she doing here? No deckloads of Baltic pine come to America. Trade is quiet there, and she has been chartered to bring Cuban sugar to a mill up the Hudson and is waiting now to go for coffee to Brazil. In the shadow of the Statue of Liberty a line of coal barges lie anchored; the lower bay has a full quota of towing barges, most of them ugly things just built to carry bulk cargoes behind sea-going tugs. Now and again there is one that has obviously once carried masts

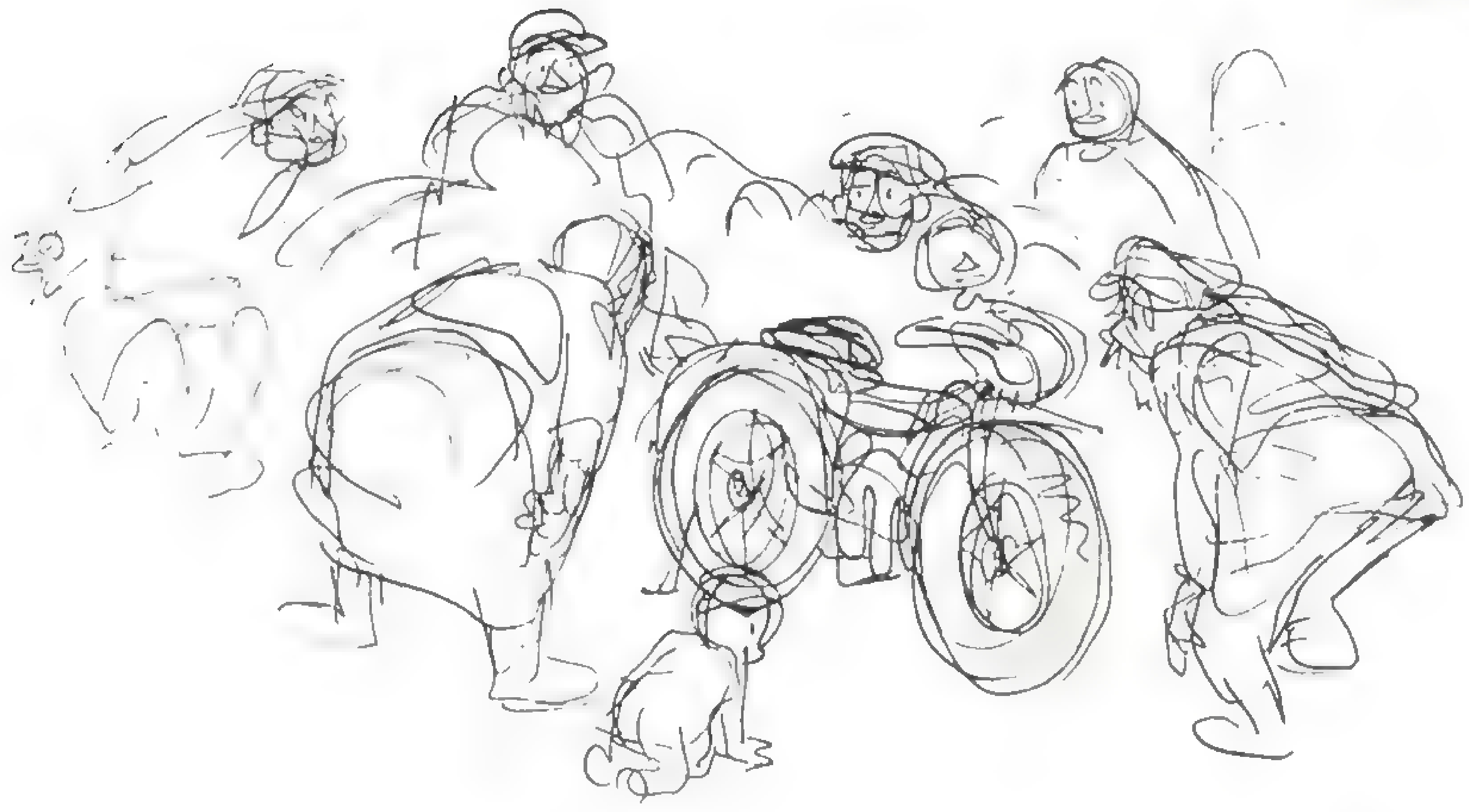
Continued on page 93





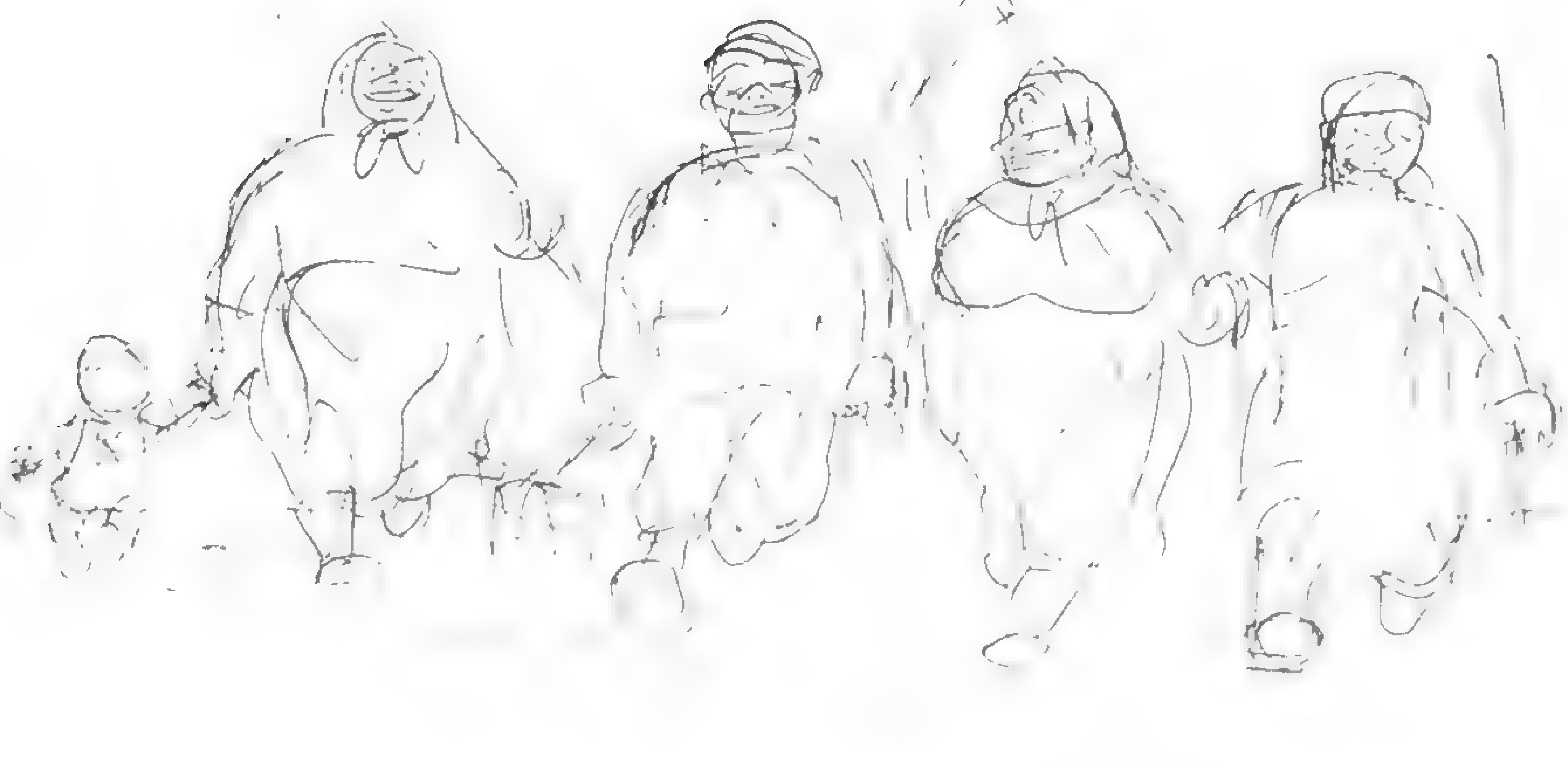


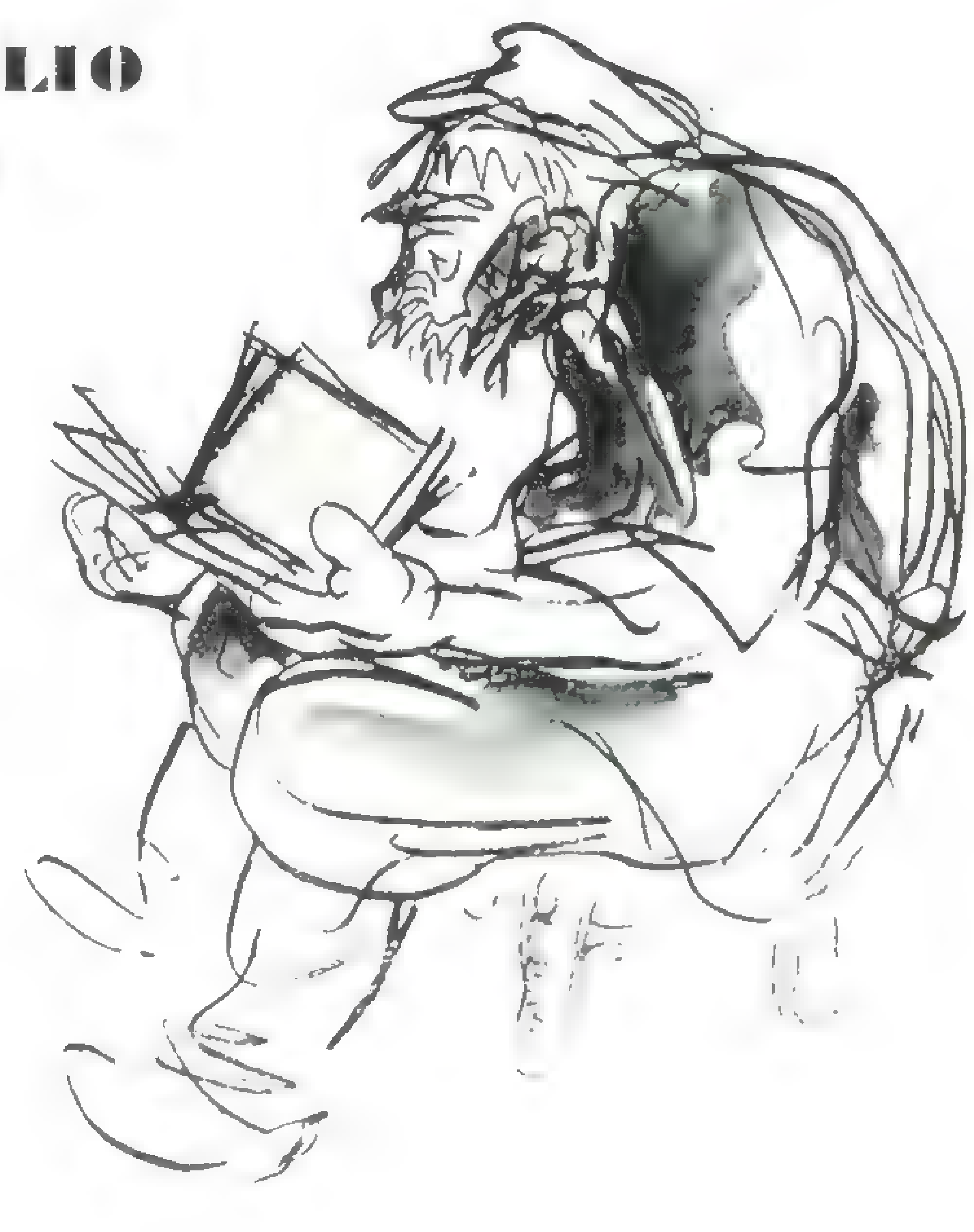


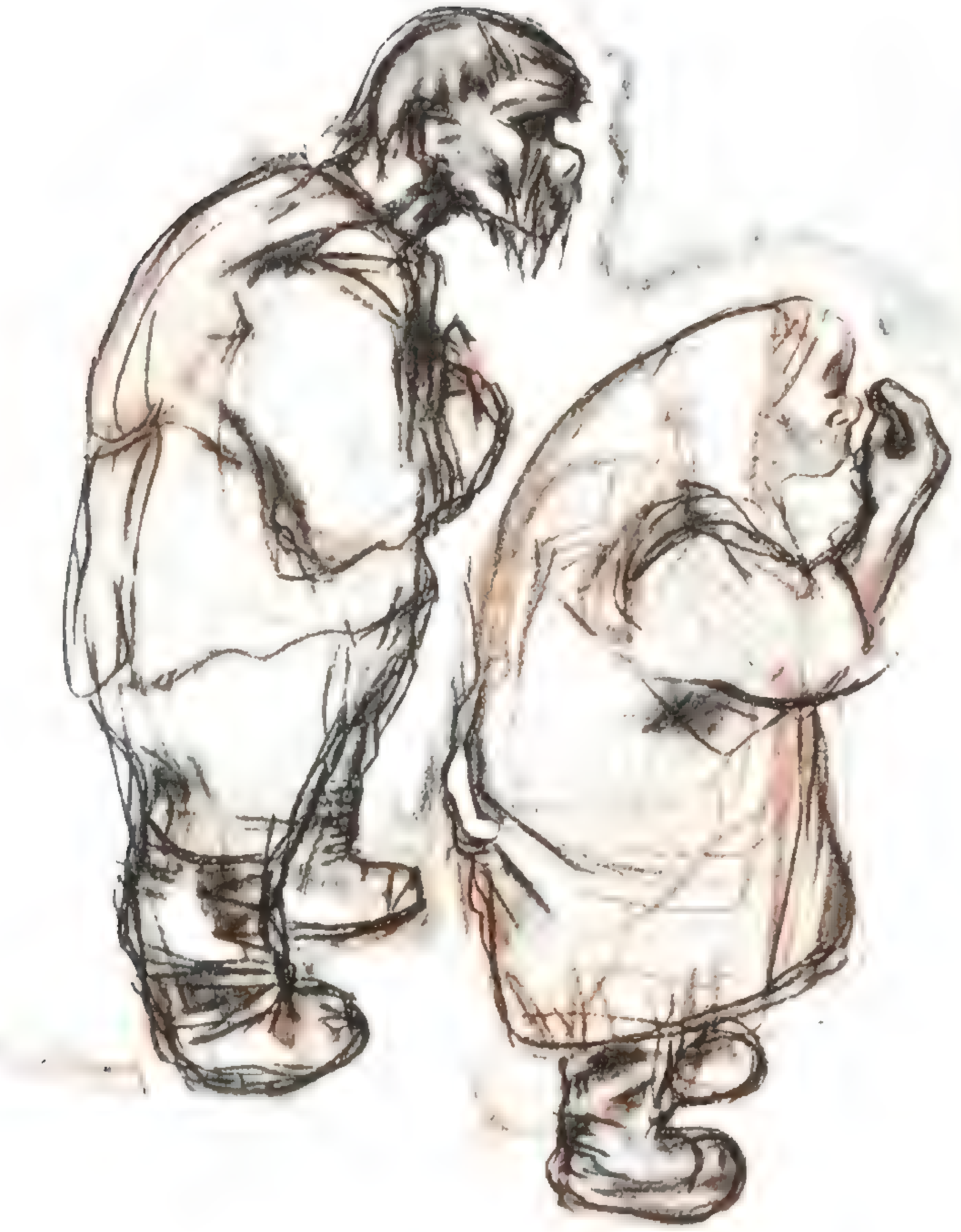


Pages from
a
RUSSIAN PORTFOLIO

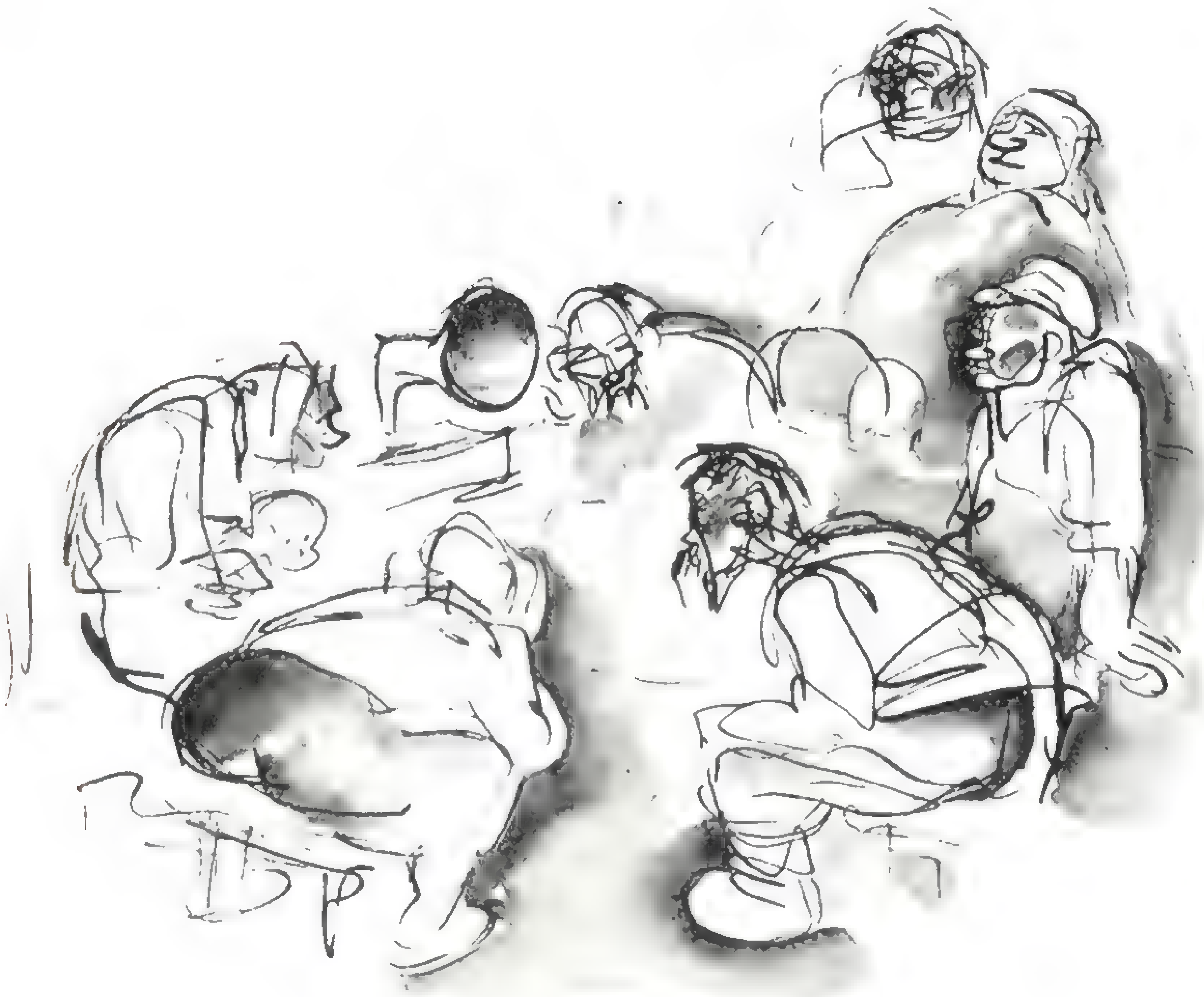
by JOHN GROTH

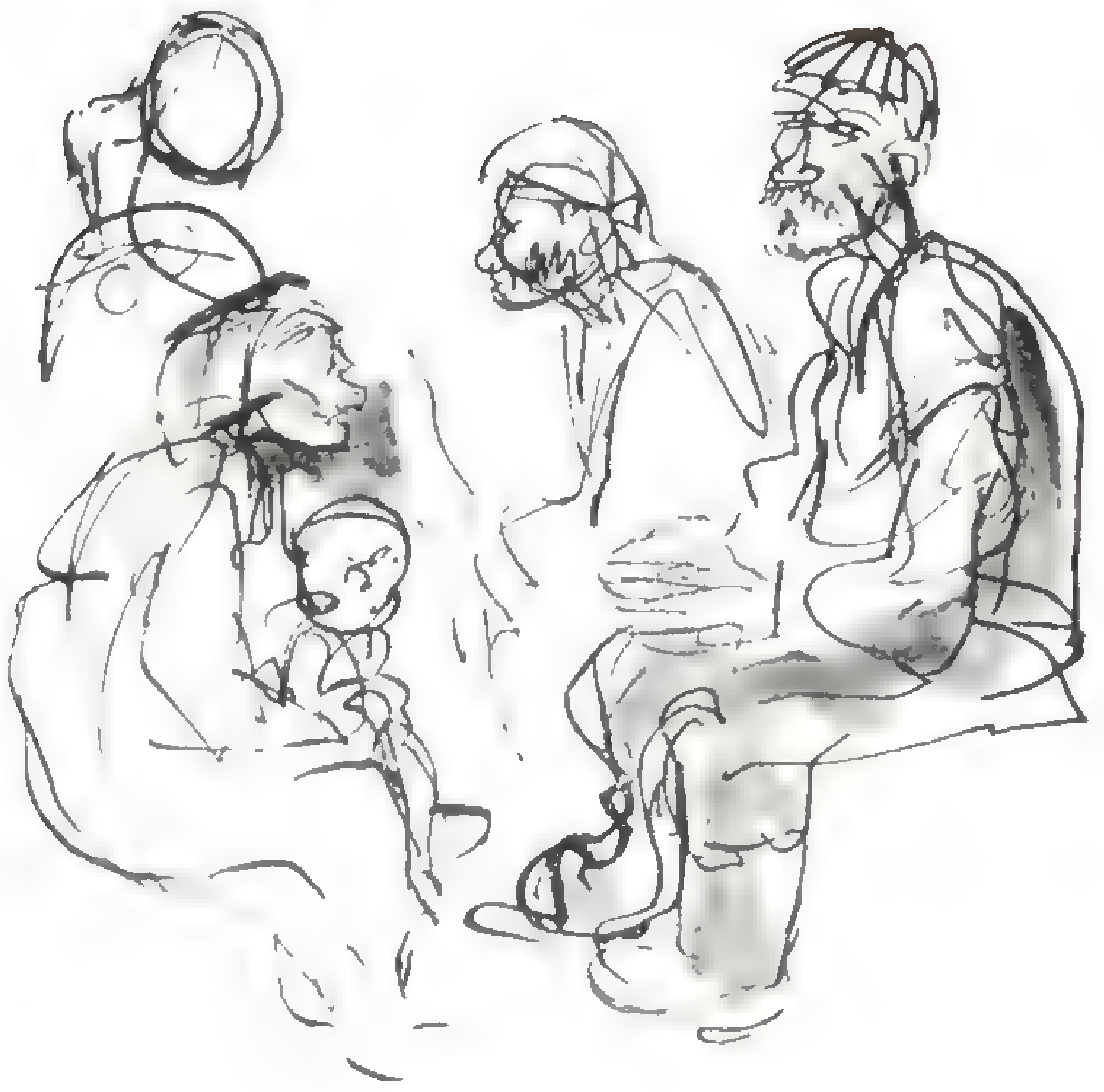


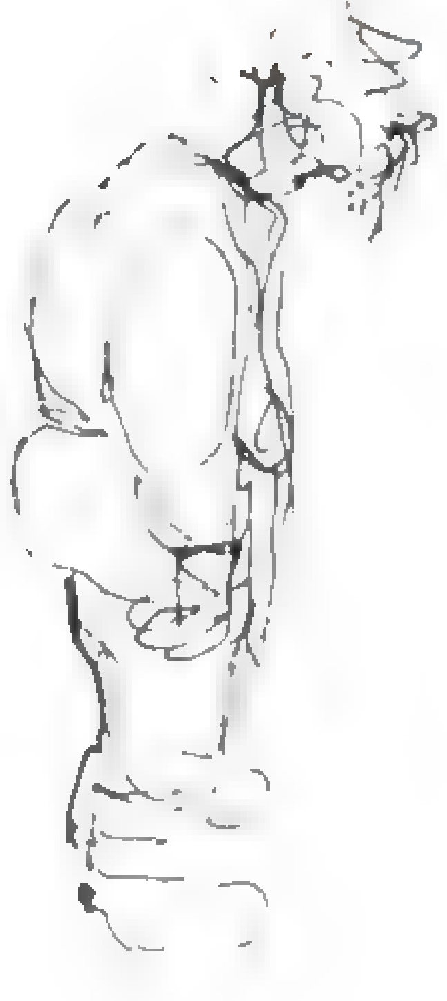


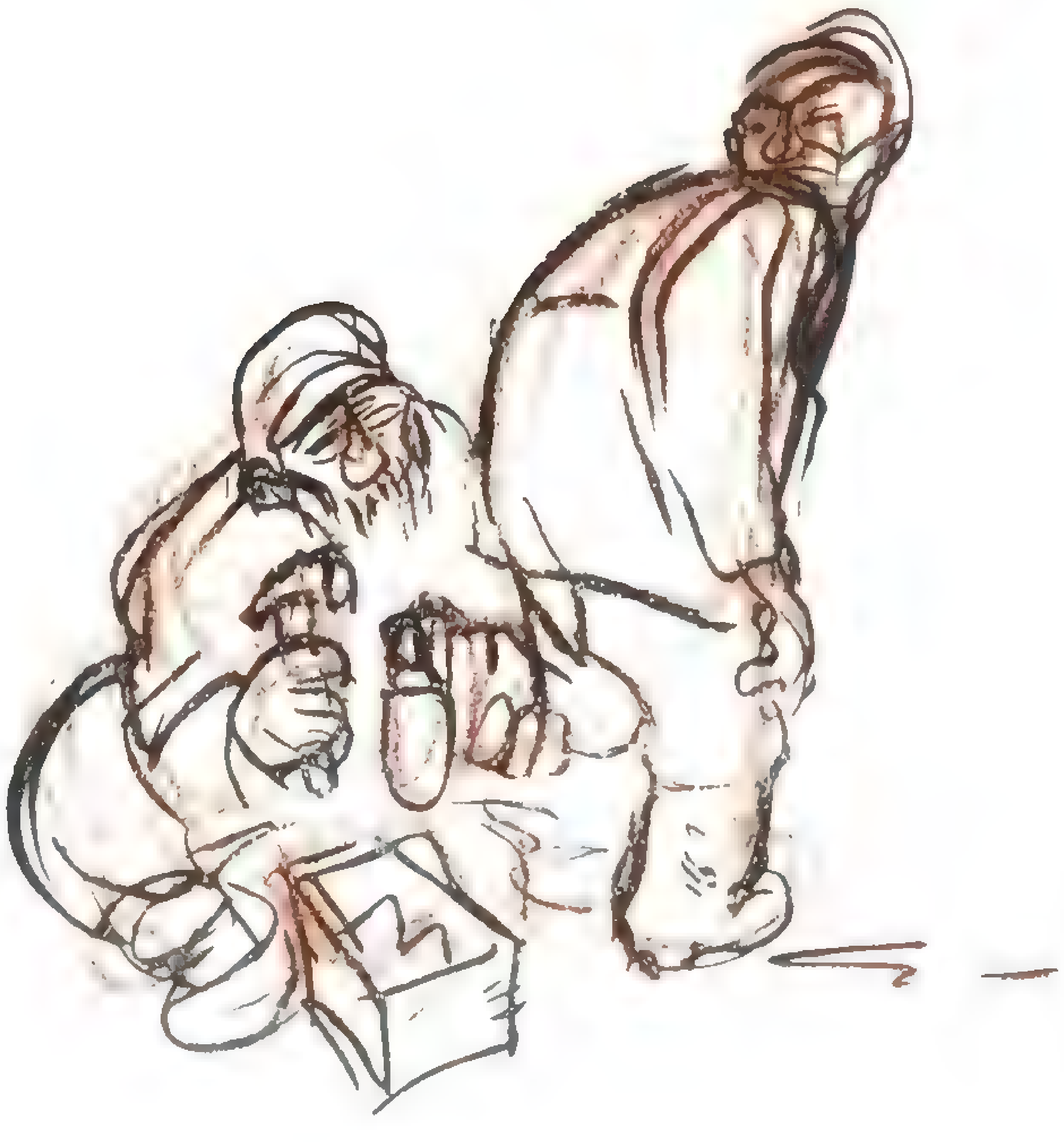


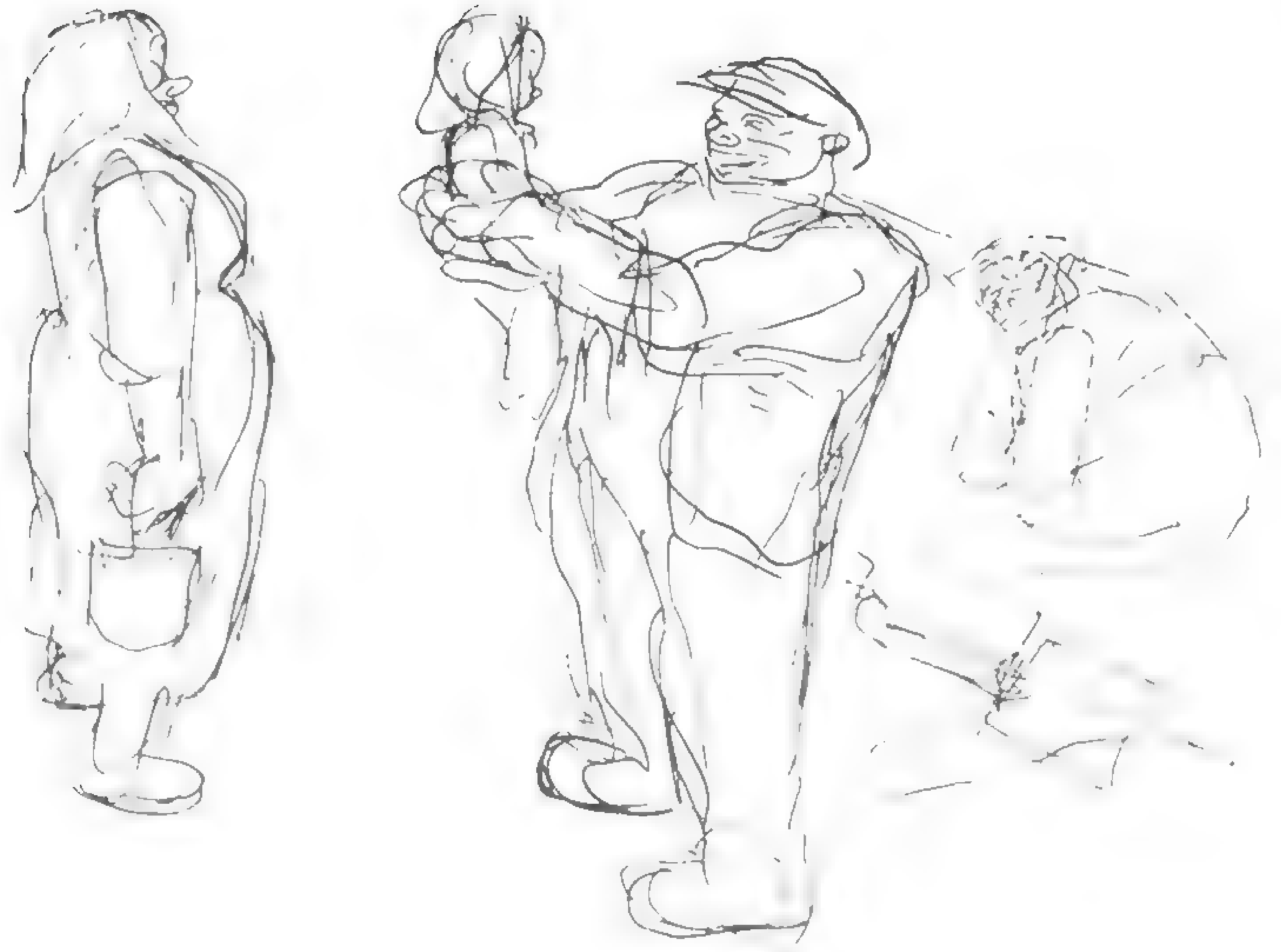
U. S. S. R. where the worker is the only king and where everybody works; where the machine has been God for fifteen years and yet a motorcycle will still draw a gaping crowd; where the women work at digging the subways and a subway is built in a year; where the dinner pail is an attache's brief case, giving grizzly proletarians the look of diplomats in dungarees; where the family is officially disorganized yet family life is closer-knit than anywhere on earth; where religion is despised and faith is universal; where work has been invested with the glamor of a sport and sports are conducted with the seriousness of work, and where waiting in line is the national pastime.

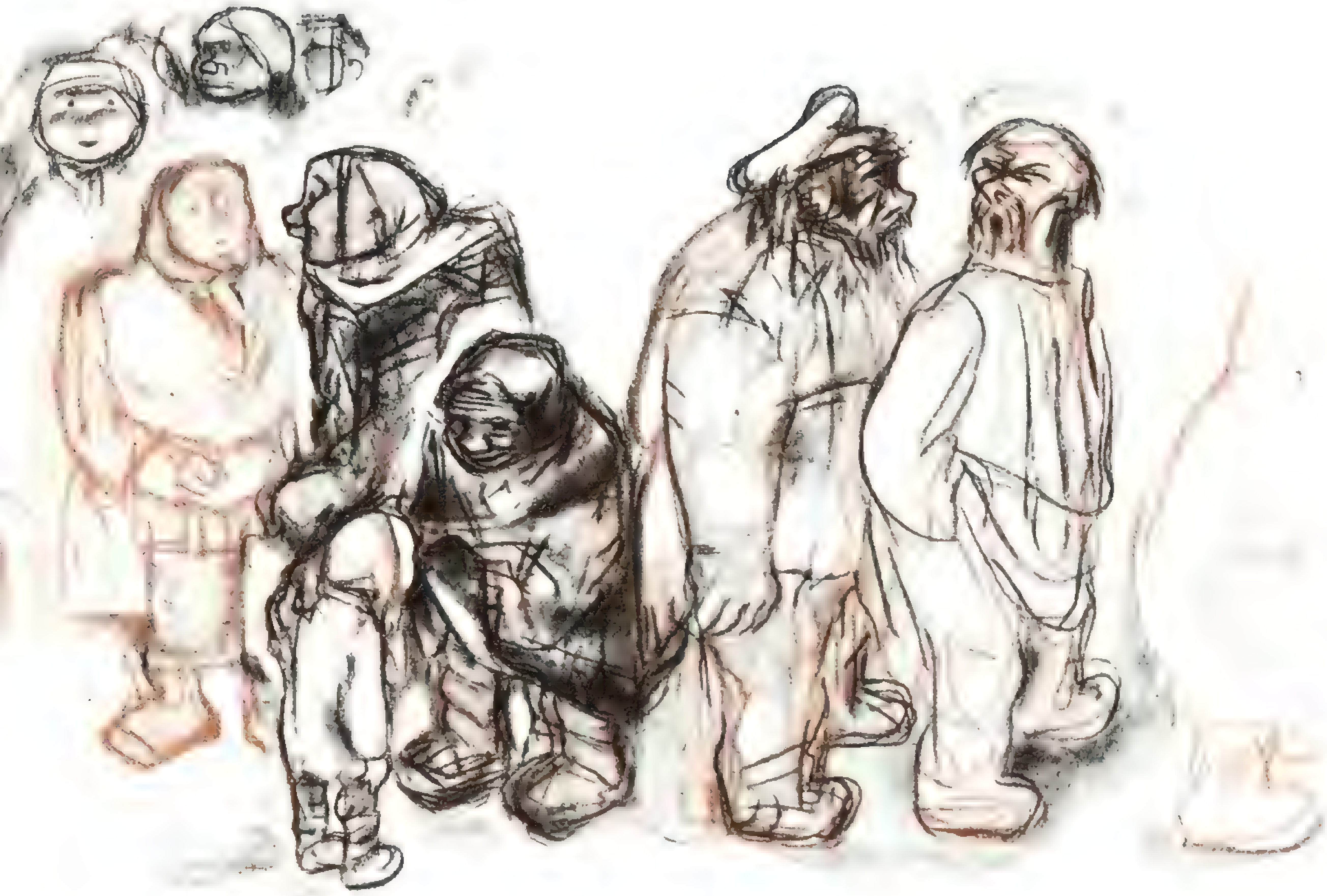


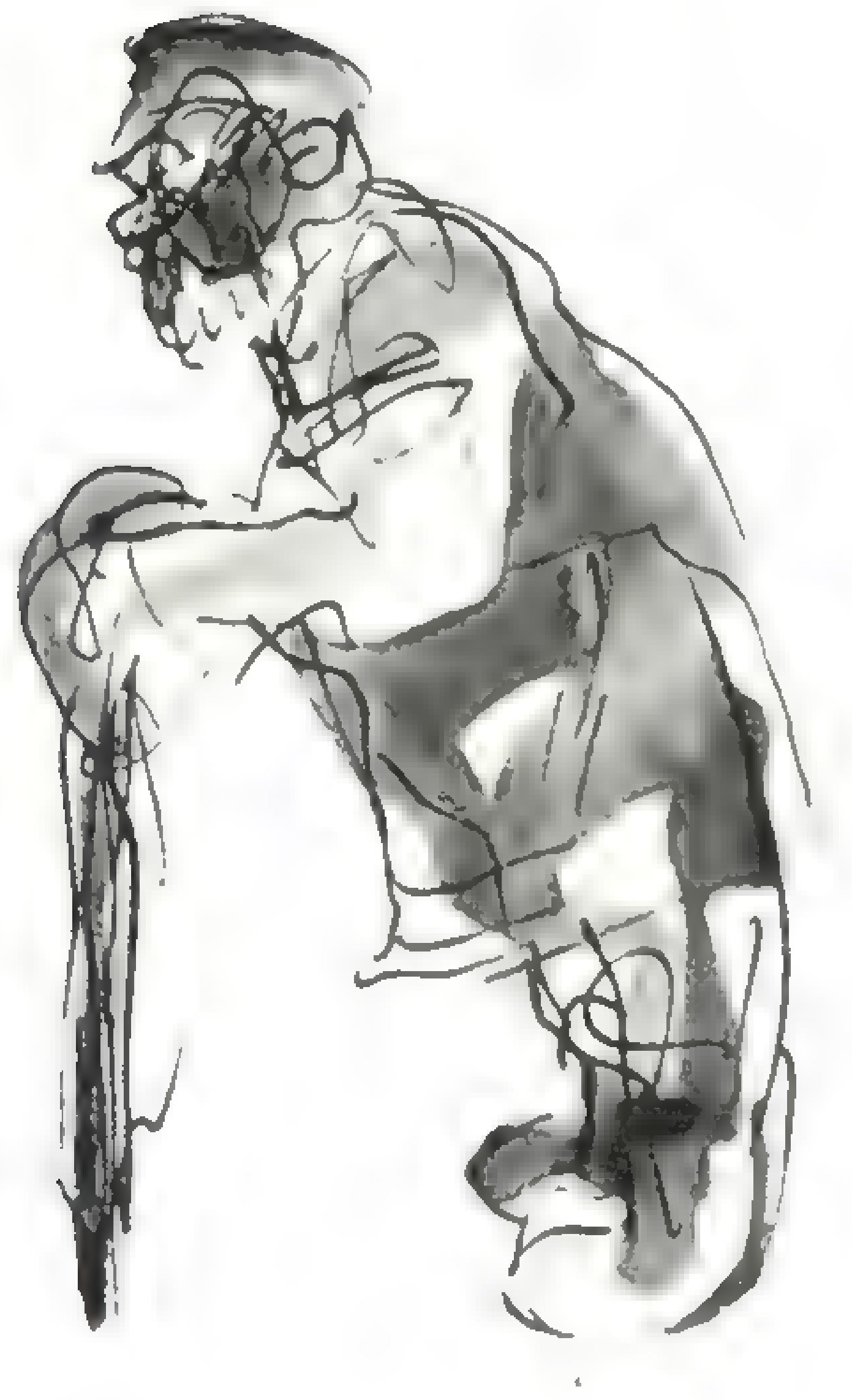


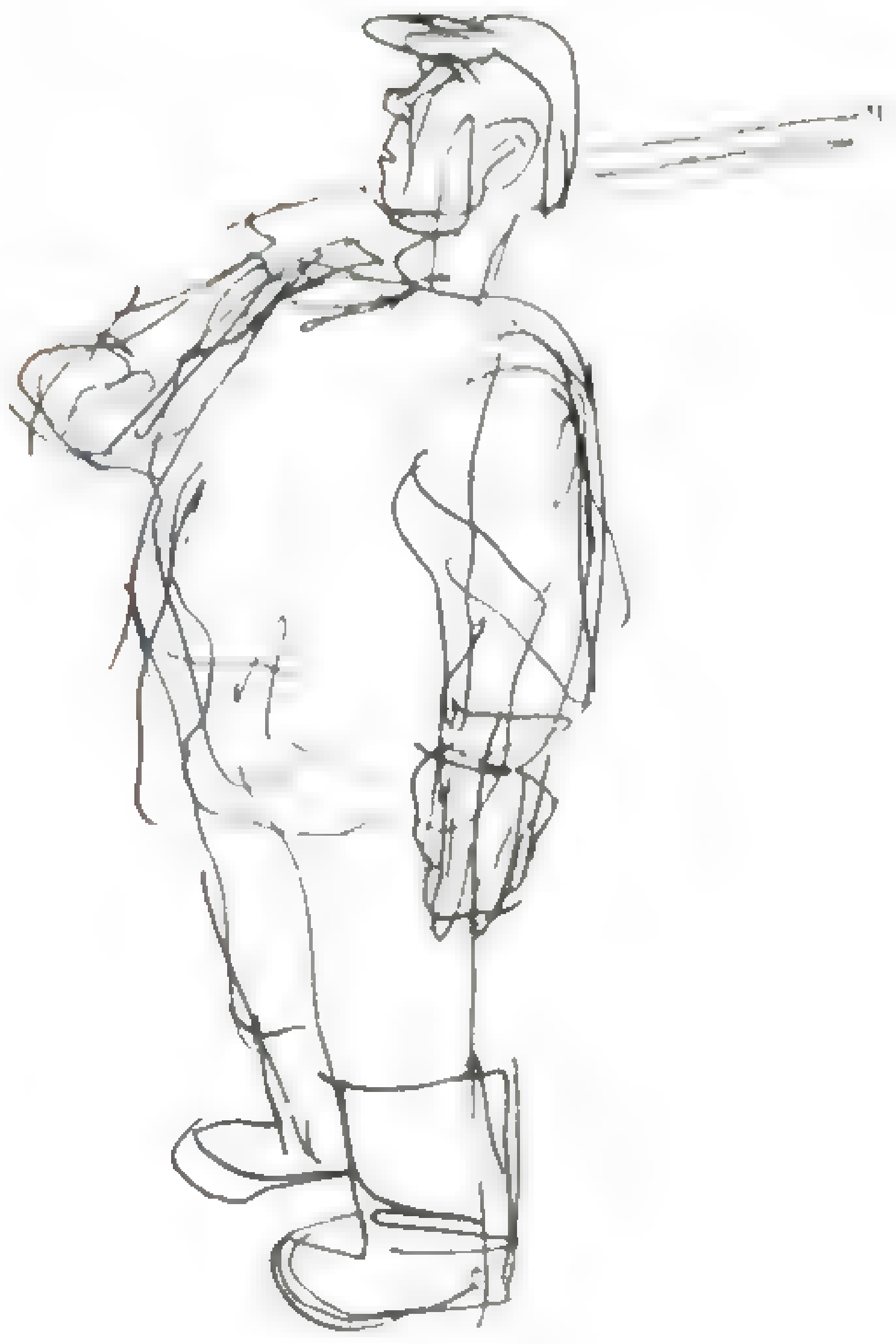






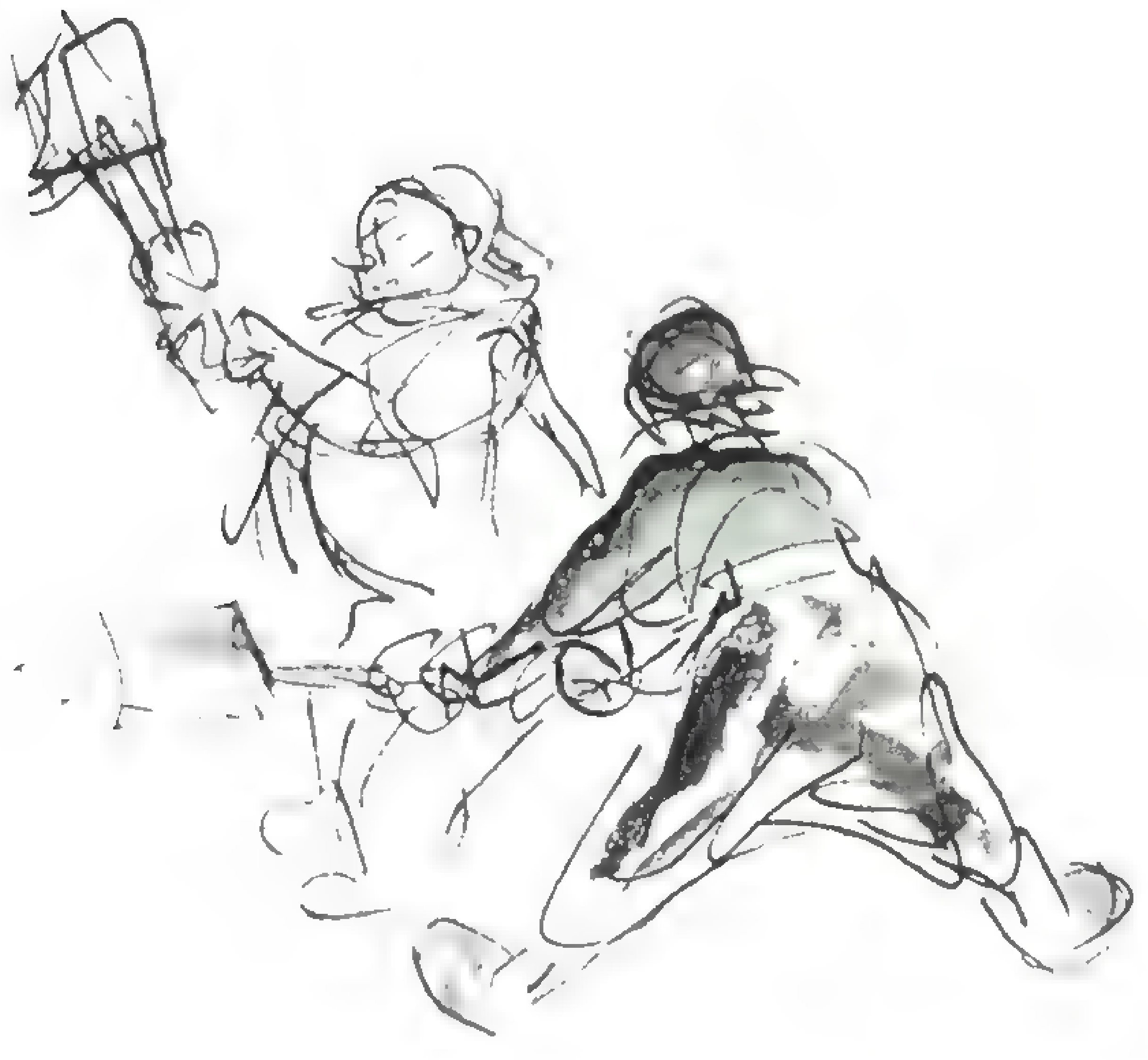


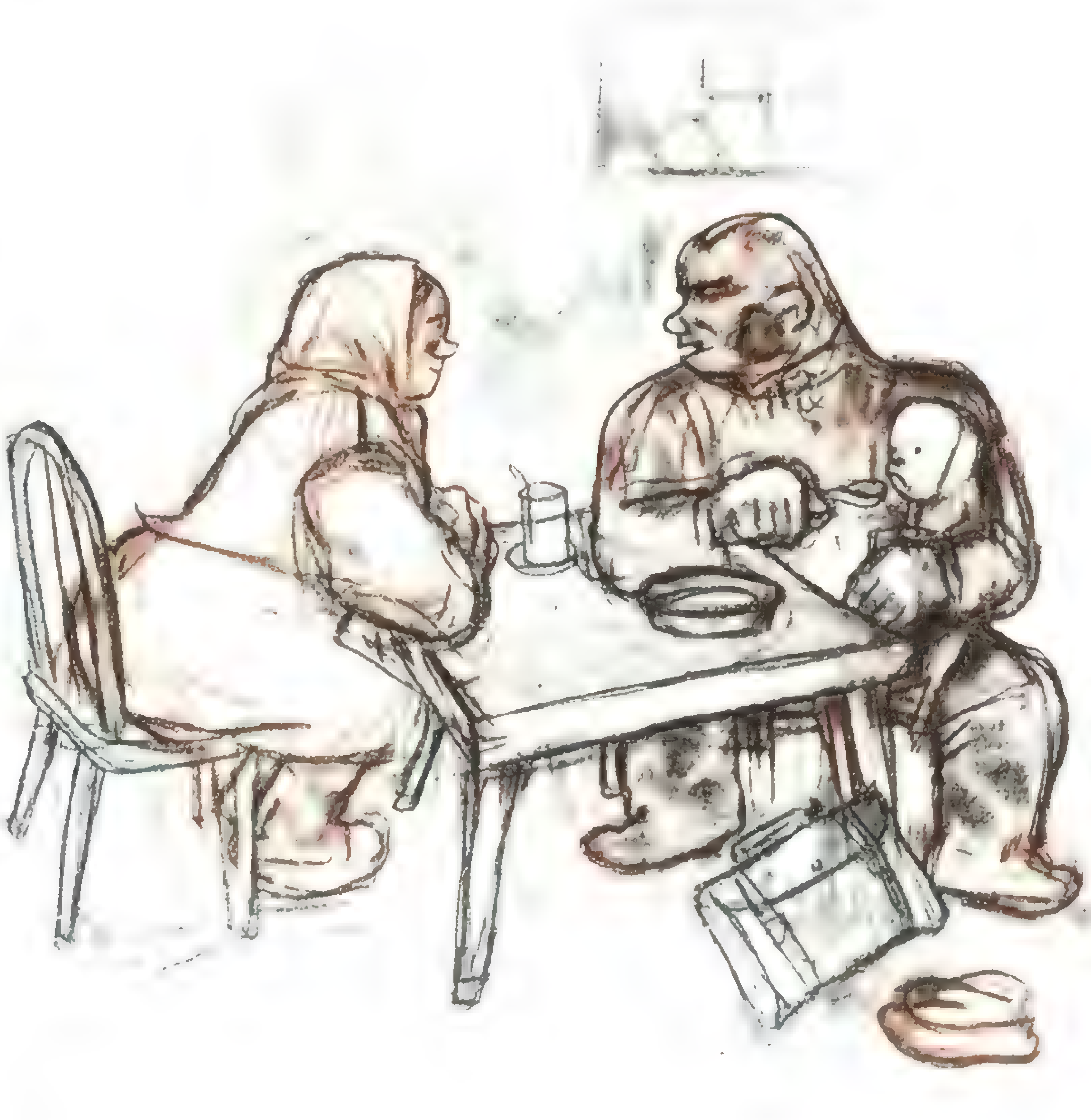


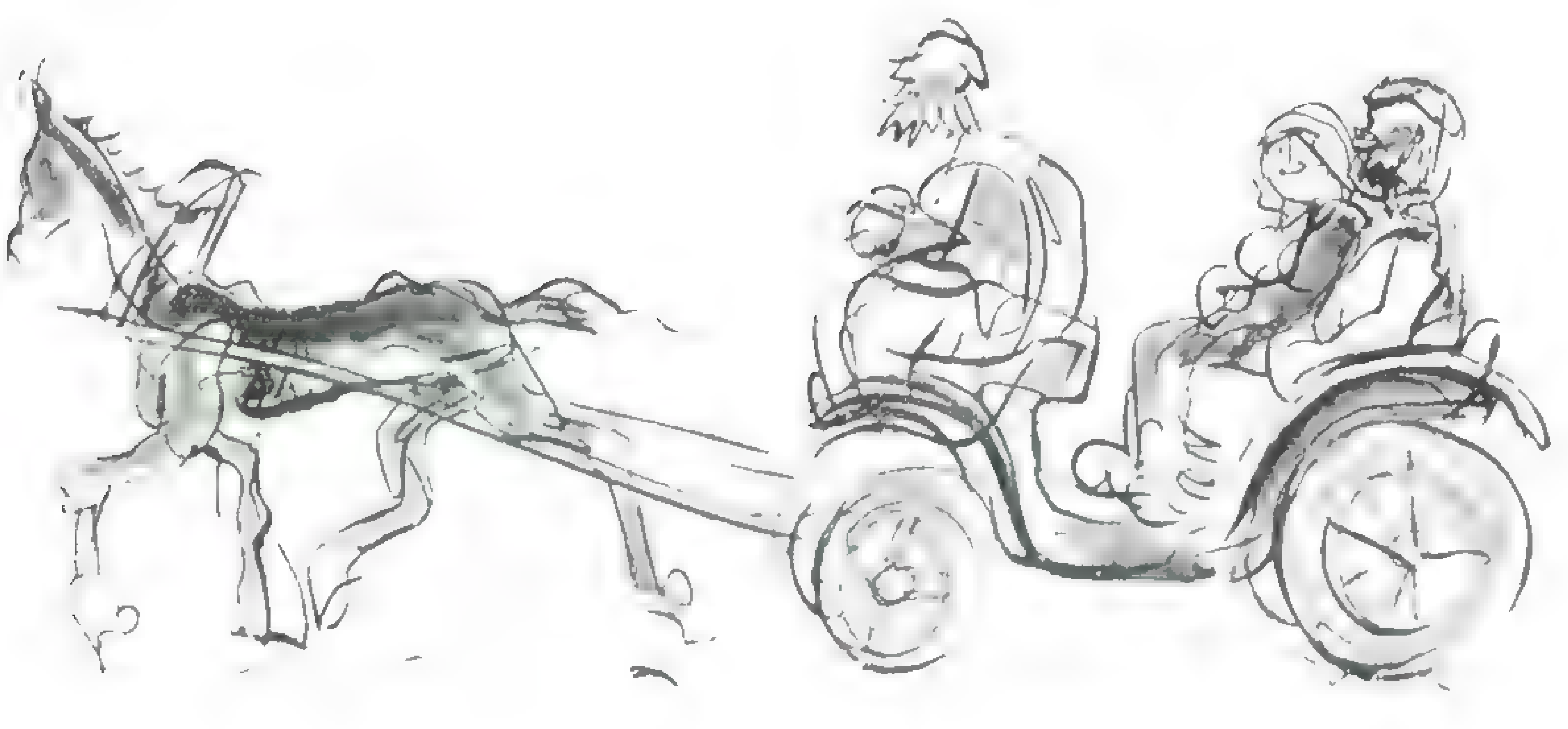


In Russia everybody stands in line. Three cartoonists work as a team, one to stand in line to wait for commissions, one to execute them, the other to stand in line to collect for them. No government in Europe today would dare to arm its proletariat, but here every worker is trained to use a rifle. The droshkies will not soon be driven off the streets, because the enormous automobile factories are turning out tractors for industry. Books are published in editions of a hundred thousand, and always oversubscribed before publication. Nowhere are people so hungry for reading matter. Nowhere are authors so highly esteemed. To be employed is to be assured of a month's vacation each year with pay and all expenses paid, and unemployment is virtually unheard of. These are random notes and random sketches, because the thing is too big for one man at one time to see it whole.

—John Groth







A Pastoral Scene

An excellent study of two of the many types of boys who are on the open road

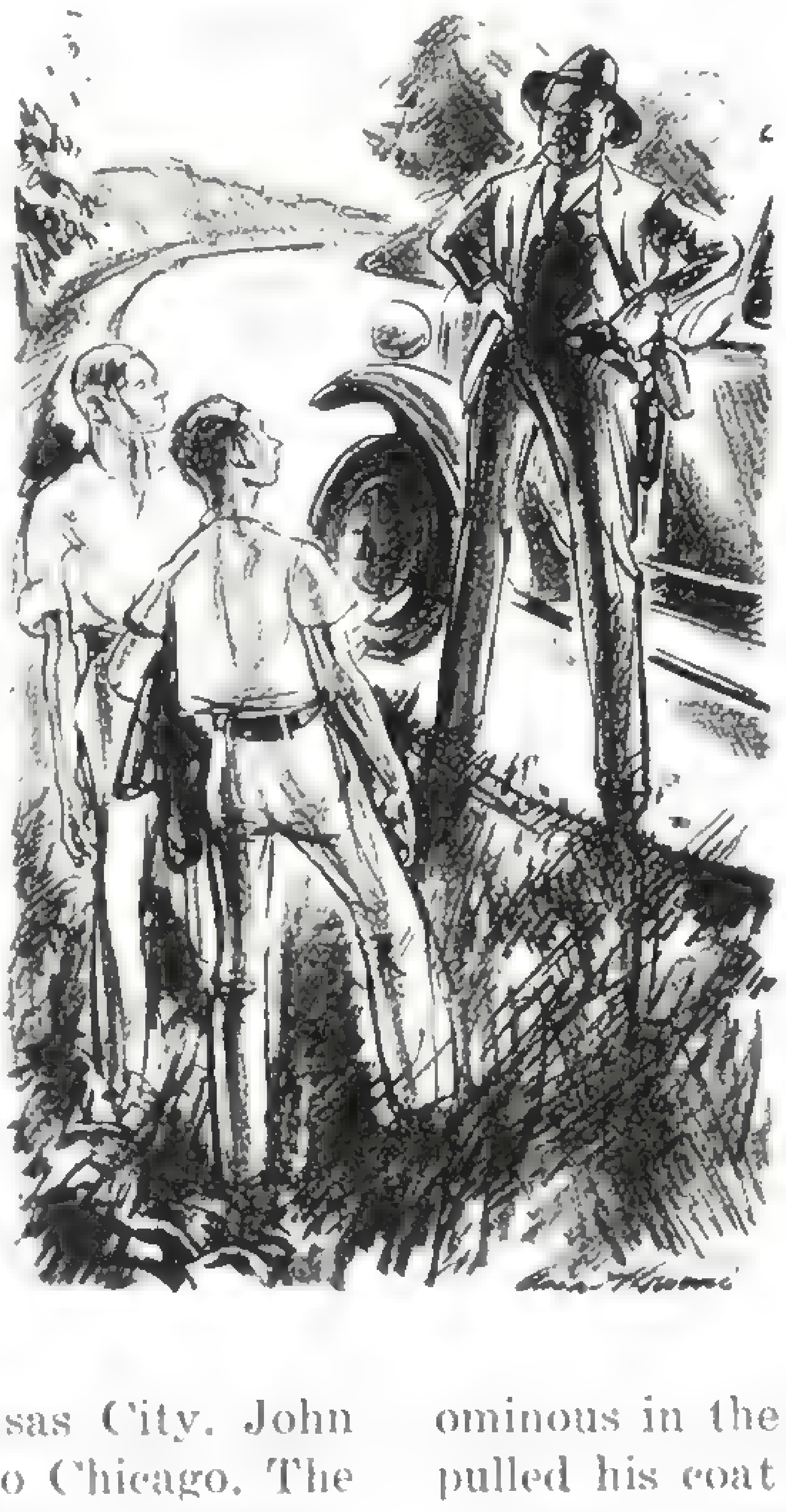
by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

NIGHT came on. He bought a loaf of bread and a bar of chocolate and found a grassy knoll up away from the dusty road. He stuffed himself and drank at a little cool spring oozing out of grey clay. Then he lay back to rest, watching the languishing light of the purple sky's marquetry. Patches of white star-mist rose over the incarnadine horizon, pale red melting into the fading shadows of the hills. You could hope vaguely to die as splendidly as this day. The noises of insects were like a mad conductor's symphony. Someone in the sky was turning the stars on one by one. The green turned to blue and black in the hills which would not mix. The faint setting of a vaporous moon spilled out of the horizon its color, each mood of nightfall a scene in a swift-moving drama of light and shade.

The stars now were out in panoply. The song of the insects had become a drone of endless sound, a charivari of mock harmony in which tiny fellows with sharp voices picked pizzicatos on their stringed lungs, and a thousand bass tongues maintained the illusion of a musical charade.

Now and then a dark swift shape—some visiting bird returning to the haven of its nest—fluttered across the blue-black sky . . .



The following morning he fell in with a boy. "Yeah," said the young man; "I'm makin' for K. C." He had blue eyes and a delicate mouth, and wore a clean white shirt from which the sleeves had been cut. His arms were brown and muscular. He carried a jacket slung over his shoulder.

"Got people there?" John asked.

"Huh!"

John wondered at that contemptuous exclamation.

"See that there cut on my head?" he pulled his hair apart. "My old man socked me with a beer bottle."

John asked him what he intended to do in Kansas City. John himself was trying to get to Chicago. The boy squinted his eyes. His nostrils distended.

"First thing I'm gonna do is buy a gun," he said fiercely.

"A revolver?"

"Yeah. First I was gonna get me a automatic—them Colts. They loads fast. A .32 is keen. But I finly decided on a Smith & Wesson revolver. They're more accrate. A nice one with a ribbed wood stock and a keen long barrel. They're keen."

"What do you need a gun for?"

"What," the boy leered, "would anyone need a gun for?"

"Well," said John, "I don't know."

"I'm gonna stick up some rich joint and make a lot o' dough. Wait'll y' see the clothes and cars I buy! Then when I get a big wad I'm gonna take a ride back to Westdale and see my old man. I ain't gonna say nothin'. I'm just gonna wait around. And then the first time my old man gets pie-eyed, I'm gonna pop him!"

"You mean, shoot your father?"

"Sure. What do you think I mean!"

"They'll hang you for that."

"Who, me? Them punks back there couldn't hang a flea."

"You sure must hate your father."

"The old man's a bum. He ain't good for nothin' in the world. Why not knock him off? Why, I'll be doin' the whole town a favor."

"But suppose you get caught robbing some place in Kansas City?"

"Well, Jeeze! they kin ony put you in jail. Anyway they don't hit you with beer bottles in jail for nothin'. Besides you meet a lot of guys in the Big House that's been around and kin tell you something."

They sat under a tree to rest for a while. The boy went on talking about big shots, handy .32s, big houses, and whatnot. Swell clothes.

A man with long brown mustaches pulled up beside them in a Ford and called out, "C'mere, boys."

"Yes, sir," said John, wonderingly.

"Hop in, sonny. And you, too."

John said, "But we weren't going—"

"You two boys come with me," he repeated. There was something ominous in the hang of his mustaches. He pulled his coat back and displayed a gun-belt and a large badge marked DEPUTY. "Git in."

The young potential murderer, robber, jailbird, bandit and stick-up man blanched. John was too amazed to think of anything as he obeyed the policeman's order.

His erstwhile companion muttered weepily, "We hain't done nothin', Sheriff. Hones'. We——"

The officer drove on stolidly. In the town he chugged up in front of a little square red building and ushered them down the hall into a buzzing room where a black-haired man with sagging jowls and a pair of little red eyes questioned them abstractedly, his thoughts far away. "Vags, J. P.," the Deputy said.

"Where d'ye live?" the Justice of the Peace asked the younger boy.

He whimpered. "Hones', Jedge, hones'! My old man lives in Mountain Lake. I was jes' goin' home, sir, hones', Jedge." He sniffled and scraped his feet nervously. John thought the boy had said his father lived in Westdale.

The magistrate shook his head in disbelief, and then disgustedly waved him away with a gesture of his pudgy hand. "Well, git on home and stay there, boy. Don't come hangin' around here if you know what's good fer you." The young gunman slunk away hurriedly.

"Where do you come from, son?" he asked John.

"From San Francisco, sir."

"Where are you goin'?"

"To Chicago."

"Got relatives there?"

"Yes, sir. My aunt and uncle. I've got a job to go to."

"How is it you're tryin' to beat your way?"

"I didn't have enough money, sir. And my uncle couldn't send the fare."

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

The judge pondered not too deeply for a moment. Then he shook his head. "Thirty dollars or fifteen days," he pronounced—as though he were making a magnificent gesture of clemency.

The Deputy twisted his neck. "Y' got thirty bucks?"

"No, sir," he said, slightly dazed.

"All right," said the officer, and led him out of the room and across the alley into a low building with an iron door.

The door clanked behind him.

Several men were kneeling on the floor in an open space that circumnavigated a block of twelve or fourteen cells. One of the men slung out dice and cried, "Eighty days, baby. An eighter from 'Decatur. *Haaaa!*" They were gambling for cigarettes. A young lad with greasy blond hair and a pimply face looked up at him languidly. "Vag?"

He nodded. That was what the policeman had said.

"How many?"

"Fifteen days."

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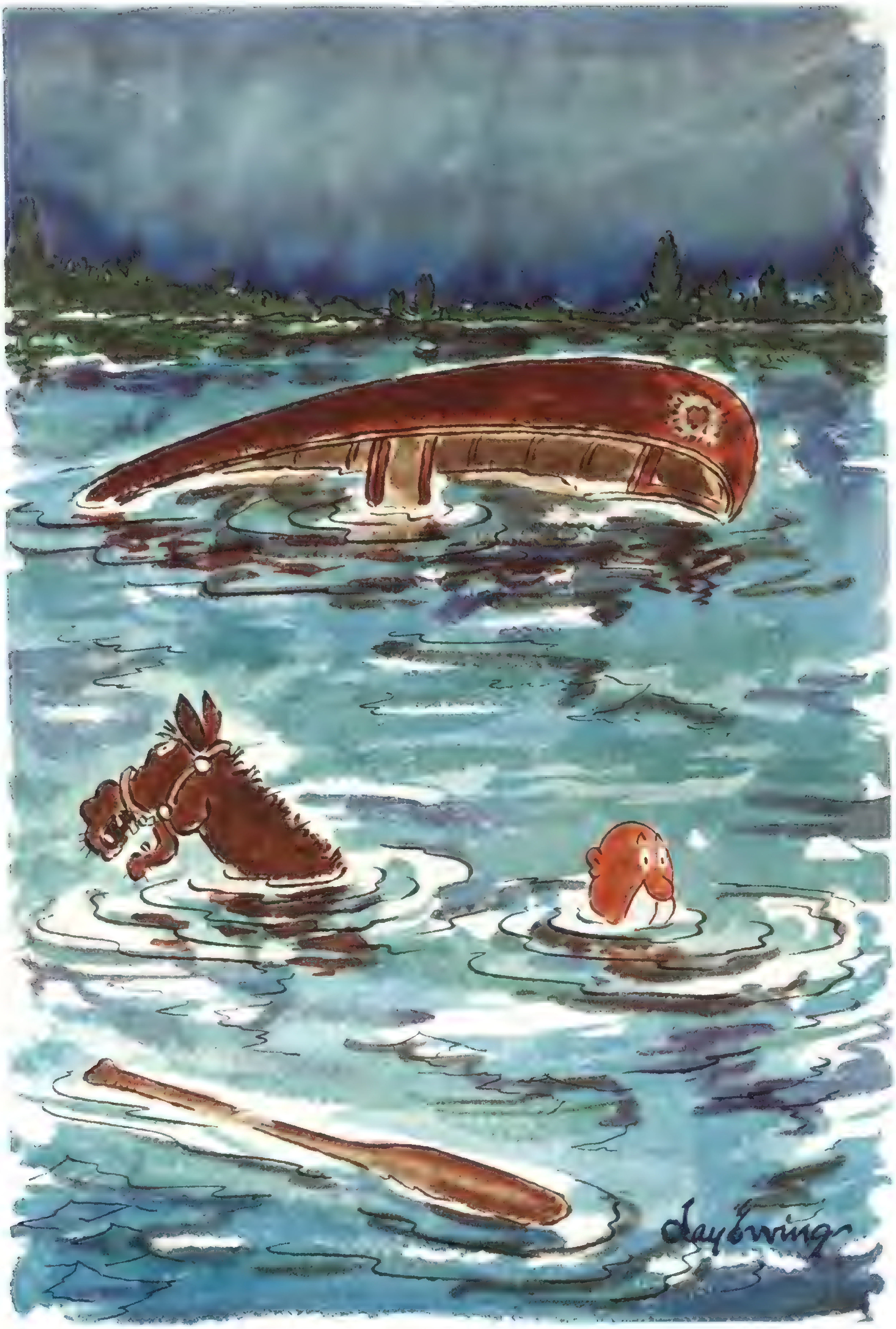
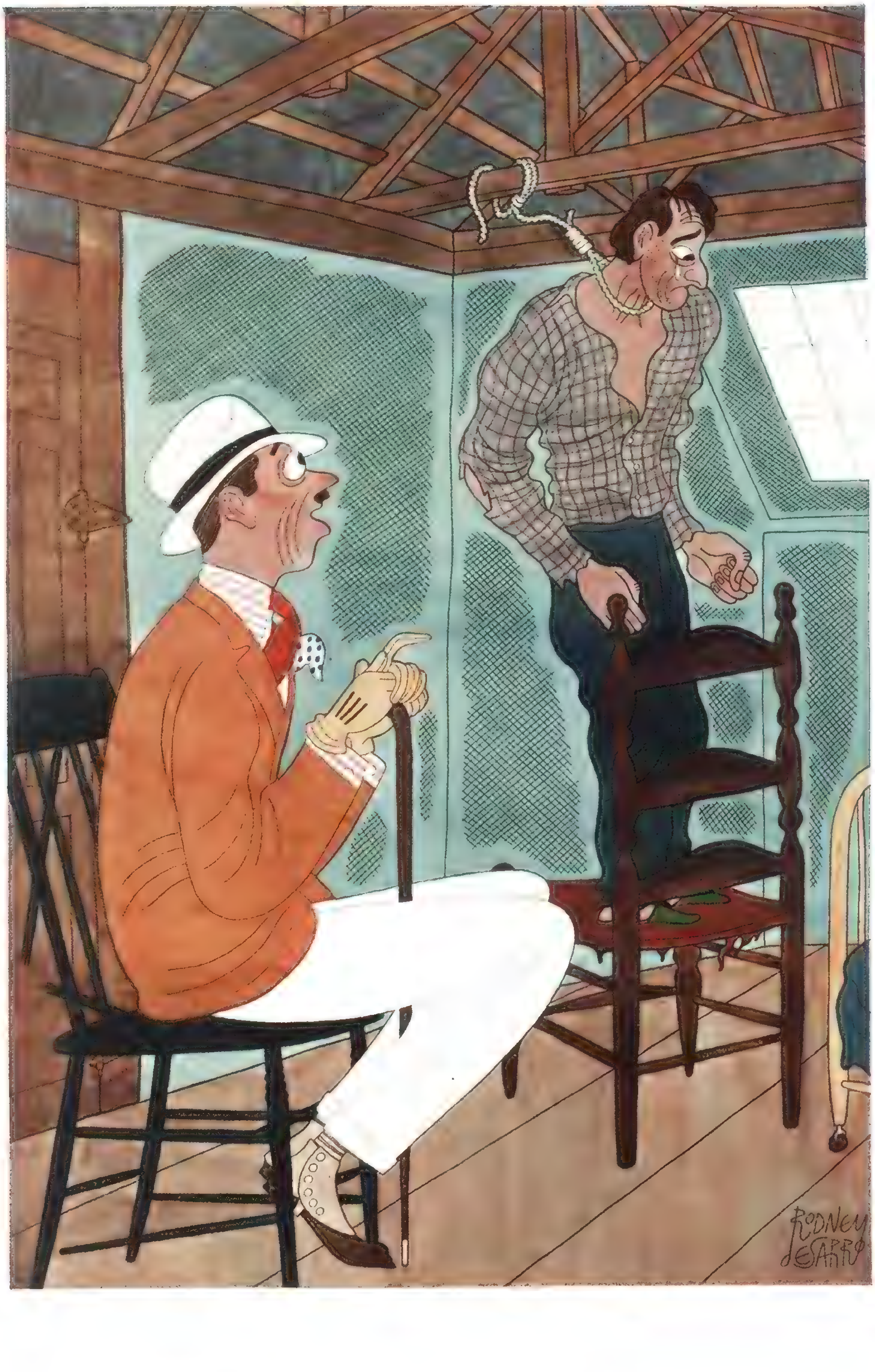


"I guess it was kind of silly, at that——"


Rodney deSarro

"I wish you'd think it over Oliver, old boy. I'm not so sure you're doing the right thing"

The Little Japanese

A character sketch of a yellow man, reflecting the resentment of the European for the Oriental

by PIERRE MILLE

• FICTION •

Barnavaux and I were seated at the rear of the car and we saw him enter.

It was at one of the first stations of the Paris subway, near Porte Maillot, on a Saturday night. The majority of the passengers, crowded together, were forced to stand. One arm hooked through the leather straps hanging down from the ceiling, they presented the same air of concentrated, stupid obstinacy shown by sheep huddled in a fold and resolved not to move. When I behold with what bitterness, with what fury often, a man in a public conveyance defends the place he will not occupy more than a few minutes, convinced to the core of his soul that it is his, and his alone, I think that they who imagine that the instinct for personal property will vanish some day pursue a dream!

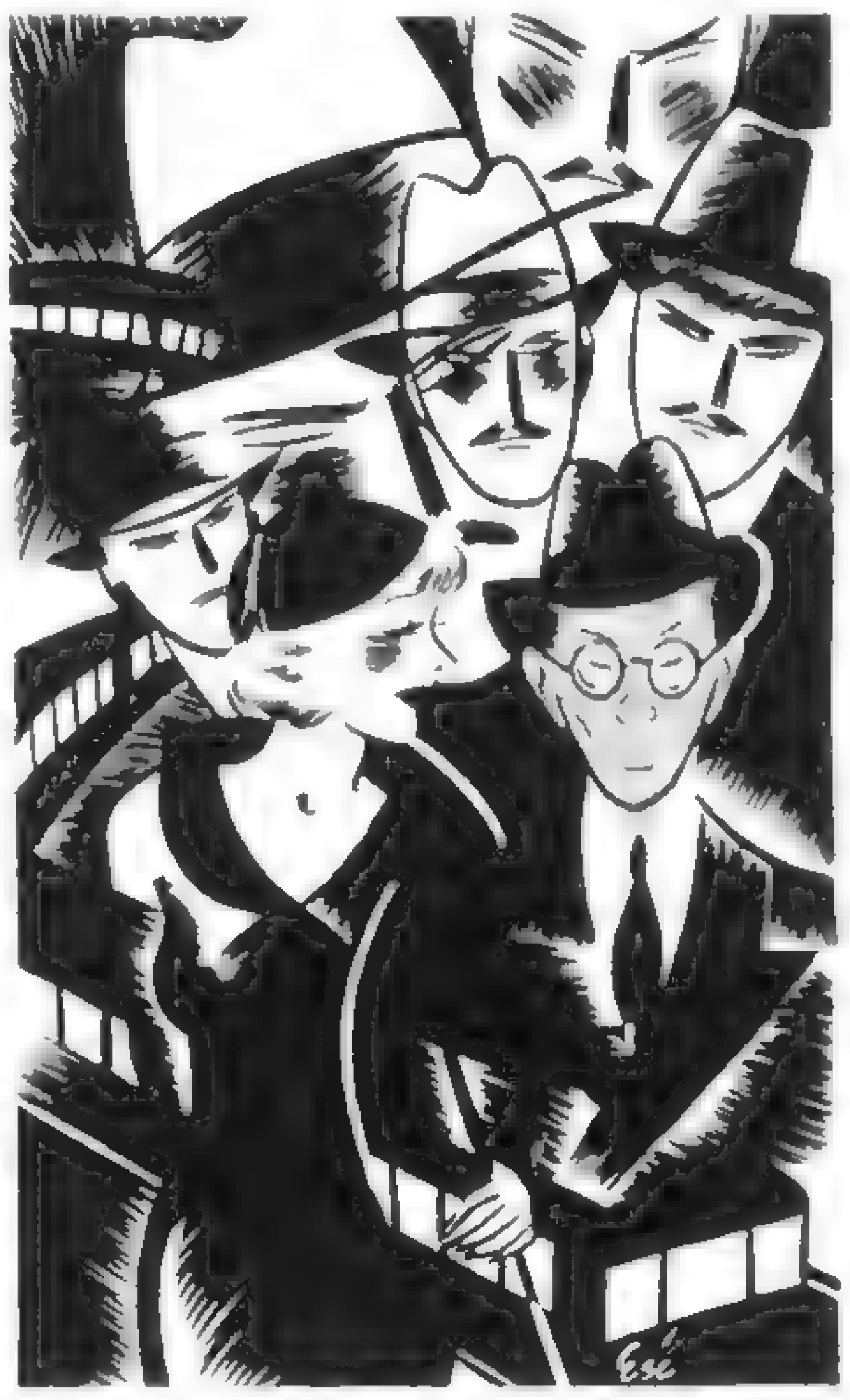
When the gates of the car slid back, and a consequent invasion became probable, hands tightened on the straps, feet seemed to root into the flooring.

A Frenchman would have hesitated before the impact of this collective antipathy. The little Japanese advanced with resolute ease, elegant and imperious self-confidence, like a sort of feline walking on sheathed claws. And all those who were there, that is to say: The decorated gentleman who hopes to give the impression of being an army officer in civilian garb, the more so because he sells shirts on the Rue de la Paix; the beautiful woman whom nothing resists for the good reason that she is beautiful; the stout woman who asserts herself with speech and majesty, because she no longer is beautiful; the clerk who makes up, once released from office or shop, for professional meekness—all made way before him! That hostile crowd huddled.

It huddled for infinitely varied reasons, that I guessed vaguely by watching the faces: Because of that hospitable politeness that our race, so old and so fine, knows how to show to foreigners; because of the courteous and distant dignity of this pale, thin man with the slanting eyes; and because he scared them a bit, as do beings whom one does not know. A Frenchman, an American, a Teuton: One knows about how they might react to rough treatment, to a sharp remark. But that Japanese, so dry, so cool, eyes sheltered behind gold-rimmed glasses, seemed to see no one. They made way for him.

Alone, Barnavaux showed extraordinary agitation.

I know him, he said, I know him. He's Tsounemasa. He must be a colonel, or a general, by now. With their skinny faces, their coarse black hair, they do not age. But when I met him, fifteen years ago, in the Tonkin, with his comrade Benkei, he was a little lieutenant, and it was then that I understood, for the first time, what these Japanese want, and what they will achieve.



The two had come as military attachés to follow the operations of the Marty Column against the Chinese Black Flags. I can see them, I can still see them, those two Japanese: Kids, hotel bellboys, that's what they looked like, with their peaked caps arranged like those of French cavalrymen, their tunics which were too snug, the pants that swathed their thighs like the leaves of a sprouting cabbage. The order had been given to be polite, but they made us laugh. You could not avoid that.

When they knew themselves to be watched, they strutted like mechanical soldiers. When they thought themselves unobserved, or when they conversed with Annamite mandarins, they made cute faces, crossed their hands, bent their spines, went through the *lais*, the ritual salutations, like natives. Such men soldiers? It was laughable! Grooms, small servants in uniforms: Were these yellow men good for anything else?

Jim Keith, an old English private of the Foreign Legion, would address them in his own tongue, when they passed before him: "Put the studs in my dress-shirt, Johnny dear, then go and mail this letter for me!" They understood English perfectly, but they pretended not to hear. They were ever the same, very soft, very cool, very gentle. They looked at our rifles, looked at our knapsacks, weighed our shoes with the care of chambermaids. When they scanned a map, they reminded me of a kitten crumbling tissue paper, and I would say to myself: "Play, little ones, play!" As you see, no one could attach any importance to them.

Accompanied by those polite Japanese, we went on, and on. We splashed through rice-fields, we climbed mountains to go down into other rice-fields, we beat about the region to make it unlivable for the Chinese regulars, and after coming and going, pillaging here, burning villages there, we made it unlivable for us.

Toward the middle of May, at the time of the heavy rains, the column dropped many corpses: Dysentery is a dirty thing, black water fever also. I have thought since that had the Chinese kept us going, they would have killed us off one at a time, very peacefully, and I still wonder why they decided to stand and fight, near Phu-Bin.

They had taken a good position: A fortified village at the crest of a semi-circle of hills; before the village there were many shallow ditches, dug to shelter sharpshooters; on the flanks were thick woods protruding like bastions. Then we used against them a classic maneuver: A frontal attack, while a detachment was to make a forced march to catch them from behind and rout them. And when the Japanese saw that detachment leaving, they shook their heads. I understood their thought: It was too weak, nothing was easier than to attack it on the way and demolish it — and the battle would be lost.

They did not seem sad, those Japanese, when they thought of that! But one never knows at war, one never knows in advance!

When the artillery, to support the frontal attack, had dislodged the Chinese skirmishers from their ditches, it became necessary to attack the village, to keep up the bluff. We went to it without much haste: There were thick bamboo hedges, walls behind, and it was no use to get killed off passing over them.

In reality, if we went in, it was almost without wishing to, because Jim Keith, old Jim Keith, fell to the ground. A bullet fired from the village gate had gone through his throat. Another Legionnaire, Delebecque, his friend, looked at the body with an astonished air, uttered two or three convulsive sobs, shook his head among the bullets, and was afraid! Yes, I am sure that at heart he was afraid! One can't avoid it! But he started to flee forward! That is what is termed courage, a reasoned instinct of self-preservation. There is less danger forward than behind.

And when Delebecque reached the village gate, with a few others, he did not linger to sing a song: He leaped for the top of the bamboo wall, hoisted himself on a beam, leaped down on the other side. Then happened what always does happen. The Chinese were not expecting that, that is why they beat it.

Five minutes later, the village was ours. I can still see Delebecque. He opened the gate himself, but he was pale as a corpse: The reaction! Then he cried: "Long live the Legion!" And added a second after: "Long live Belgium!"

"Why?" I asked, astounded.

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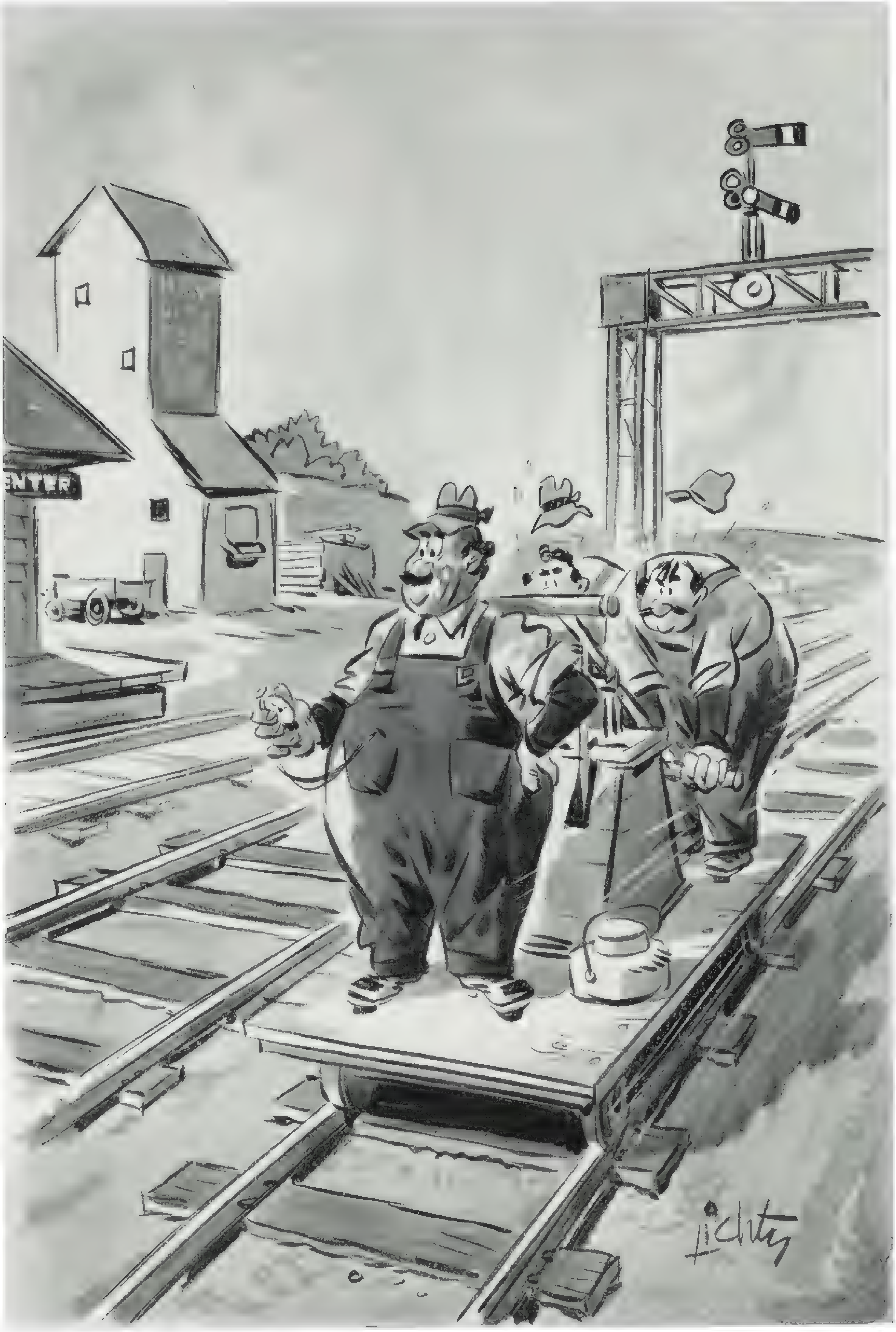
ENTER
Lichty

"Hmm—A minute late!"

Always Second

Another of the mystery-flavored stories that stand astride the border of realism and phantasy

by MICHAEL FESSIER

• FICTION •

HE was sitting alone at a table and I didn't pay much attention to him at first. Then I started looking at him and wondering why he interested me. He was a big man and he was sagged down in his chair as if his bones had suddenly become soft. His face was ash-white and his eyes were large, round and black.

"He looks as if he's been lost in a cave with a ghost," I thought. "Maybe that's why I can't keep my eyes off him."

Then it came to me.

"No wonder I kept looking at him," I said. "I know him."

I walked over to his table.

"Hello," I said, "what are you doing here?"

He didn't notice the hand I held out to him.

"I'm sitting in a chair at a table," he said.

"That was a stupid question," I said. "But why the sudden change? Last time I saw you you had your arm around my neck and we were singing. It was at Jack Gordon's blow-out. Don't you remember me?"

He didn't look up.

"Sure I do," he said. "How are you? Sit down and I'll let you buy me a drink. I'll let you buy me all the drinks you've got the money to pay for and if your credit's good, why you can buy me that many more. I never forget a friend."

I sat down.

"You're three sheets in the wind and it's a howling nor'easter," I said.

"I'm not drunk," he said.

"Then you're giving the best imitation of a fellow carrying a heavy load I ever saw," I said.

He looked up at me and spoke between gritted teeth.

"I'm not drunk and you're not funny," he said. "I'll begin to like your company the minute you buy me a drink and I'll be able to stand it as long as the drinks last."

I called a waiter and ordered a bottle of burgundy.

"What's eating on you?" I asked.

"I need another drink," he said.

"Then why didn't you buy yourself one," I asked.

"Broke," he said.

"Broke?" I said. "How did you get rid of that roll you used to carry?"

"Buying drinks," he said.

He poured a glass of wine and his hands shook as he lifted it to his lips.

"You've been on a good one," I said. "I shouldn't think that'd be very good training for a racing driver."

"It isn't," he said.

"Then why don't you cut it out?" I asked.

"I did," he said.

"Doesn't look like it," I said.

"I meant racing," he said.

"I thought you loved racing," I said. "Why did you quit?"

"None of your damned business," he said.

He poured himself another glass of wine. He drank it and shrugged.

"Alright," he said. "You're buying the drinks. You'll have to excuse my nerves. They're pulling the roots of my hair through my skull."

"I understand," I said, "the stuff does that to a fellow."

"It wasn't the liquor tied knots in my nerves," he said. "It was that last race."

"Scare you?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"Not until later," he said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

He poured some more wine in his glass and spread his elbows on the table.

"Better order another bottle," he said. "I'll need it."

I called the waiter.

"You don't know much about my record, do you?" he asked.

"No," I said. "I don't follow sports much."

"If you did," he said, "you'd know that I was the second best driver in the business. Kelly Molinari was the best. Every damn' race I ever drove with Kelly in it, he came in first and I came in second. You can understand what that did to me. At first I thought it was just one of those things. Then I decided it was a jinx. Finally I got to hating Kelly."

"That's a human reaction," I said.

"Human or not," he said, "it was mine. I hated Kelly and he hated me. He always had the best of it. He always came in first. It was me always breathed his dust. I got so I'd lay awake nights figuring things to do to him. I planned on how I'd pick a fight with him and when I got through his grin wouldn't be so damned full of white teeth. But I knew that wouldn't do me any good. You can't prove you're a better driver than another guy by busting out his teeth. I knew I had to beat him in a race before I'd feel right about things."

He paused and I handed him a cigarette. He took a puff and threw it away.

"The day before the last race," he said, "we had a run-in and I almost socked him. He was talking to a bunch of mechanics and he made some remark about being tired of having to show me around a race track. 'He's an American and he knows the tracks,' he said, 'but an Italian visitor has to lead him around.' The mechanics didn't see me and they started laughing. I caught Molinari by the shoulder and held my fist in front of his face. 'Listen, you little wop,' I said, 'the next time we race I'm coming in first or you're not coming in at all.' He jerked away and grinned at me. 'Every time we race,' he said, 'I'll be first. You'll always be second, and don't forget it!'

" 'You've used up all your first places,' I said. 'Tomorrow I'm coming in first.' He laughed at me. 'You'll always be second,' he said.

"I didn't get to the track next day until almost time for the race. By the time I'd checked the car over, the others were lining up. I didn't see Kelly Molinari when the starter gave us the flag. I wasn't looking for him. It was a fast track and I was roller-skating from the first. I passed the junks in a couple of laps. Then I had a nasty scrap

Continued on page 134

Fashions in Language

By your slang you date yourself —so be warned if you are using a stale expression here listed

by LESTER V. BERREY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Modern man is a stylist in everything he does—in the way he lives, in the clothes he wears, in his speech. Your wardrobe may be in the best of taste, your manner refined and beyond reproach; but if you lack a selective assortment of up-to-date words, and a general knowledge of their characteristics coupled with originality and a good sense of humor to assist in creating a few of your own, the traditions of fashion have failed to find expression in your speech as in your conduct and dress.

One can scarcely believe that there was a time, not so long ago, when slang was considered taboo in fashionable circles. Yet, where now our barbarous American vulgate no longer embarrasses the tongues of the élite, once it was a very dangerous business in polite society to break out with some virile main street *bon mot*.

We belong to a generation that knows what it is all about, when, while a man may be known by his expletives, on occasion almost any given lady can reel off a line as racy as Mae West's.

However, in spite of the practice, it can hardly be considered in good taste.

There is *finesse* in language as in clothes, and the man of today is expected to be quite as discriminating in his speech as in his dress.

Just as one's taste instantly applauds restrained and modish attire, it denounces over-used and outmoded slang. For it is much more effective to employ a selection of apt new words, with just that casual touch of studied carelessness that also distinguishes the well-groomed man. Slang should be used merely as a flash of color to set off the speech, like an accessory note in milady's costume.

And, above all, it should possess that element of novel freshness which is its most commendable characteristic.

In this age of jazz and jitters the slang of long ago, like rag-time music, remains a memory of bustles and high-water peg-top trousers. “Swains,” “dandies,” and “flames” no longer “have cases on” their “ladybirds,” and “walk them out” to “hot-times” at “muffin-worries” and “pink-teas,” followed by “spooning” on the old “spoonholder” until curfew. Nor are “sheiks” and “hot papas” engaged in “queening” fair “shebas.” These expressions were well enough in their day, but they are hardly in the 1934 tempo, and have been retired for others more attuned to the times. It is not with these older terms that our discrimination is concerned, but with those that are being tossed about on all sides and are hackneyed by their very use rather than their age.

You may have discarded “cheese it!,” “dead-beat,” and “whoa, Emma!” with the horse and buggy; you may have junked “put crepe on your nose, your brains are dead!,” and “hurry up and get born!” with your *Croix de Guerre;* and consigned “flapper,” “lounge-lizard,” “speakie,” “prohi,” “racketeer,” and “apple sauce!” to oblivion with the prohibition era; but if “and I don't mean maybe!,” “just too bad,” “says you!,” “you're all wet!,” “like nobody's business,” “just one of those things,” and “so's your old man!” are still a part of your vocabulary, your speech is trite and lacking in both novelty and interest.

Our ears are aching with the eternal “so what!” as formerly with “oh yeah!” “You slay me!” lost its tang eons ago. A long series of expressions of asseveration and agreement, including “I hope to snicker!,” “I'll say!,” “you said it!,” “you tell 'em!,” “I'll tell the (cockeyed) world!,” “now you're shouting!,” “I'm with you pal!,” “you're telling me?,” “I'm asking you!,” “what I mean!,” “I mean, and how!,” “ain't that somethin'!,” and “you said a mouthful!” are all losing their effectiveness. “Make whoopee” is on the way to becoming as threadbare as its predecessor, “whoop it up.” “Pull in your ears” was overdone as it was, without being aped with “suck in your guts” and similar depreciatory remarks. While “be your age,” and “why don't you give yourself up” are considered clever only by the user. “Hotcha-cha,” the jazz derivative of “hey-nonny-nonny,” could well be retired on a pension; its companion “hotcha!” permanently shelved with “mammy!” (though hotcha does make a good sneeze—so satisfying); and “says which?,” “or else,” “yowzah,” “how's tricks?”—and others to be supplied by you, with which you will include “wise guys,” “boop-poop-a-doopers,” “touch-artists,” “nickel-chiselers,” and “the Late Unlamented Depresh”—dumped into the briny deep.

Slang is known for its element of originality and surprise, and its vogues grow out of the aversion for out-worn and conventional expressions. Hence its eternal process of refreshing itself by the substitution of new words for old. Thus, “just your type” became “just your dish,” and is now “right up your alley.” “Spill the guts” is the modern version of “come clean” and the old “fess up.” The over-working of the word “chic” brought in “Q” or “Q-ish,” not so much as a substitute, but to time it off; though “Q” does have a broader application, whereas “chic” was hardly adapted to masculine attire. “Back-scratcher” has been followed by “yes-man,” “hand-shaker,” “glad-hander,” “mitt-glaumer,” and “fin-flipper.” “Take a run-out powder” has assumed the lead, for the moment, over its brothers, “slope,” “lam,” “scram,” “breeze,” “screw,” “blow,” “skee-ram,” “skee-rew,” “amscray,” “cop a mope (heel, sneak, etc.),” “take it on the lam,” and their fellows. A direct descendant of “fleece (a lamb)” is our popular “clip (the mootch).” The old “climber,” or socially ambitious person, became “four-flusher,” “crasher,” “gate-crasher,” “muscler-in,” and is now “chiseler.” A “knock-out drop” has its second in “mickey finn.” “Punch drunk” in “slug-nutty.” And, a take-off on this happy coinage, “boy-crazy” in “mug-nutty.” The well-preserved “sitting pretty” and its countless synonyms is “on top of the heap.” “Close up like a clam” is humorized by “close up like a bank.” The masculine counterpart of “push-over,” and easy woman, is called a “pull-over.” “Fan-mail” suggested “pan-mail.” “Nerts” has replaced “nuts.” “That come-hither look” is now the “bedroom eye.” “Queen” has changed sexes—almost. Where once we “passed posies,” today we “give orchids.” “I don't buy that” possessed originality, whereas “let's hear another (before that one gets cold),” “don't be like that,” “oh say it ain't so,” “don't give us that *or* don't give us any of those,” and the like are getting on our nerves. “Put that in your pipe and smoke it” has its

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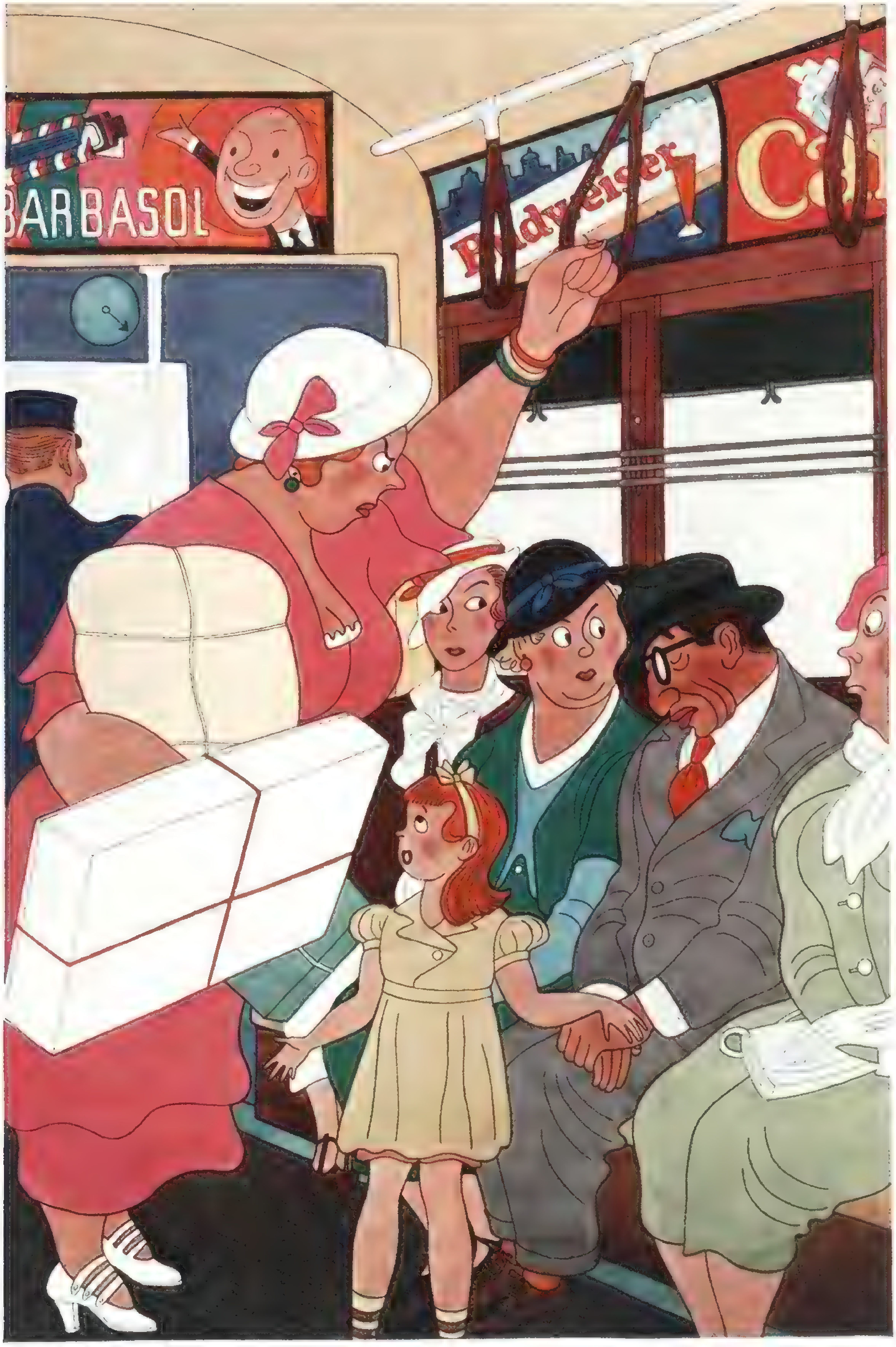
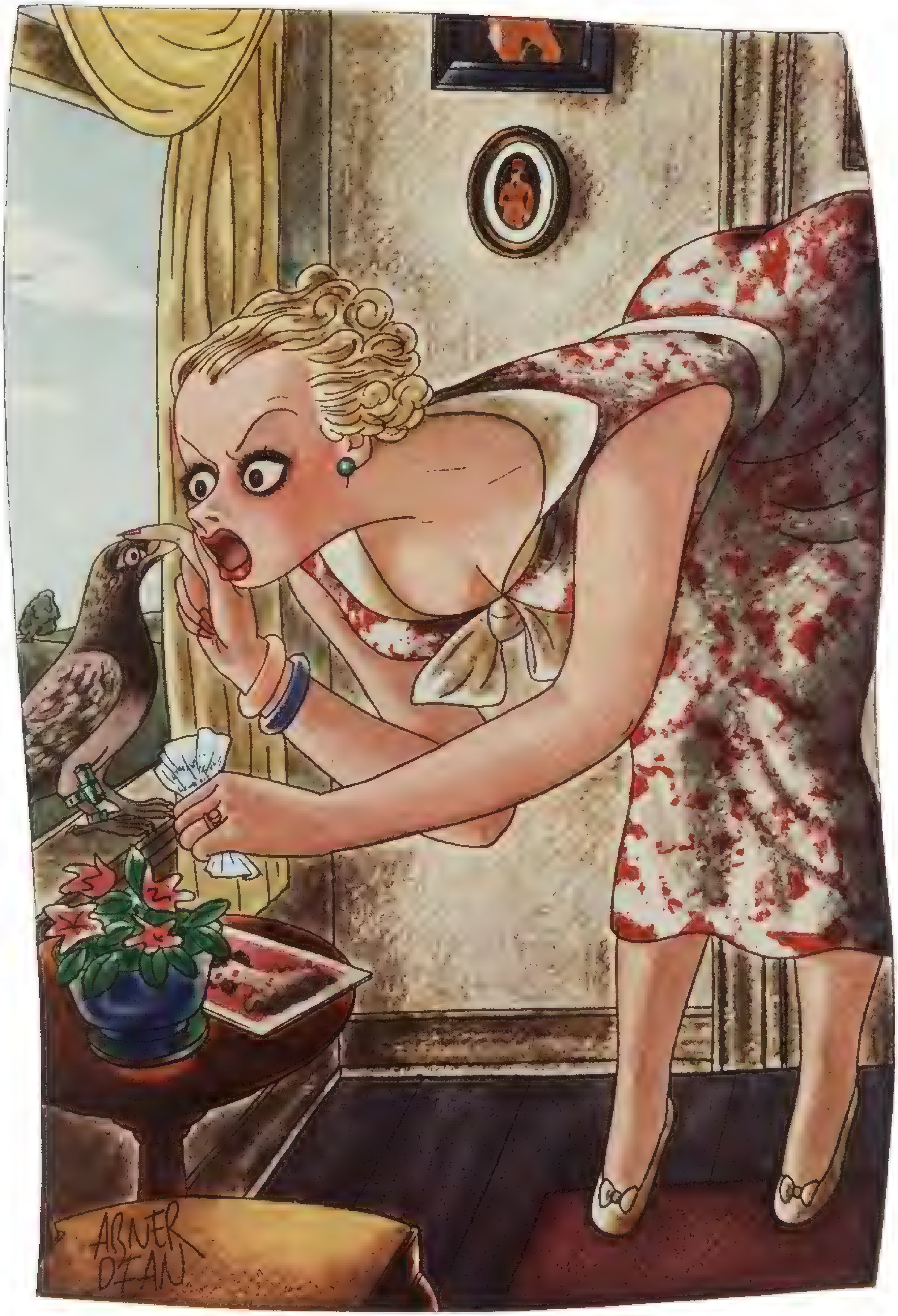

BARBASOL
Budweiser
Ca

"Daddy isn't asleep, ma'am, he just can't bear to see a lady standing"



"You tell him battalion dinner or no battalion dinner—he better be home at ten-thirty!"

Father of the Air Mail

Homing pigeons were drafted for organized messenger service away back in 3000 B. C.—and still are

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

FROM Noah to George Arliss seems quite a span. Yet the fact is that in their respective vehicles both of these estimable gentlemen have displayed a keen interest in a common hobby, Pigeons. Noah was easily the first fancier of prominence, putting to excellent use one of the pigeons (doves) he had the foresight to bring aboard.

And Arliss, now reliving the highlights of the Rothschilds in his current film, again draws attention to the value of these unusual birds in that interesting and authentic bit of business concerning the transmission by carriers of the news of Napoleon's defeat.

To many familiar with either the biblical or the screen reference, these birds of the Columbidae family are pretty much taken for granted. We see plenty of them in the parks and city grass plots; we know, at least from picture postcards, that they are fixtures of St. Mark's in Venice. And that's that.

But the pigeon has far more interest than this. Perhaps its most concise characterization, in view of the recent postal agitation, would be as the father of the air mail. For being blessed with an uncanny, unbelievable sense of direction, this bird was drafted for organized messenger service by the Egyptians at least 5,000 years ago and has served man on many diverse missions ever since. The pigeon post dates back to at least 3000 B. C., and for sporting, military, commercial and even criminal uses, the bird has time and again proven indispensable through the centuries. Even in this egotistic age of flying men we are glad enough to fall back on the faithful pigeon when our ingenious airplanes go blooey.

As a pure fancy, pigeon breeding antedates history itself: it was a hobby of old standing in the days of Solomon; the early Persians were enthusiastic breeders; Rameses III, ruling Egypt about 1230 B. C., was probably the most notable fancier of that ancient era. And such is the relentless lure of the pastime for high and low alike that the most renowned amateur breeder of today is King George—as was his grandma, Victoria, before him. Medal winners of the royal loft are known all over Britain—and are periodically distributed by His Majesty to more humble homes throughout the country, where they can continue to breed prize winners for their new and elated owners.

One of the oldest commercial uses of the homing pigeon was to carry the results of the Olympic Games, centuries before the Christian era, to distant cities of Greece. And it seems a rather ironic development that the gamblers of England later put the bird to a similar use before the advent of the telegraph. With the names of the winners in the fourth race delivered by a Homer hours before the news would normally arrive, it was very profitable to take the right kind of bets in the interim! Other unprincipled knaves have likewise applied the pigeon to their own ends. A year or so ago a kidnap band in the east used pigeons to collect the ransom money—and in the recent raids on Welfare Island, it was discovered that some of the favored prisoners there employed Homers not only for outside communication but also for the smuggling of narcotics.

From the air mail standpoint, the original postmaster general was probably Nureddin Mahmud, sultan of Syria, who scored a clean sweep against the Christians in the Second Crusade. Nureddin's empire dotted the map in all directions and presented an acute administrative problem in the vast distances involved. He met the problem handily by organizing the most elaborate pigeon post of all time, and historians credit the success of his reign to this communication system.

Biblically, of course, the pigeon or dove (there being no scientific distinction) is accepted as the symbol of peace and love. But by some strange anomaly its most priceless service to man during the past 2,000 years has been in the role of a war bird. Starting in at least 43 B. C., when Mark Antony bottled up Decimus Junius Brutus in Mutina, and progressing through the World War itself, homing pigeons have been the messengers of last resort in critical military emergencies. The wily Saracens made excellent use of them all through the Crusades; they were employed during the siege of Troy and were widely used in the Franco-Prussian war, especially during the siege of Paris. In that instance 350 birds were sent aloft in balloons by the besieged, and something over 70 returned with very important communications. Photomicrographs on collodion film were made of messages and by this ingenious method it was possible to transmit as much as 30,000 words by a single bird. On that basis, a pair of Homers could carry a regulation, full-length novel.

During the last war, over 320,000 pigeons were enlisted in the Allied armies alone and the Germans had their own well-organized units. The Belgians, of course, are past masters at pigeon racing, that being their national sport, and they were well equipped. French and British forces commandeered every Homer in their respective countries for war service, including those of George V's lofts, and the A. E. F. brought quantities of American birds with them on special orders from General Pershing.

The Homers are trained and handled by the Signal Corps' pigeoneers, and were most commonly sent into action in tanks which could penetrate the enemy lines but from which position no human runner could hope to return.

They were employed in many other ways, too: the navies used them on mine layers, chasers and trawlers off the coast; the cavalry carried them (slung sailor-fashion in tiny hammocks) on those distant fronts where mounted troops were used; airplanes resorted to them, and few sea planes flew over the North Sea in those days without their precious baskets of pigeons.

The exploits of some of these feathered aces are quite beyond belief. In naval work, which is infinitely more difficult than land flying, it was not uncommon for a Homer to travel 300 miles from a ship to its base post ashore. Their work on naval planes was exceptionally successful and scores of British flyers are alive now simply because their pigeons got home promptly with the word that the plane was down. One particular British bird saved six different men during his career; the famous Wun Hi survived two different planes to which he had been detailed and, despite the loss of an eye, came through the war without further mishap; the Dundee Life Saver once flew 22 miles in 22 minutes to effect the rescue of his two human comrades who had been forced down at sea.

In future activities the two-way radio

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A Pigskin You Love to Touch

Of the days when football was football and casualties were counted instead of touchdowns

by RAYMOND KNIGHT

(STANISLAS ZAWADSZKI)

Aphasia College, 1894; All-American Guard, Brooklyn Rapid
Transit Co., 1895; Head Coach, Pullman Co., 1896-1934

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Once more Raymond Knight turns on one of the many facets of his many-sided past. In this article he reveals that he was Stanislas Zawadszki, famous football hero of the Nineties and inventor of "offside," the touchback, the quarterback, the feedback, the forward pass, the theater pass, and the approach forcing system. Oldtimers' eyes will be wet after they read this—or is the hay-fever season over?*

"APHASIA 44—Harvard 43."

Such read the headlines in the sporting pages of 1894. Today that would mean merely that Aphasia had defeated Harvard by the score of 44 to 43. Back in the days when football was a man's game and not a source of revenue, it meant that Aphasia had sustained forty-four casualties while Harvard had only forty-three wounded! In those days we counted the bodies on the field and not the gate receipts.

Those were the days of the flying wedge, the stiff arm and the bent elbow—those were the days when men went out to die for alma mater and did exactly that. If a man returned to the locker room in 1893 under his own power he was an object of scorn and derision among his teammates. One just didn't come out of a game unscathed. It wasn't considered cricket. And there's no reason why it should have been, because it wasn't cricket, it was football.

But now, shall I go back to 1890?* It was this year that I matriculated at old Aphasia and as I matrickled on to the campus, about to enter man's estate, I thought of the happy youth behind me. I also thought of the happy youth ahead of me. He was walking with a very good looking girl and how I envied him! (I later found out that she was the college widow and that she lived in comparative luxury because she knew where the body was buried.)

I harked back to the day when father first said I might leave home to go to college. As a matter of fact he insisted on it. Father had always maintained that I was too wild and untamed, and the crisis came one Saturday night, just after he had given me a bath. We had a terrible scene and when mother asked what the matter was, father said that he had just washed his heir and couldn't do a thing with it. I let him have both barrels for that. After mother and I had patted down the earth in the cellar, we agreed that I had better go away until things quieted down.

"Why not go to college?" I queried.

"Why not go to college?" replied mother, who was stone deaf.

No sooner said than dunned. I collected some money from father's debtors who were glad to help me out of town. In a trice I had packed, and in a trice I was on the train. I had kicked over the trices and I was free!

As I walked past the historic old buildings, I resolved to make good for Alma Mater and I also resolved to find out who Alma was and where she lived. The students were drifting in, one by one and two by two. Mostly two by two, for Aphasia was coeducational. The boys and girls were holding class reunions, the boys having the reunions and the girls the class. Suddenly I heard the magic word—"football!" Two husky seniors were chaffing each other about each other's prowess on the gridiron

"I'm better'n you are."

"You ain't."

"I am."

"You ain't."

"I am."

And so they went on, gaily chaffing each other in a battle of wits until I couldn't separate the chaff from the wit.

But their talk had made me reflective. I had gone to Aphasia with the avowed purpose of trying out for the football team, and I had every assurance that I would make it. As a matter of fact I had a contract. If I didn't play it was *their* loss, and for those days $2,500 was lots of money. So I headed for the Athletic Association's quarters with my head held high and my self-estimation likewise.

The Author as Captain of the Aphasia Football Team of 1895. This photograph was taken just after he had read Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter."

It was a crisp fall day and football was in the air—which is where football ought to be. Truckload after truckload of raccoon coats rumbled by on their way to the grandstands and I could see that the Aphasia team would go fur that year.

I rounded the corner of the Ye Campus Fudge Shoppe and there it was, just as I had pictured it—the old Ivy—the old Fence—the old Chapel—the old applesauce. As I came to the window of the AAA I glanced in and there sat Aphasia's football Board of Strategy, the coach and his four assistants. "History repeats itself," I said to myself, thinking of Tudor England, when a coach and four was no novelty.

(Pursuing that line of thought we might go on and compare college life of that early period with that of today. For example, in the Tudor period there was one Tudor for three million subjects. Today, at Harvard, there is one tudor for *each* subject. But we'll go into that some other time.)*

As I say, the head coach was seated there with his line coach, his ends coach, his backs coach and his stage coach. (The stage coach was a Ziegfeld graduate who taught the boys how to act on the field.) I opened the door, walked in and said simply, "I am Stanislas Zawadszki."

"How do you spell it?" boomed the coach.

"I am a football player," I replied, "not a pundit."

"Can I depundit?" laughed the coach and at this sally the rafters rang. I answered the telephone and spoke to both Mr. Rafter and Mrs. Rafter, telling them we would try to be more quiet.

The next day, practice began and the field was dotted with players learning the rudiments of the game.

"Look, coach," I said, "the field is dotted with players. They are forming a line. Won't you assign me to it?"

"I'll assign on the dotted line when I'm ready," he shouted. And dot was dot.

The details of the training season are familiar to all my readers, I am sure. Torn ligaments—Sloan's Ligaments—black eyes and crimsoned ones made during practice and blue eyes and reddened lips made after practice—all are old stories to the college grad. So I shall skip over the four years of preparation for the final scene and merely say that it is my firm belief that the Game of Life is won or lost on the playing fields of Eton. And you can take that or leave it.

They were a happy four years. Each week day during the college term we would form in line on the gridiron and each Saturday we would form in line at the treasurer's office for our pay checks. There were happy

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*EDITOR'S NOTE: *Yes and stay there.*

*EDITOR'S NOTE: *And some other place.*

THIS END UP
HOOKS
GOVT. MALE

1934. Head Coach Knight of Aphasia demonstrating a flying tackle and a straight arm to two members of the student body. The coach says that this year the student body is exceptionally interesting and in his democratic way he is getting as close to it as possible.

days of bicycling, both tandem and solo. Remember "On a Bicycle Built for Two"? The words went like this:*

There was much hard work of course and there were many mortalities. The first year, six players went west. The second year, seven men went east (four to Yale, two to Harvard and one who was undecided about a number of things, to Wellesley). The third year four promising lads wore their best suits for the last time, and the final year, during which we were fighting for the Big Four Title, nine grid warriors didn't hear taps when they were blown.

Yes, those were the good old days. There were no coaches' associations and no rules designed to protect the players. When four out of five had it, "it" meant concussion of the brain or an amputation of both legs. Pink toothbrush was unknown and so were toothbrushes. Water on the knee, which today keeps any husky footballer off the field, made the game more interesting, and as for a broken collar-bone suffered by one of the Four Horsemen of that day . . . it was merely a horse of another collar-bone.

Well, as the feller says, four years of bandages and splints and finally came the day of the Big Game, November 17th, 1894. Aphasia had gone through the season without a defeat and so had Harvard. President Fernitney, of Aphasia, was then just beginning to embrace the Darwinian theory, among other things, and President Eliot of Harvard had completed two feet eight inches of his Five Foot Shelf.

On the evening of November 3rd of that year two Aphasia men and two Harvard men met by chance under a table at Delmonico's. Having no cards, they fell to discussing football. By a coincidence it was my two campus friends of 1890 and two Cambridge men named Abbott Cabot and Stowell Lowell.

"Our teamsh better'n yoursh," said the Aphasia boys.

"T'ain't neisher," retorted Cabot and Lowell.

"T'ish too," parried the Aphasians.

"T'ain't neisher," avowed the Harvardians.

"T'ish too," argued my teammates.

Out of this conference arose the now-famous Aphasia-Harvard Battle of 1894 which has gone down in history because that was the only place it could possibly go.

At the beginning of the article I said that I gave my name as Stanislas Zawadszki. Most football authorities and historians today, I believe, give me credit for inventing the now generally accepted custom of adopting nom de plumes for a football career. In modern football, no self-respecting player ever stays on a field without adopting one of the customary football cognomens. These may be found in the Standard Glossary of Football Surnames with which every college library is equipped.

This innovation of mine, way back in 1894, turned the tide which took football supremacy away from the East and gave it to the Northwest, which in turn gave it to the land of cotton, which in turn gave it back to the Indian. Let me give you the Aphasia line-up on that memorable day:

Leibovici, L.E.
Yanitelli, L.T.
Szkleiwich, L.G.
Z. Zaientz, C.
Lodajinsky, R.G.
Yavarkowsky, R.T.
Y. Zaientz, R.E.
Sze, Q.B.
Muhlmeisterson, L.H.B
Zawadszki, F.B.
Mezzatesta, R.H.B.
O'Callaghan, Substitute

There you have the whole story of the final score of Aphasia 104-Harvard 0 in a nutshell. If I don't make myself clear* let me give you the Harvard line-up:

Adams, L.E.
Cabot, L.T.
Lowell, L.G.
Adams, C.
Cabot, R.G.
Lowell, R.T.
Adams, R.E.
Cabot, Q.B.
Lowell, L.H.B.
Adams, F.B.
Cabot, R.H.B.
Roosevelt, sub.

Do you see? The whole thing was pre-ordained. Harvard didn't have a chance, in spite of the fact that President Eliot by now had finished his Five Foot Shelf and was working on a bookcase for the spare room.

The Harvard team ran on the field and the crimson cheering section rose in a body and, with perfect enunciation, gave a cheer for their captain:

Har-vard—Har-vard Rah-rah-rah—Rah-rah-rah.
Cabot—Cabot—Cabot!

Then the Aphasia team trotted across the gridiron and the Eleanor blue cheering section arose with a loud

Aphasia—Aphasia—Aphasia Aphasia
Rah-rah-rah—Rah-rah-rah—Rah-rah-rah
Zawadszki—Zawadszki—Zawadszki!

The stands were electrified. This was a new note to football. They knew what a Cabot was, but what was a Zawadszki? The crowd buzzed with excitement. The Harvard team looked puzzled and before it could recover, our cheer leaders led their cohorts into action again . . .

A-P-H-A-S-I-A—Rah—rah—rah—Szkleiwich!

Cabot, the Harvard captain, attempted to pronounce the name, fell in a dead faint and was carried off the field. Lowell, R. T., got as far as the Sze—when he collapsed. The other red-jerseyed stalwarts seemed dazed and then—the whistle blew! The rest can be found in the annals of history, if it has not been suppressed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Annals.

"Rah-Rah-Rah Lodajinsky!" shouted the Aphasia stands, and Lodajinsky battered his way through three Lowells and an Adams. "Yea Yavarkowsky!" cheered the Eleanor blue and Yavarkowsky went over for a touchdown. "Hurrah for Muhlmeisterson!" went up the cry and Muhlmeisterson scored on the kickoff.

The final blow to the Cantabrigian forces came when the Aphasia College Band, a hundred strong, marched on the field between the halves and formed the name "Zaientz" in living letters. That broke their morale and the game became a rout. The final score of 104-0 began the new era.

Today the Knight system is firmly established at all major colleges and universities. Beginning in 1894, it has entrenched itself throughout the years, so that today it is as much a part of the game as the goal-posts.

As I look forward to the coming season as head coach at Aphasia, which position I have held since 1894, I am firmly convinced that Shakespeare was right when he said "What's in a name?"*

PHOTOS BY RAY LEE JACKSON

New Haven, 1896. The author photographed leaning against the historic Yale fence. The fence disappeared in 1907, but was not taken by Harvard students as is generally believed. He was arrested for receiving stolen goods and is still in Sing Sing.

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*EDITOR'S NOTE: *Quotation omitted. Who do you think you are, Knight - Sig Spaeth? You can't fill out the page that way.*

*EDITOR'S NOTE: *What do you mean "If I don't?"*

*EDITOR'S NOTE: *We get it. A magazine article.*

A Pastoral Scene

Continued from page 76

"Most us guys got socked thirty," the splotchy skinned fellow grinned sadly. "The deps gits a dollar a piece fer vags around here, y' know. Got a butt?"

John shook his head. He chose an empty mattress and sat down. He wasn't quite sure what had happened to him yet. A Negro with a nose as flat as a pancake hummed:

"Ah craves a sweet potatah,
And a juicy rahp tomatah,
But Ah craves my honey baby most of awl!
Oh, Ah sho would lahk some jelly,
An' some pah insahd my belly,
But Ah redder hyeah my honey baby cawl!"

A man with flaming red hair laughed. "Sing another one, Jackson," he chuckled.

The colored man went on in his sinewy bass:

"Oh, Ah relishes frahd chickin,
Fo' a steak Ah'd take a lickin',
But Ah craves. . . ."

"This dump ain't so worse," the pimply boy was saying philosophically. "I been pinched fer vag down in California. I'm hangin' around Los when this cop comes up and he runs me in, so I says to the judge I got money and a guy that's got money ain't no vag and he says how much y' got and I told him fourteen bucks and he says, 'Thirty days and fourteen dollars,' he says, 'and now you ain't got no money so therefore are you a vag or ain't you?' 'Well,' I says, I told him, I says, 'Well,' I says—" The story went on.

The iron gate clanked open and a raucous drunk staggered in. "The dirty scoundrils," he shouted, "hev swiped me dog!" He stumbled across the floor and slumped down beside John. His breath was almost anaesthetic. He eyed the boy tearfully. "Lissing, ol' pal, ye ain't seen me dog no place, hev ye? Tell me, pal, if ye've seen me dog—a bull tarrier with—ookh!—with a limp in his right hine leg? He's all I got. Scotty!" he cried. "Where the Christ all Jesus are ye! Hev ye seen me dog, mister? The bloody scoundrils!—iukh!!" He wept. "They've got ye, Scotty, they got ye at last. Took me . . . bottle, they did, too, the rats. Here, Scotty! SCOTTY!"

The red-haired man shouted angrily, "Shet up, y' bum, or I'll bust your skull in with a bunk-chain. Lay down and sleep it off. Nobody ain't takin' your dog."

The drunk apologized weepily. "They got me pal, mister—so help me." He said meekly, "Ye ain't seen me dog now, hev ye, mister?"

Eventually the gate opened again and a waiter came in bearing a wagon and some trays. The cigarette Monte Carlo evaporated like rain in the tropics. The tray John acquired contained a potato, some grey meat-loaf, a tin cup of hot liquid not thick enough to hide the rust stains in the bottom of the cup, two pieces of bread, and a tablespoon. The boy with the blond hair and pimply skin, trying to be friendly, advised him to save some of his food.

"You ony chow twice a day in this coop, see. In the mornin' you gits fried baloney and mush and this here dirty water. Then now at four o'clock meat-loaf. Same thing every day. Around nine o'clock at night you gits hungry. You kin buy stuff in the hash joint across the street if you got jack. Where was you makin' to when they picked y' up?"

The Negro said goodhumoredly, with a broad grin, "Gawd Amahty, man! Whereat y'all gits so much meat-loaf eveh day? Dam sakes, Ah commence to lookin' lahk a meat-loaf fo' Ah gits me outn thisyere jailhouse."

John said, "Chicago," in answer to the boy's question.

"See that red-headed guy," he whispered to John. "That's Jim Coppard. Him and a big bunch of Wobblies beat up a melon farmer and killed him. Up in Wyoming. They're extraditin' him for murder."

He was properly impressed. The youth gabbled on, showed him the best way to make up his bunk, and finally the lights went out. He lay down fully clothed on the filthy pallet and draped the dust-permeated blanket over his legs. Fifteen days. . . . The place quieted slowly. "Dam Amahty," the Negro grunted, "Ah gits to know eveh one o' these here bedbugs by they fust names fo Ah gits let outa hyeah." Someone giggled in the corner cell. Fifteen days . . . and he wasn't even near to Denver, let alone Chicago. Gee, it—Two young fellows continued their rough and tumble. Well, what was the use of worrying. He thought he felt the first creepy explorations of 'there here bedbugs'. Maybe it wasn't any hotel to sleep out under the white-dotted sky, but it was cleaner and healthier than this. You—Why couldn't they quiet down for a while. He tossed until the dirty violet grey shadows told him it was another day.

"Can you get any soap around here?" he asked his friend the following morning.

"Sure you kin," said Pimples, "if you buy it."

After the breakfast of bologna and mush and coffee he wondered if the prisoners went out to work or to exercise. Again his friend grinned. "The day you gits yourself out of here, feller, is the day you gits out for good. Guy they turned loose the other day, he got six months fer robbin' the charity box in the church vestibule, never was outside the place all the time. He like to went screwy. We had a screwy guy. Huntin' all the time for little red devils under his bunk. Got hold of a can of red paint one day and painted all his clothes with it before anybody figure what he's doin'. I'm tellin' you, he sure did look like St. Nick with them clothes all red and his wild eyes and long thin nose. Dam near set the joint on fire one day, too—lit a bunch of newspapers, and two mattresses went up and we like to choke to death on the smoke. Another guy cut his wrists with a razor blade one night. In the mornin' he was cryin', 'I don' wanna die, I don' wanna.' Yes, sir; this place is hot stuff. Somethin' exciting every day."

Endless repetition of meat-loaf, mush, and monotony. The Negro sang of his honey baby and the drunk, now quite sober and a really likable fellow, still shook his head sadly, and recounted the amazing intelligence and the noble pedigree of "Scotty." "Hev ye any idee if they've shot me dog?" he asked the sergeant a thousand times with a questioning cocked head that resembled the attitude of a terrier itself. Pimples dug up some coins from a precious cache and bought John and himself pie one day.

At last he saw real daylight. Sky and earth were beautiful. It did not take him very long to put the outskirts of the little town behind him. Only one or two cars had passed all morning. A little fellow with sandy hair and smiling eyes and gnarled hands caught up with him. His white shirt and tan trousers, John observed, were spotlessly clean. "Yes," he was saying in an odd lingo, "and I wish I 'ad me bloomin' belly full o' muttin pie this very minute."

The boy shook his head agreeably.

"'Ad yerself anythin' t' eat lytly?"

"Not this morning." He asked the boy for a cigarette.

John handed him an old package. "'Ell, now, me good friend. I ain't tykin' yer larst fag—not I. There's the fack, me good friend."

"That's all right," said John. "I don't smoke very much, anyway."

"Obliged to yer, and myke no mistyke abot that, me good friend. Walkin', y' are?"

John nodded.

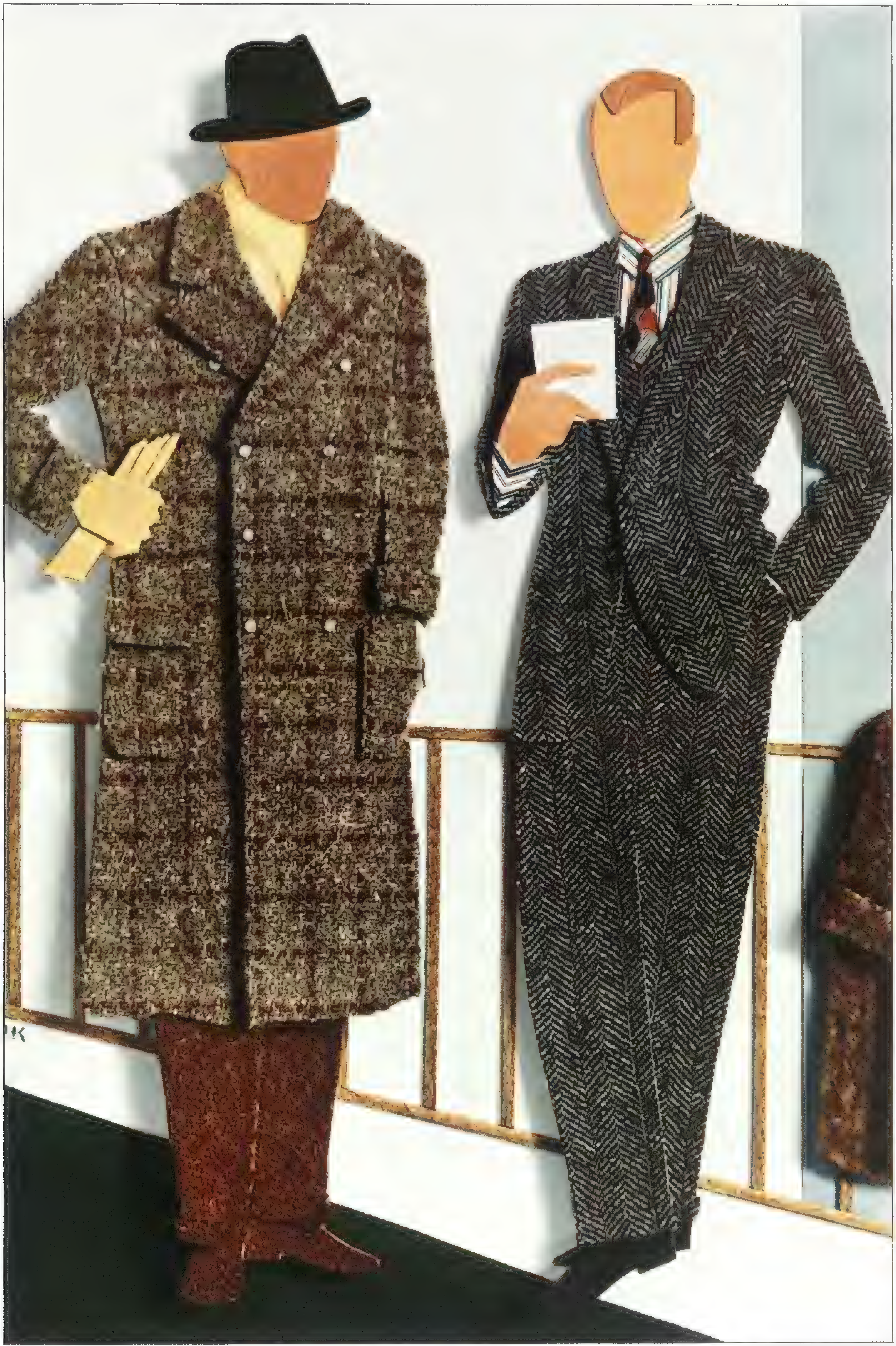
"Me, too." The talkative fellow tossed his arms upward philosophically. "This 'ere depression's gettin' worse and worse."

After a silence in which the stranger finished his cigarette with audible satisfaction, holding the last sixteenth-inch between his fingers exquisitely, he volunteered: "But I'll tell y' wot I'll swap y' fer a muttin pie. Me nyme's Limie, by the way; all me friends calls me Limie. Well, I'll gi' yer me muttin pie and me mug o' ale slung in, if I 'ad it, fer a nice hefty mydin to rassel o'er in that there hy-potch. I ain't rasseled me a merry mydin sence I worked fer Old Man Greet down in Oregon. *There* was a gull t' myke yer lips water, so she were, and myke no mistyke abot that, me good friend. Willin', an' worth it!—so she were. But when she suspected I were a fambly man o' the marryin' type, me good friend, there's where me merry mydin were bloodywell mistykin. I kin rassel me a mydin wiv the best of 'em, but when the news leaks out, me good friend, job or on job, Limie he is no man's bloomin' arse, let me tell you."

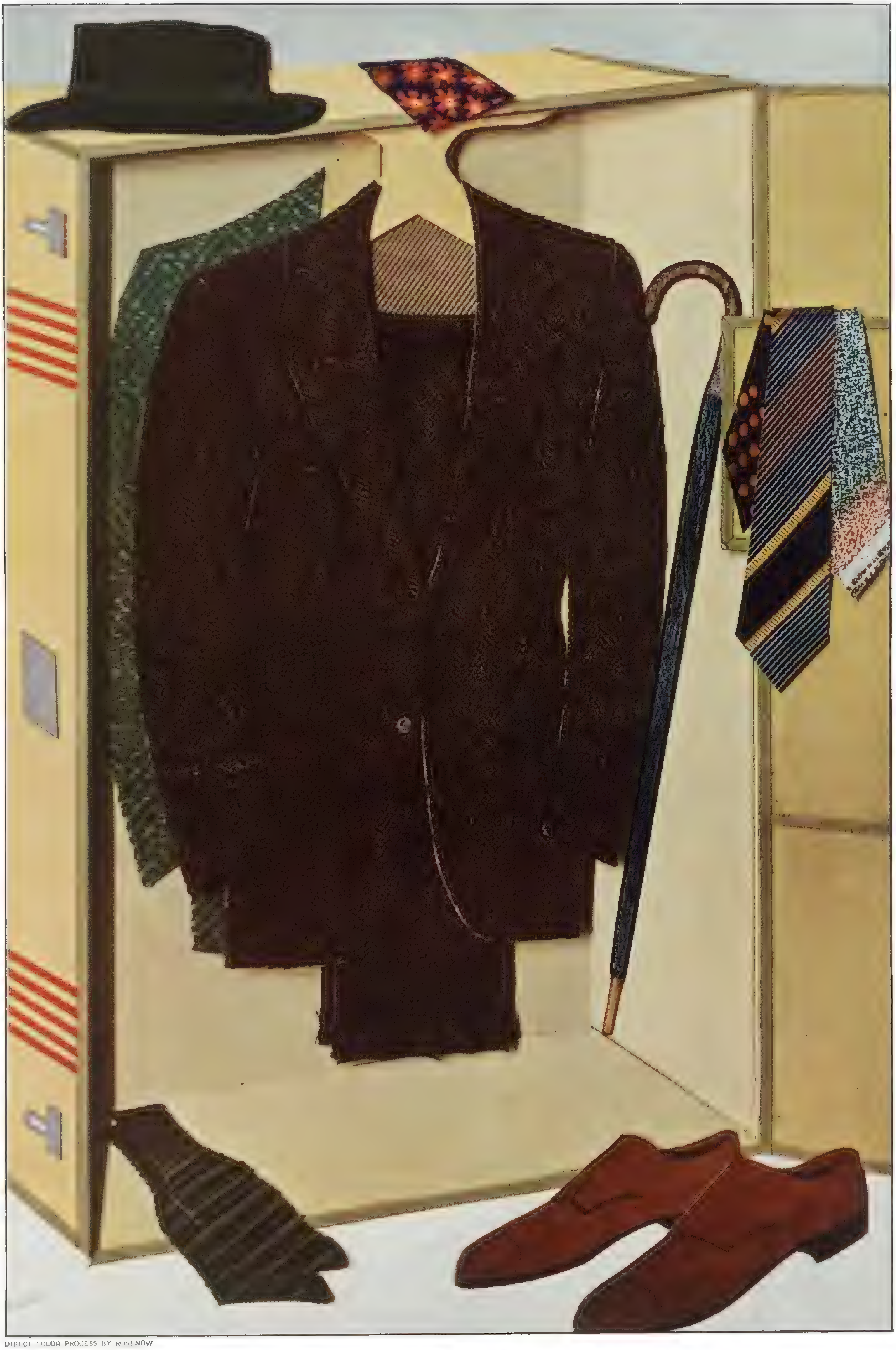
John was compelled to grin broadly in spite of the other's seriousness. The confessor went on. "Job or no job, willin' and worth it, I ain't tykin' no chances. That's me philosophy, and that's me nature, and Limie's no arse, and there's the fack, me good friend, job or no job. If ye knew me better, ye'd sy so yerself. Well, I ain't got no muttin pie nor no merry mydin, either, sez you, so why worry? I tell you, me good friend, the depression's gettin' worse and worse, and there's the fack, make no mistyke abot that . . ."

They parted at crossroads. John went on and on. Sometimes he was too weary to enjoy the lovely fields and woods and valleys and breath-taking gorges, the sudden lakes and rivers and brown farms. Often he naively envied the cows their stupid contentment. They squatted on haunches and placidly nibbled bare patches by the roadside, too lazy to seek greener cud. The boy's bedraggled appearance now and then set off compassion in some kindly autoist; how quickly, then, the miles rolled away beneath one. Once he wandered from the main

Continued on page 93



THE FABRIC PICTURE *for* GENERAL AUTUMN WEAR



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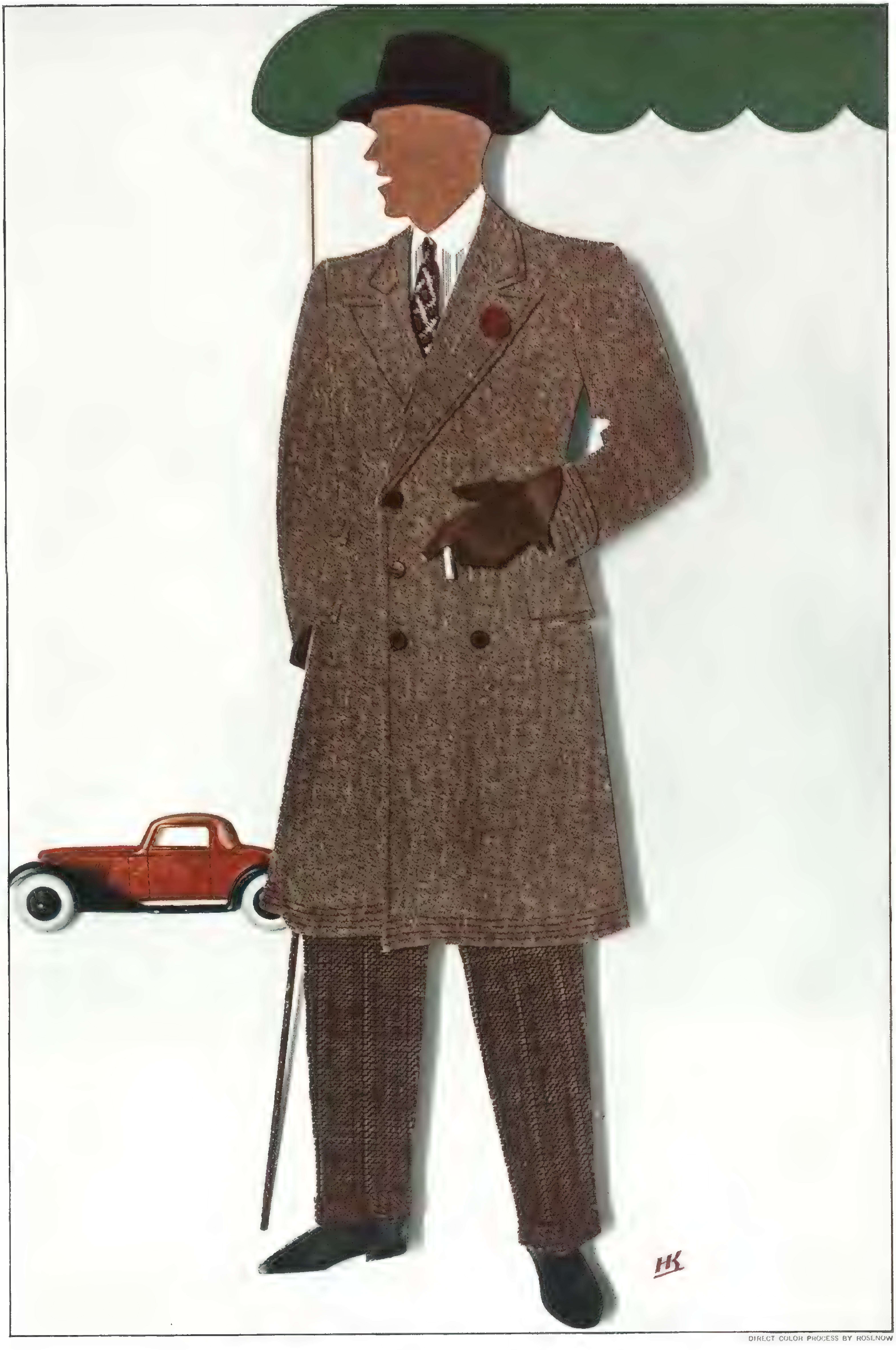
THE FABRIC PICTURE *for the* FALL TRAVELER



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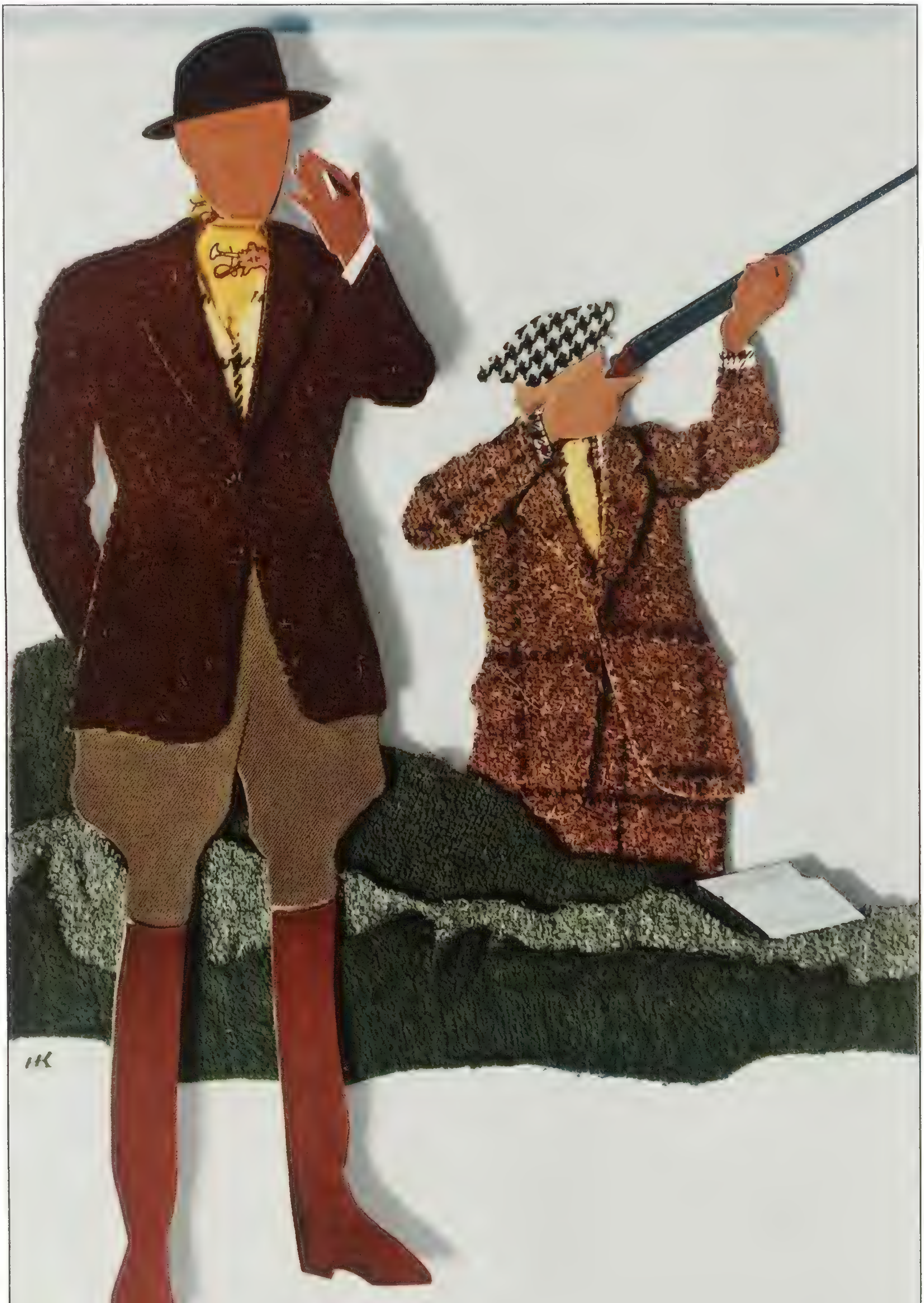
THE FABRIC PICTURE *for* FALL DAYS IN TOWN



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THE FABRIC PICTURE *for the* AUTUMN SPORTS

A Pastoral Scene

Continued from page 88

road which ran inland from the river banks to a wagon path on the other side of the stream, where emerald pasture rose in gentle slopes. Noon was a breathless and still heat when each blade of grass and every leaf on the trees seemed to become part of an enchanted eternity. The logs floating lazily to the sawmill on the quiet current appeared themselves to appreciate the antiquity of the moment. He sat upon a log and there absorbed the moment's charm. It was like the history of nature arrested now for one bewitching instant. . . .

He drew a breath of regret and rose to continue his journey to the next village. The dank green smell of grass and the promising odor of newly blossomed fruit trees were almost as satisfying as a dinner of meat and vegetables. Almost—

"Hey, Baby!"

He couldn't locate the sound at first. Then he saw four or five tramps walking below a railroad trestle. They were grinning up at him. "Hello," he called out.

One of the crew of wild-looking bandits hollered, "Think you'll get there?"

"I guess so."

"Where y' makin', buddy?"

John told him.

"Lookin' fer a banquet? Come on along. We got a jungle down the line."

It wasn't so much the food but the pleasure of human company that impelled him to join the band of bindle stiffs.

"Hawr ya, Blondie?"

"What's yer name?"

"Happy days."

"See these sweet lil birds?" One of them had two fowl under his coat. "Meet Willie, and Stinkfeet. This is Pete and Baldy and Salinas Sam."

"We got a buzzard stew, Baby," said the bum named Baldy. He was a hard rat-faced little fellow with a white scar cut horizontal across his adamsapple. The scar fascinated John momentarily. "Goin' all that there way, kid, you do better layin' on the rods. You won't pick many hitches on this here highway. Better stick with us guys. We're lammin' out for K. C. on one o' the blinds stops at this junction in the mornin'."

John watched Willie, the official jungle cook, make the stew. He scalded and picked the two skeletony pullets, cut them up—gizzard, intestines, and all—and threw them into a big lard can. When the chicken had boiled a while he tossed in some peeled onions and a torn-up loaf of bread. The steam cooking out of the can smelled very good, really. . . .

At night, when they had fallen into tight gut-filled slumber, he rose noiselessly and wandered off toward the rolling dirt highway. He did not want to travel with these men. They were strange, hard personalities resembling humanity only in their keen appetites and peaceful sleep. The man named Baldy had an air of cruel, vacant humor that made you feel the presence of a harmless but frightening skeleton.

A soft blue wind from the shapeless mountaintop caressed his cheeks as he walked into the night. Vague dreams and little songs of wonder moved his lips, words meaningless but beautiful, like the dark banner of white-studded Heaven. Field and wood and sky made soulless men, yet nothing was as heart-twistingly lovely as this silent, endless earth. Fragile color sang in the dark, and the air was thick with green dye, savory in the nostrils to satiation. He lay on a mound of grass, and sleep enveloped him, like the limbs of some vast maternal angel.

The New York Harbor

Continued from page 72

and sails but these are rare now and growing fast rarer: a schooner in commission is an unusual sight. The other day, however, there were three in together—a three-master, a four-master, and a five. I had thought all the five-masted schooners in the world were lost; they are as scarce now as square-riggers, of which only a score-odd still survive. Over in a graveyard by the foot of the Bayonne bridge there are seven wooden sailing vessels—barquentines and schooners but from the looks of them it is scarcely likely that they will again go to sea.

Up here, in the Kill van Kull, the little Spanish barque Guadalahorce used to load; she came in once a year from Las Palmas but she sailed once, out through the Narrows under sail, and there came a hurricane and she never came in again. That is eighteen months ago now; nothing has been heard. A little wreckage has been found that might have been something from the little barque a few scraps of timber and odds and ends. Nothing else . . . Every now and then a vessel goes out to sea that never returns.

A ship with yards is a rare sight now in New York harbor or any other harbor away from Mariehamn and the wheat ports of Spencer Gulf in Australia; but one of the last full-rigged ships in the world is tied up at 156th Street in the Hudson River. She is the Tusitala, once a famed iron clipper ship—the Sierra Lucena, launched on the Clyde more than fifty years ago. She has been in the trade to Honolulu of late years, under the Stars and Stripes, but it is two years now since she last sailed. She is still fit for service: she could still beat around the Horn. There just isn't anything that she can carry any more . . .

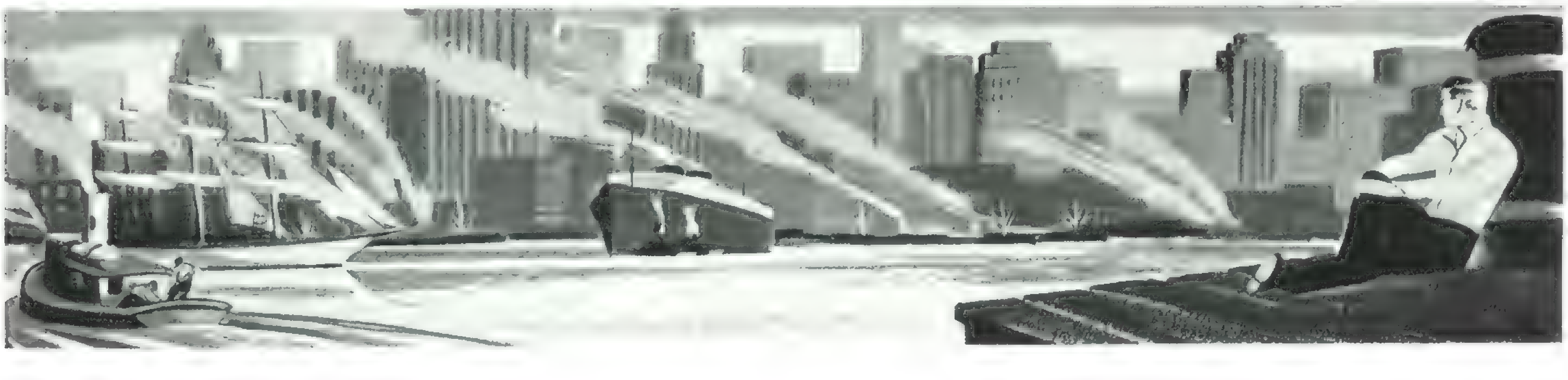
All around the harbor the towboats fuss, some with long floats of railroad cars, some towing barges and others just fussing around. The haughtiest ones are those that dock the liners—a dozen at a time, pushing, puffing, and hauling. These do not lower themselves to take the lines of scows; when there are no liners coming in or going out they do nothing. To each ship is her own work and her own dignity; a garbage scow rates higher than a barge of mud . . . At the tanker anchorage off Tompkinsville half a dozen tankers, freshly arrived, await their berths with oil from Galveston, Beaumont, Aruba, and the Dutch East Indies. A Greek tramp from Buenos Aires, loaded to her marks, lies off quarantine, and an old-timer with a clipper bow and bowsprit that might have been a famous liner in her day is flying light. She is rusted, and her white paint could do with a good washing; she flies the flag of Estonia now and probably has brought in timber from Leningrad or Archangel. A Danzig tanker and a Finnish steamer snarl at each other with their syrens in the Narrows, while a little steamer named Sigrid hurries off to Gdynia to load coal for the Rio Grande.

How interesting it all is, this free show of the ships! And nobody looks, as often as not; I cross and re-cross in the ferries and find always much of interest, yet the ferry-riders never look up from their newspapers and the tidings of stocks and the price of hats, though sometimes a small boy is stirred. What are those ships, Daddy? he asks. But Daddy doesn't know; and sooner than admit ignorance to his offspring he describes the flag of Danzig as the ensign of Greece and a deep-laden oil tanker as a dredge. . .

Shoe shine, Mister? demands a swarthy gent in the jersey of a mariner, with a box of boot polishes in his hands. Shoe shine? I givva good shine, five cents! A four-stack liner, "slowed" to sixteen knots, goes by to Europe, and in the sunshine through the Narrows a three-masted schooner bucks the tide, going out to Venezuela to load goat guano for New York gardens.

Shoe shine, Mister? Shoe shine?

The hell with the shoe shine! I want to look at ships.



Sweat and Silks

With few exceptions, a jockey's life is a fleeting year's glory, riding high to a certain fall

by HORACE WADE

• SPORTS •

HIALEAH PARK, Miami for the winter . . . Belmont Park for the summer . . . ever on the wing, like a noisy flock of gaudy birds . . . shimmering silks . . . spotless riding breeches . . . gleaming boots . . . adoring grandstands . . . easy money . . . glamour . . . life!

If you have a boy who aspires to join this fraternity of migratory midgets dissuade him in the woodshed. Apprentice him out as a counter jumper, a window swabber, a grave digger, but for your sake and his keep him out of the cruelest game on earth—the jockey mill.

Horse-racing in America, during the past decade, has taken spectacular strides forward. With state after state legalizing the Sports of Kings, hungry for the revenue it provides to feed starved treasuries, more and more youngsters are being attracted by the glamour of silks. The stables are literally peppered with these aspiring kids. They get under your feet. They clutter up the grounds. They get in your hair.

Nobody knows from whence the majority of them hail. Run-aways from orphanages, neglected children, boys from over-large families, a sprinkling of the sons of horsemen and a small quota from well-to-do families; the ranks of American jockeyhood know many strange bed-fellows. And for what? For a fleeting year of glory—twelve months of praise, plaudits and platitudes; of riding thrills, and then—except in rare instances—curtains!

That "*except*" is the lethal lure that leads them on and on, like the children of some weird Pied Piper. They point, in justifying their ambition, to such luminaries of the saddle as Alfy Robertson, R. "Sonny" Workman, Sylvio Coucci, Robert Jones, Wayne Wright, Johnny Gilbert and others who are bootin' the babies home high, wide and handsome at the major tracks of the country. But for every Robertson, Workman, Coucci and Gilbert there are thousands who have slipped helplessly and hopelessly into the discards. Overweight was the evil genius of most of them; inexpert horsemanship the jinx of others. But let's start at the beginning.

Many of these rookies enlist in the "sparrow brigade" at a tender age—twelve, thirteen, fourteen or fifteen, it makes no difference; the end is always the same. With scant education—adept at no trade—they are catapulted into the bizarre, intriguing, nomadic turfland. After a time, if Dame Fortune smiles, they attach themselves to one of the large stables and start the long toilsome climb upwards to the beckoning glory of silks.

How these pygmies of the turf escape the long arm of the truant officer is an unprobed mystery. They are not interested in school or study, and many of them are distressingly ignorant of even the most elementary subjects taught in grammar school. The agreement by which boys bind themselves to a stable usually provides that they shall be furnished with board and lodging, medical and dental attention, clothing and a salary ranging from $20 to $30 a month.

As an exercise boy, graduated finally from the menial role of stable boy, the newcomer to the turf bucks up against his first real competition. This, oddly enough, comes from jockeys already established. The novice cannot at first grasp why an older rider is willing to exercise a horse in the morning for sums ranging from one dollar down to twenty-five cents. He will find out later that one dollar, judiciously spent, will buy three square meals at the track kitchen.

By the age of 16 at which time, under the inflexible rules of the turf, he becomes eligible to ride in actual competition, the budding saddle genius has learned something about the racing game, if about nothing else. He has heard fascinating yarns of the turf, spun along the stable corridors at night by grizzled stablemen, veterans in thoroughbred service. He has listened to the dramatic story of Vreeland, the Canadian wonder horse, who ran in and won two races in a single afternoon and was found dead in his stall the following morning with a ruptured heart. Tales of turf romance and unfaltering equine courage, surpassing the sagas of all other sports. He has learned that the "monkey-on-a-stick" crouch, originated and perfected by Tod Sloan, owed its success to the fact that it removed the pressure of the rider's legs from the pneumatic organs of a horse and threw it forward on the ridge of the withers. More important, still, he has learned how to sit on a horse.

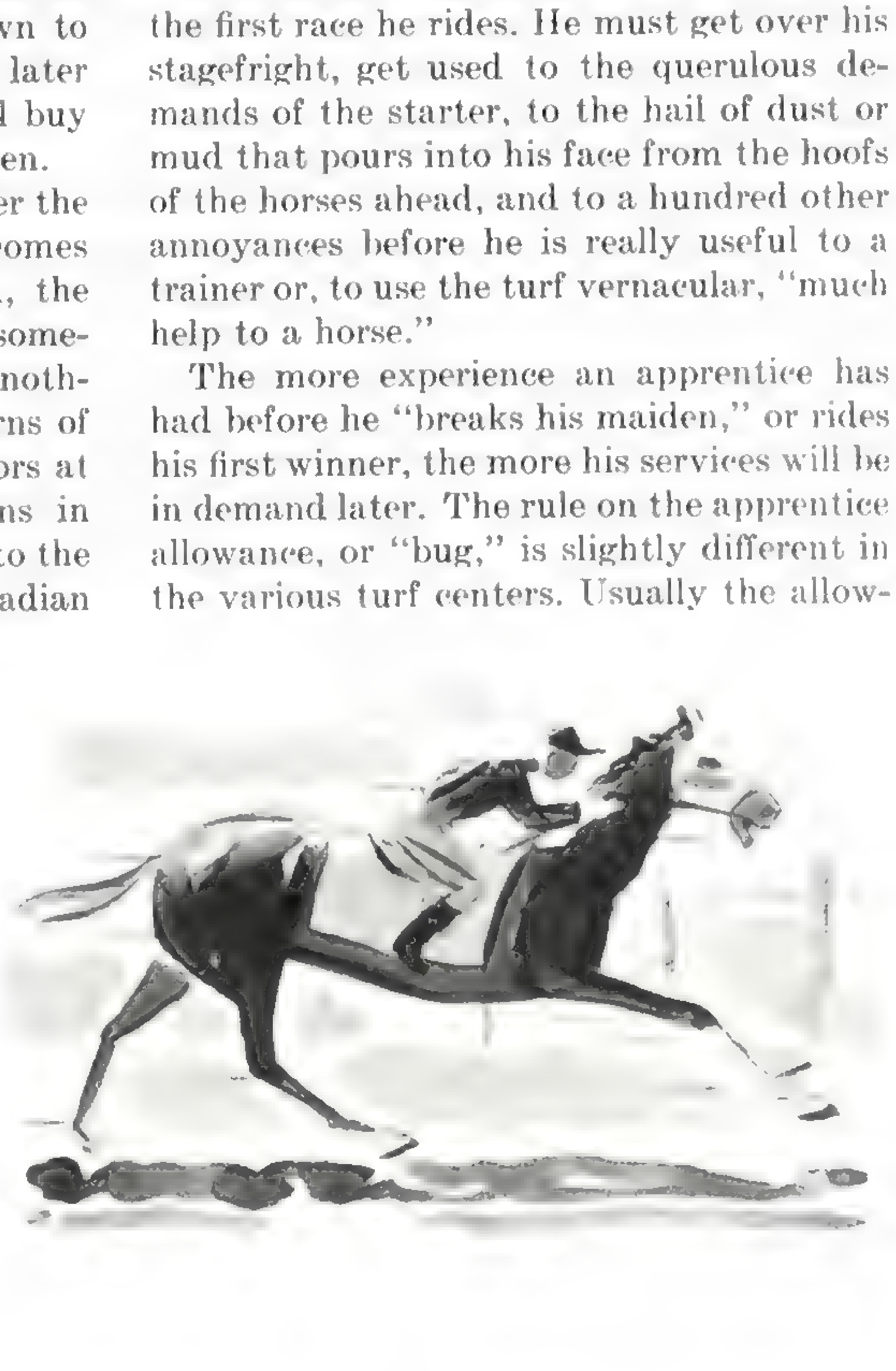
So the boy is groomed for the saddle and the dawn of the day of glory for which he has so long and eagerly waited. The day he is scheduled to accept his first mount he is at the jockey quarters before anyone else arrives. There is a flutter at the core of his wrist, a flutter in his chest. He watches the other and older riders, stunted youths in the majority, poke listlessly in and wonders at their nonchalance, not realizing that they once experienced the same "gone" sensation he now feels in the pit of his stomach.

The paddock is a real thrill that first afternoon. Along the aisles, under the concentrated gaze of countless fans, the horses walk. There is a ceaseless repetition in their movements at once sinuous and beautiful. The ripple of muscles beneath their sleek coats is like the current of a slow stream which is infinitely powerful. The boy eagerly watches his own horse. He notes his fine free stride. His rhythmic motion sways the number on his bit. The veins stand out on his shoulders like traceries on a chart. His hindquarters are faultless in their sinewy contour.

The trainer crisply issues a few final instructions; the paddock bell rings; the boy is deftly boosted into the saddle and, for the first time, he joins the glamorous parade tiptoeing grandly out of the paddock shadows into the garish light of the day, barrier bound.

It is an unusual thing for a boy to win the first race he rides. He must get over his stagefright, get used to the querulous demands of the starter, to the hail of dust or mud that pours into his face from the hoofs of the horses ahead, and to a hundred other annoyances before he is really useful to a trainer or, to use the turf vernacular, "much help to a horse."

The more experience an apprentice has had before he "breaks his maiden," or rides his first winner, the more his services will be in demand later. The rule on the apprentice allowance, or "bug," is slightly different in the various turf centers. Usually the allow-



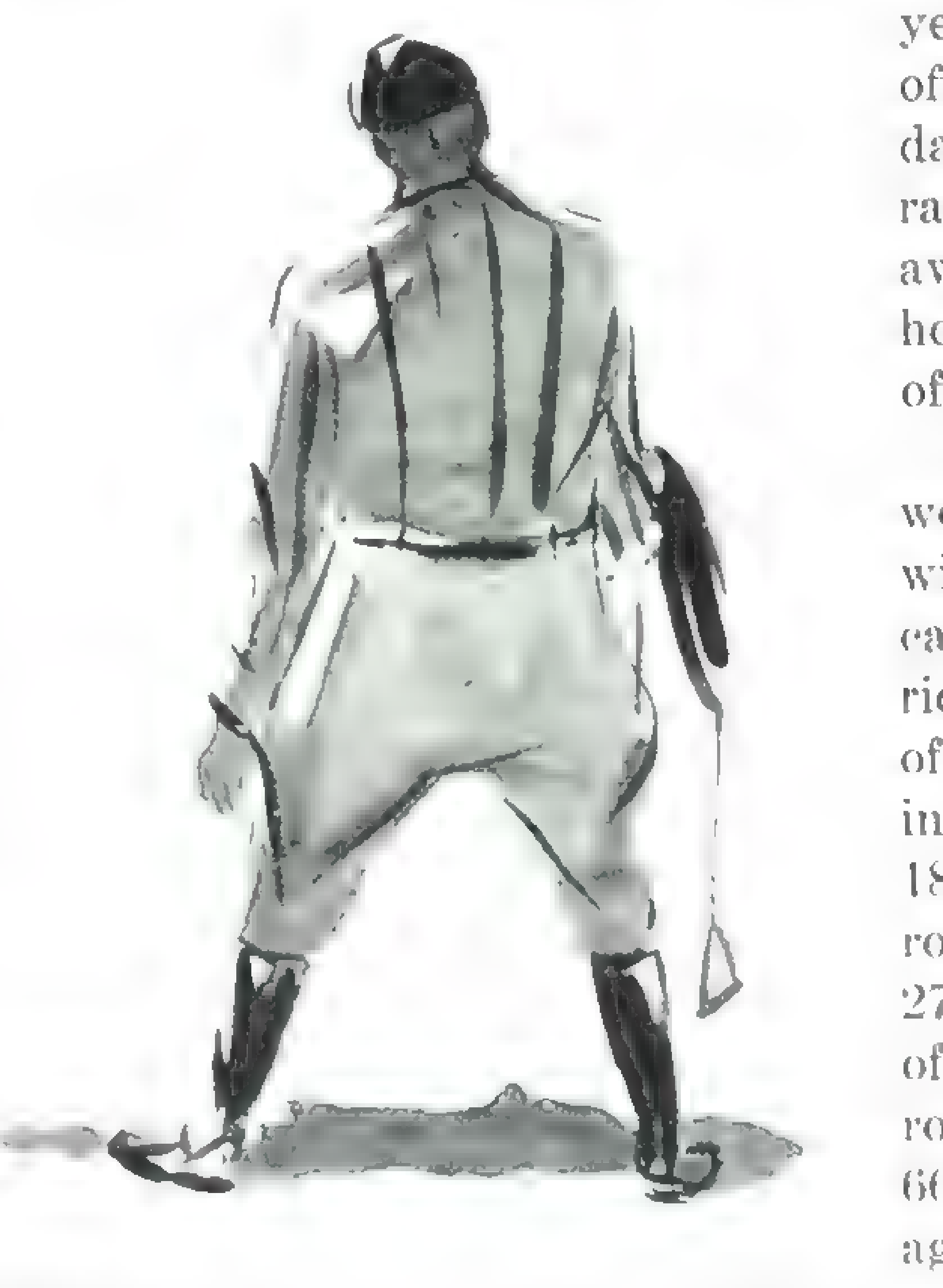
ance may be claimed for one year from the time the boy rides his first winner. This apprenticeship gives any horse he rides a five-pound draw in the weights. However, in order to claim the allowance, the boy must have bound himself to an owner or trainer for at least three years, a copy of this agreement being filed with the governing turf body.

And so the boy rides as an apprentice for one year. If he is a little above the ordinary his services are in constant demand by other owners. The goose is laying her golden egg. The sun is shining, the birds are singing and to the new candidate for turf laurels not a cloud is in the sky. Instead there are gay parties; fair-weather friends; girls; stupid flattery. Silks have an irresistible lure, particularly when a boy is apparently on his way to Olympian heights.

He likes the applause. It is wine in his veins. He likes the stir, the adulation, the hero-worshipping. He reads the newspaper accounts of his riding triumphs (God forgive me!—I've written scores of them myself) and, what is more deplorable, he accepts them as gospel. His hat-band starts to expand; his chest swells like a toad full of buck-shot; his riding begins to suffer. He has swung like a pendulum as far one way as he can. The law of gravity operates and the swing is suddenly in reverse.

His year of wonders closes. He loses his priceless apprenticeship and its five-pound allowance. Henceforth he must ride on a par with the Couccis, the Workmans, the Wrights! But only a mere handful retain the spotlight after dropping their golden "bug." In ding-dong, nose-to-nose, heart-smothering finishes they are always second best. Anyway, other boys are now graduating from the role of exercise boys into an apprenticeship with its concomitant bug. Eager, eagle-eyed youngsters, looking passionately forward to their own *Annus Mirabilis.* His contract is dropped. He fares forth as a free lance. But mounts, like angels' visits, are few and far between. Sometimes he rides "contract." That means he gets a dollar unless the horse wins, in which case he merits a share of the purse. But by this time he, too, has learned the frugal lesson that a dollar, judiciously spent in the track kitchen, can get his stomach through a long, hard day.

He begins upholstering his bones with flesh. Then come the long, gruelling hours as he travels the "road to Calvary," as it is known in track parlance, running off the excess pounds under the suffocating rays of the pitiless sun. Making weight is the turf's "college education," and the rack, the stocks, the thumbscrew and other medieval tortures were merciful by comparison. Growing bodies, subjected to stunting practices until they grow hard and sullen with it, until their bitter fingers knead the very marrow of their bones.



In preparing for the "pike" the boy wraps himself tightly in great rubber bandages, almost as ponderous as the armor of an Ivanhoe, and twice as galling. This rubber suit, in case you are interested, costs the jockey $50. The bandage which he wraps about his middle is a support for his abdomen; without it he might suffer intense pain before he returns. The viscera of a jock, especially a road-jock, is nearly always as empty as the craw of a Glasgow pigeon.

Next comes a suit of woolen underwear and a pair of heavy socks. Then a heavy suit of underwear, following by sweat pants, fastened at the bottom by rubber bands, and over all a heavy, turtle-neck sweater. As a final touch a soft towel is wound about the boy's neck inside of the sweater-neck as protection against chafing.

Then he is on his way, striking out at a dog-trot that he can maintain for miles. Eddie Taplin, one of the better-known horse backers, can jog for fifteen miles of a morning. So could Jimmy Butwell, now retired. I have seen such riders as Monte Parke, Reggie Cooper, Melvin Knight and others run for hours, sweating off the pounds. Little wonder, with such drastic reducing exercises, that so many riders fall an easy prey to "galloping" consumption.

Jockey Melvin Knight, leading American rider of 1929 and now a pilot at the smaller tracks, took off nine pounds in one morning to make weight during the last winter racing season at Jefferson Park, only to turn up so weak and sick from his super-exertions that he was unable to ride the horse. Another instance is that of J. Martinez, a Tia Juana hero of a few years back. Martinez took off 13 pounds in a single day to make weight for a race, then fainted dead away on the back of the horse during the progress of the event.

Fred Archer holds the world's record for most winners ridden in his career. Archer took up riding at the tender age of 11 and broke his maiden in a steeplechase event in 1870. During his life he rode 8082 times, winning 2775 races for an average of 34 percent. In 1885 he rode 246 winners out of 667 mounts for an average of 37 percent. Archer had great trouble making weight during the last years of his life and dieted mainly on oysters. His reducing program finally invited an attack of typhoid fever and, late in October, 1886, while in delirium, he committed suicide by shooting himself.

A graphic story of this weight problem is told by Frank Otis, one of the leading officials at the several Chicago tracks.

"Making weight," said Otis, "is the bugaboo of all race riders. It calls for regular sessions of rigorous training, Turkish baths, steam cabinets, cathartics and, to crown this Iliad of woes, the grim trudging off of each pound over the race track under a blistering sun.

"Many years ago I rode for Buckley and Bailey. I was then under contract to ride at 104, but one season I let my stomach manage my head and when I hit Oakland, California, I stepped on the scales and watched the pesky arrow spin dizzily up to 129.

"I broke out in a cold sweat as I visualized my contract taking a tailspin. I still had several days before opening day, however, and the following morning I donned a chamois suit, over which I wore heavy clothing, and hit the road for three hours, running up and down the surrounding hills. Returning to the track a valet whipped the clothing off of me and then, still steaming from the workout, I was plunged into a tubful of ice water.

"I was permitted to stay in it but a second, jumping out and being rubbed down briskly with a Turkish towel. After that I was given an alcohol rub and then plunged back into the icy water. Again I was rubbed down, given another alcohol rub and finally placed under a mountain of blankets. I recommend this treatment to anyone who is troubled with obesity and who wants the quickest way to win a sylph-like figure and, as a bonus, a hospital cot. Yet, when the track opened its gates, I was tipping the scales at a neat 104 pounds."

The history of Otis suggests the question: Just where are the saddle sultans of yesteryear? Earl Sande, after a fruitless war against overweight, is now an owner and trainer. So is J. Parmalee, who rode Golden Prince into first money in the 1929 $100,000 Coffroth Handicap. Elmo Shropshire, after a long term as a hanger-on, has joined the stable of William Coe as an assistant to Trainer Hugh Fontaine. Snapper Garrison and Jimmy McLaughlin became race track starters after their riding days were over. Frankie Bain became a bookmaker. A few, such as Frankie O'Neill and Danny Maher, retired with comfortable bankrolls. But they are rare exceptions who saw the handwriting on the wall as they found difficulty in making weights and wisely decided not to try conclusions with Mother Nature.

Back in 1930 H. R. Riley booted home 177 winners to lead all American riders and, by the grace of and on the strength of the ability shown, was signed by the famous Greentree Stable. Riley today has gravitated to the lowly domain of a stable boy in the barn of Marion Allen, campaigning a string of horses at the bush tracks.

"I made $10,000 in 1930," young Riley said, "and I blew every dime of it on dolls and deuces. Then when I began to put on weight I had nothing to show for all my hard work but a dull headache and a vain regret."

Cleaning saddles and ministering to the wants and moods of horses is a far cry from

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Cupid's Interstate Commerce

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come across with your membership fee, he'll be compelled to enter you in his catalog of plain darn saps.

"The advantages of a matrimonial agency," says Mr. Fred P. Morrison, of Seattle, Washington, "is manifest to anyone who has been a wide observer. Civilization, combined with the cold formalities of society, and the rules of etiquette, impose such restrictions that there are thousands of marriageable men and women of all ages, and of all grades of society, capable of making each other happy, never meet, nor have a chance of meeting each other, but in this properly conducted agency there is a remedy." Should this potent argument fail to land your signature on the dotted line of a money order, he gives you a preview of your alternative: "In conclusion, dear reader, whether you do business with us or not, accept our advice as a friend and marry. You do not know what it is to live alone, uncared for, unknown, when old age overtakes you, solitude fills one with horrible agony. Solitude alone by the fireside at night is profoundly sad. The silence of a room in which one dwells alone, is not only the silence of the body, but silence about the soul. Without father or mother, sister or brother, wife or children, nothing but a wasted past to look back upon. Nothing but a lonely, painful deathbed, and an unwept, and unhonored grave to look forward to. When one is old it is well to have a loving companion, children, and a 'HOME!'" This vivid, slightly redundant word-picture of a bachelor's sorry end is followed by a long list of eligible brides, any one of whom you may correspond with as soon as you send Mr. Morrison the five dollars for their names and addresses. For this five dollars, also, your name will be incorporated in the list of gentlemen which is circulated among the lady members of the club. Mr. Morrison also deals in Fine Kentucky Tobacco, Direct From the Farm to You, as a side-line.

Most clubs send prospective members a catalog of their desirable members—maidens, widows, divorcées; lads, widowers, divorcés with the sterling qualities of each described, and photographs of the most promising ones. By joining the club you obtain the names and addresses corresponding to the key numbers in the catalog, and establish direct communication with the coveted one. You may correspond with as many members as you care to, and your object may be either matrimony or pleasure.

You pay your money and you take your choice. The literature of the Cupid Correspondence Club, of Allentown, Pennsylvania, which assures you that they "have too much at stake to knowingly misrepresent anything," offers 250 names, addresses, and descriptions for one dollar. A few sample descriptions of their female members follow:

> Number 11. Widow by divorce, age 39, Ht. 5-7, Wt. 175, does not object to children, owns home and business. Would hear from gentlemen not over 55.
>
> Number 19. Pretty little Miss, has nothing but love to offer. Ht. 5-3, Wt. 120, age 18, hard worker, would really appreciate a good home and companion.
>
> Number 23. Beautiful widow, age 29, wonders whether there is an honest, true hearted man in this world of deception and trickery. Ht. 5-9, Wt. 165, brown hair and eyes, has one little son.

By joining the Evan Moore Social Activities, Foremost Select Correspondence Society in the World, of Jacksonville, Florida, you are offered a tantalizing array of ravishing members, of which these are fairly representative:

> Beautiful heiress of French-Italian descent, age 28, 5 ft., 3 in., 124 lbs., young widow by death, Catholic, college education, speaks French and English, can converse on any subject, charming company, sew, cook, keep house and plays piano. Very affectionate and has a keen sense of humor. Brunette type of beauty: sparkling brown eyes, kissable lips, velvet complexion, superbly formed and stylish dresser. Interested in all the worth while things in life. Worth $15,000, will inherit $15,000. Welcome correspondence with Catholic gentlemen who are seeking an honest-to-goodness pal.
>
> Adorable little College Student, sensible and sedate, yet full of pep and has pleasing personality and a big warm heart full of love. Age 18, 5 ft., 4 in., 130 lbs., Protestant, plays piano and mandolin. Stunning brunette type, beautiful form and tasty dresser. Boys, she's a dream. I'm anxious to hear from a nice young man who wants a real pal.
>
> Sweet and demure blonde miss of the "baby doll" type; large soulful gray eyes, exquisite form and a classy dresser. Has magnetic personality, very entertaining, plays piano and sings; has been on the stage. Age 21, 5 ft., 5 in., 125 lbs., Methodist, college education. Love a cozy home and hope to meet a young man who has something more lasting than friendship in view. Interested in all the worth while things in life.

For the gentleman who craves music around the home, Number 15 of Kansas City's Exchange Club is a natural. She plays the violin, piano, pipe organ, and directs the church orchestra. Her spare time is devoted to the dairy business and to growing oranges in California, where she lives. Number 81 of the same club is a trained nurse with a sunny disposition and a talent for playing the piano-accordion. Number 166 is very good natured when treated right, does not drink or smoke, and likes a good time in the right way. Number 332 puts her case this way: "I have always lived an honest, upright life, in spite of all temptations and would be true blue to a good companion." There are 344 assorted women in the Exchange Club's Medium for the Introduction of Matrimonially Inclined Ladies and Gentlemen, and the most exacting should have no trouble in finding one to meet his requirements.

Member R 43 N. Y. of the Sincere Friendship Club of Medina, New York, has a proposition that should appeal to some foot-loose motorist. Says she, "I'm wishing to get married and I'm in my newly furnished home which I own, also garage. Will some dear boy that has a car write and tell me he can maintain the home—if he can it's his, and myself included. He will be quite pleasingly surprised to wheel his car in such a fine garage. If he has no car, the Greyhound Bus fare is 10 cents. I live alone in an upper front flat on same street as mayor." The same club offers a bargain for any literary agent or song-plugger looking for a place to hang his hat. Number R 44 Ill. says, "I am a lady of 56 years old, American born of French-Irish descent, brown hair mingled pretty much with grey. I am not the lonesome kind but very happy and would like to make some body happy. I am a story-song writer, hoping some day to make an independent living. The man who will help me to put my work in books will also reap with me when the harvest is ripe, my song has been sung in church but not yet published. I have several stories ready for publication but have not the means to do it myself, and do not want to just send them to magazines. I want my stories to live on and on, not die."

Cupid's Columns, of Saint Paul, Minnesota, offers ladies from 17 to 70, from Natchitoches, Louisiana to Kearney, Nebraska—one with a "curvacious form," one with "big dreamy dark brown eyes," one with "sun-kissed tresses," one with "$5,000."

Whether you wish an unincumbered widow, an American girlie, a farmerette, a tom-boy, a refined heiress, or a filling-station attendant, one of the correspondence clubs will be able to fill the bill.

If you are a novice at correspondence lovemaking, Mr. Evan Moore advises you to secure a copy of his Courtships By Mail, which will set you right on the fine points of such subjects as Writing Love Letters, Exchange of Photos, Personal Visits, When to Give Up All Correspondents but One, What Stationery to Use, What Women Like in Men, and Holding a Wife.

Perhaps you are the kind of man who, when confronted with a menu, just can't make up his mind. Then it would be best for you to insert a well-worded ad and let the ladies come to you on bended knee, as it were. Your advertisement, when it appears in the list circulated to female members, will be slightly retouched by the manager, who is usually called upon to write the notices from the applications. Some clubs give abbreviated notices, some give lengthy ones. An idea of the scope allowed for the expression of preferences and idiosyncrasies may be gathered from the following specifications of Number U 502 Florida, in Friendship Magazine:

> "Am Naval War Veteran, ex-sea captain, realtor, lecturer and Shriner, 5 ft. 6 in., wt. 165, blue eyes, brown hair, fair complexion, well educated and refined. Fond of long distance driving and yachting, of an extraordinary pleasant, affectionate, loving and passionate disposition, so only a real companion of similar type need to answer this, who possesses the necessary qualifications in order to measure up to the expectation of a natural man; want a real pal, who actually craves for nature in its beauty as it should be, not just a mere iceberg, but a genuine helpmate who wants and demands a real He-Male who knows how to love a real warm She-Female; no others need apply, only those worthy of supreme happiness, joy and satisfaction. State fully month, date and year born, height, weight, eyes, hair, wealth and all details in first letter with picture, or no notice taken. All letters and photos promptly returned; so speak right out from the handle. Would advise meal ticket seekers, accommodation hunters to save their stamps. All correspondence kept absolutely confidential, don't fear, have faith."

All announcements in the columns of the club bulletins are declared to be the personal statements of the advertisers, regardless of the wording. The publishers formally assume that their members are honest, but under no circumstances do they guarantee the accuracy of statements or take any responsibility for them. The personal integrity of the true lady and gentleman, it is felt by most of the clubs, will insure a minimum of deception; and contributors are reminded that it is a penitentiary offense to submit a fictitious advertisement. This should lead the fortune-hunter to approach with considerable caution the self-styled $100,000 widow.

The fee for joining a correspondence club is from one to five dollars, and most of the

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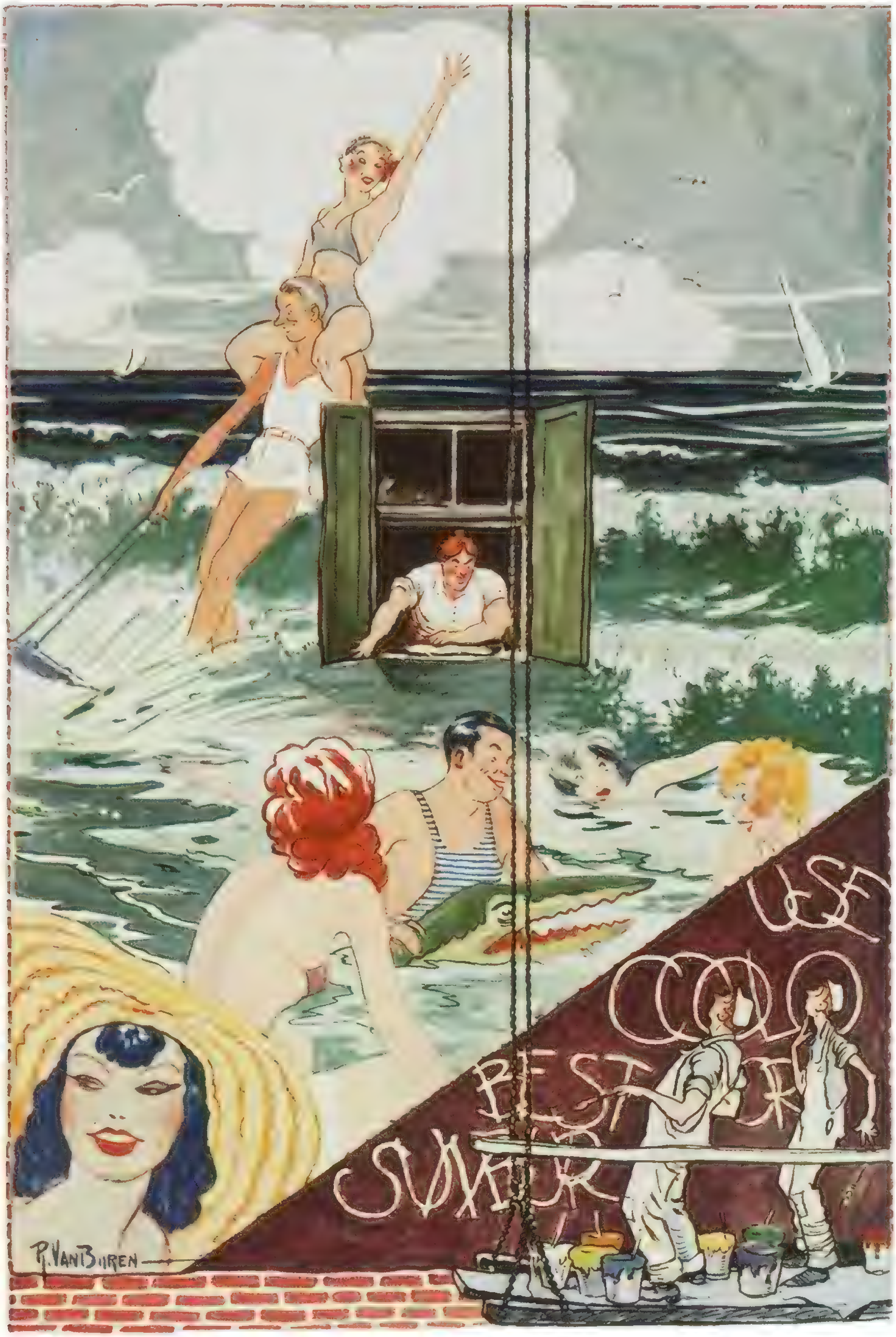
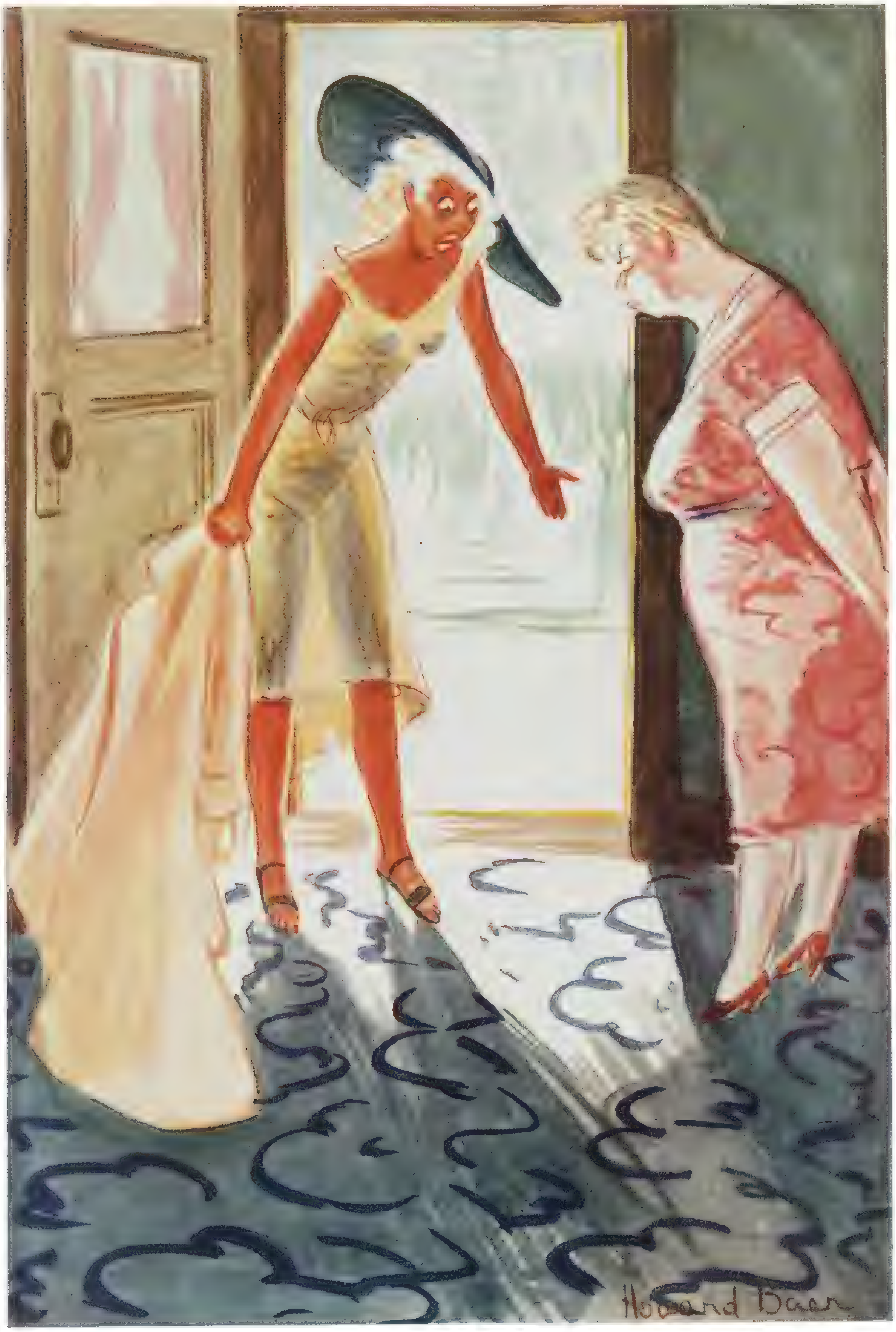

USE
BEST
R. VAN BUREN

"If you hafta open the shutters lady, please, for Lord's sake, put on a bathing suit!"


Howard Baer

"*So there I was, practically marooned on his yacht for four days!*"

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five dollar clubs come down to three in a follow-up letter. Some clubs will sell individual names at a quarter each, but these are rare and must be regarded as the dross of the industry. One club advertises a twenty dollar lifetime membership, which seems like a good thing for the chronically lonely.

That the correspondence clubs fulfill their mission is evidenced by an occasional newsreel shot of a couple married through their efforts; and by the letters the clubs have on file from satisfied patrons.

Every club has its sheaf of testimonials, the originals of which, they state, may be seen in their office at any time.

Most of the clubs operate from Post Office boxes, and the entire staff usually consists of one person—three members would constitute an abnormally large organization.

Mr. Evan Moore, in reply to a letter asking for some of the less readily accessible minutae of his profession, writes:

"The number of persons using my services for fraud or illicit purposes is surprisingly small. One man has served a term in Atlanta for posing as a woman and receiving money from men as train fare. One woman bought some bogus bonds from a man whom she got acquainted with through the club. A preacher was convicted of bigamy in North Carolina for leaving his wife and marrying a woman he met through the club."

Since establishing the club in April, 1922, Mr. Moore writes, he has had 12,947 male members and 13,016 female members. He can not determine exactly how many couples have married through his club, but he has on file thousands of letters from patrons advising him of their marriage. Couples have married through his club, one of them has died, and the bereaved has returned to the club to find another mate.

Mr. Moore carries advertisements in 56 magazines and 29 newspapers, and he and one secretary do all the work. Regarding the material side of his romantic business, Mr. Moore says, "Because I longed to help others and finally did and am still doing just that, I also helped myself, thus proving the age-old saying 'give and ye shall receive!' The Evan Moore Correspondence Club is known from one end of the continent to the other, in fact the ramifications of the Evan Moore Club are almost world-wide."

Recently some of the literary and liberal weekly journals have opened their columns to correspondence club advertising and to personal advertisements asking for correspondents. The literature of one of these advertisers, *Contacts*, would provide a twentieth-century Petronius with ample material for a new "Satyricon." One brief announcement will serve to convey the *motif:*

Number 000 Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Male, 40, college teacher, single. "Introvert, agnostic, liberal. Interests: inversion, music, literature, nature, philosophy, psychology of the abnormal, theatre, social evolution. Male correspondents preferred. Intelligence more important than formal education."

The seizure of the correspondence club by the intelligentsia will be, it seems evident, a sorry thing. The intellectualization of the good old bucolic matrimonial agency is a thing to be legislated against, fought to the last ditches, spurned, shunned, and crossed off the minutes. Else in the future we may have our journals filled with advertisements of eligible "brain trust babies," "bluestockinged beauties," and ladies with no heart, but a brain of gold.

The Art of Wing Shooting

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problem that must be instantly solved. That one particular bird must have the gunner's undivided attention.

It is a notorious fact that many hunters are better shots on single birds than they are where two or more birds break cover at the same time. This but illustrates the point that concentration is one of the great essentials in wing shooting. The simultaneous flight of two or more birds is apt to cause a break in the mental calculation of the gunner. It often accounts for a failure on the part of a beginner when he shoots at the flock. (Concentrate, and concentrate on one bird.)

Let the shooter resolve, that no matter how many birds are in the air, one is to be selected, and for the time being all others are to be forgotten.

It is necessary for the individual who follows either trap shooting or hunting to cultivate that commendable virtue that is known as confidence. Without it much is lost. If one has a feeling that he is not going to shoot well, or that his gun is not as perfect as it used to be, or that the ammunition is rather old, the chances are that the depressing influences will result in a lessened score.

If one has a feeling that the world is a pleasant place in which to live and move and hunt, and that the old gun is about to reach out and get them no matter how they fly, it is more than likely that the results will be satisfactory.

Never forget that confidence coupled to concentration is a combination that is hard to beat in the art of gunnery.

If birds always flew at a pre-determined angle the art of wing shooting would be greatly simplified. The mere fact that the angles are different as well as the speed of the bird makes every shot a problem in itself. The various factors to be considered are unknown quantities, and this uncertainty is the very thing that makes wing shooting an extremely fascinating art.

A bird flying at right angles to the gunner presents an entirely different problem from one flying at a quarter angle. A bird flying at one hundred miles an hour is entirely different from one flying at fifty miles. Considering only the two factors of angles and speed, with all the variations that are possible, and we have thousands of different problems presented, each of them requires a different solution if we were to insist on minute exactness.

It is evident that if one shoots at a bird that is rising from the ground or the water it is necessary to hold a little high to make a hit. On a descending bird the line of sight would necessarily be low, for the gunner is in theory at least shooting at the place where the bird is to be rather than the place where it is at the instant the trigger is pulled.

A bird must be led after taking into consideration its speed and the distance the shot must travel. The amount of lead on the various birds must be learned by each gunner as a result of intelligent practice.

Each shot no matter whether a killing results or not should be analyzed in the mind of the hunter, for there is nothing like self criticism in mastering the art of shooting.

As a basis for making a study of the proper lead in its relationship to the speed of flying birds, a few examples may be of value as illustrative of what a sportsman must do to effect a kill.

If a bird is flying at right angles to the gunner at a speed of seventy-five feet a second, and one is shooting from a distance of fifty yards, he would have to lead the bird an approximate distance of fourteen feet, assuming that his gun was held stationary.

A wild goose flying at one hundred feet a second would have to be led nearly nineteen feet. These calculations are based on the use of standard factory shells used where no heavy wind is blowing to drift the shot charge.

The examples given are extreme cases. If instead of a right angle, a quartering angle represents the direction of flight, the lead would be cut down in proportion. We should bear in mind the fact that these leads as given us by men of figures, fail to take into consideration the swing of the gun in the hands of the shooter. The faster the gun is swinging the more the lead should be cut down.

If one has acquired the habit of swinging his gun until after the shot has left the muzzle he will find that a lead of from two to eight feet will cover most of the problems he will encounter in the actual shooting of birds.

It is well for the gunner to cultivate the art of judging distance. An object looks different up in the air from what it does on the ground. The different species of birds are such that the act of estimating distance presents many interesting problems. To the beginner the tiny snipe seems very far away at thirty yards, while the Canadian goose appears to be close at seventy.

If the gunner has become familiar with the appearance of the various game birds, so that he can distinguish them in flight, he then has a standard to use in calculating their range. He will have of course a mental picture of the actual size of each variety, and because of this is able to estimate with a higher degree of accuracy.

Practice, and a study of the targets that are missed as well as the ones that are hit, will eventually make the average man an accomplished wing shot.

To What Red Hell?

Fire in the Big House, seen from the inside through the eyes of a long term insider

by CHESTER B. HIMES

• FICTION •

SMOKE rolled up from the burning cell block in black, fire-tinged waves. The wind caught it and pushed it down over the prison yard like a thick, gray shroud, so low you could reach up and touch it with your right hand. Flames, seen through the mist of smoke, were devils' tongues stuck out at the black night. Buildings were shadows in the crazy pattern of yellow light that streaked the black blanket of smoke.

The old cell block, stretching across the front of the prison, was a big, gray face of stolid futility with grilled steel bars checkerboarding the pale glow of the windows. Ghosts of forgotten suicides lurked in the shadows of its eaves.

The new cell block to the West was an inferno of smoke and flame, with the baking bodies of men trapped in its cells.

When Blackie turned left by the dining-room he had an odd feeling he could hear those men a hundred yards away crying: "Oh God! Save me! Oh God! Save me!" over and over again. The words spun a sudden fear in his mind.

The whole face of the yard was open to his view. Above him the big, black water-tank was a dim blot through the smoke, like a gigantic doodle-bug on stilts, looking down over a dung-hill of confusion. Yellow light shining from the open door of the hospital, cut a kaleidoscopic picture in the confusion of the yard.

Blackie shifted his shoulders to a less irritating position in his hickory-striped shirt, pulled his baggy, gray trousers higher up his waist. He looked at the row of prone, gray figures on the bare ground. The yard was spotted with them, and still more were coming . . . Figures of charred and smoke-blackened flesh wrapped snugly in gray blankets, lying on the cold ground. He shuddered slightly. They didn't need blankets now, he was thinking. They didn't need a damn thing but a wooden box and six feet of ground in the potter's field.

Suddenly a variegated color pattern formed behind his tense eyes—a black, smoke-mantled night, yellow light, red flames, gray death, crisscrossing each other into a maggotty confusion.

He ploughed through the confusion toward the hospital, feeling that each step he took was on a different color. Thoughts flashed like sheet lightning in the turmoil of his mind. He had a queer feeling that he could smell the odor of death in the smoke-thickened atmosphere.

He stumbled across a twisted body lying in the shadow of a large, concrete flowerpot. He looked down at the pinched, white face, streaked with soot; at the smoke clots still lingering in the half-opened lips. Stiffs everywhere! "Short hours ago we lived heard voices—heard keys rattling in locks saw walls of stone and barred windows and uniformed prison guards. Now we don't have to look at them any more." The words made him think of God and the Mission Houses on Clark Street in Chicago; made him think of "Killer" Burke with a jittery trigger finger; made him wonder what he'd be like when he got cut loose.

At the hospital door he paused and looked inside. White light was reflected from white walls. Gray bodies covered the floor, gasping for the breath that would keep them living the life of death. Convict nurses in white jackets were wiping away the black filth belched from the men's tortured lungs.

He saw a convict with creased trousers and a laundered shirt being pushed through the door by a burly policeman. "Come on get along," the cop was saying.

"But I tell you, I gotta see the doc," the fellow was protesting. "I gotta bad headache I gotta get some of that whiskey or I'll have a nervous breakdown, I tell you . . ."

The cop pushed the fellow down the steps. A snarl coughed up in Blackie's throat. What the hell? A lousy John Law manhandling a con and men lying dead like blackbirds in the shooting season men sent here by these blue-coated bastards . . .

But a headache! A *headache!* He laughed . . .

Confusion was a tangible thing about him. He could feel it pressing in on his clothes, feel it pumping excitement through his mind. Hundreds of men from "outside" were mingling shoulder to shoulder with the three thousand convicts until you couldn't tell them apart.

At the fringe of the light, where the shadow began, smoke was a thick, gray wall. He walked forward into the wall of smoke. For a moment he couldn't see. Someone bumped his shoulder hard, knocking him to his knees. He felt the side of his head strike the railing by the sidewalk. Then a heavy sound filled his ears like a roar. But it was only a voice yelling: "Gangway! Live one!" Four men swept by into the stream of light up the hospital stairs. They carried a writhing body—A live one! They were dumping the dead ones out in the yard.

He got up and walked over toward the door of the burning cell block. The acrid fumes were thick here. He began to cough. He stopped in front of the smoke-filled door. Water covered the ground. Fire hoses were everywhere. Water, bouncing from the hot brick, sprinkled his face.

A big Negro called Eastern Bill loomed suddenly in the door with a limp figure draped across his shoulder. The unconscious figure strangled suddenly and vomited.

Blackie looked at the slimy filth, felt his stomach turn over inside of him. He heard a voice say: "Get a blanket and give a hand here." His lips twitched slightly as a nausea swept over him. He said: "No can do," in a low choky whisper and walked over toward the chapel.

Didn't know what the hell was the matter with him, getting sick like a convent girl at a cess-pool. He really wanted to go up in that smoking inferno where heroes were being made and angels were being born. But he couldn't, just couldn't, that's all. It wasn't a case of being afraid . . . Hell, he'd been on the Marne—he'd seen liquid fire rolling across no man's land—he'd seen men carrying their guts in their hands . . . But he couldn't go up there on that sixth tier of hell and bring down a puking stiff on his shoulder for love nor money. He just couldn't do it!

He walked through the confusion with a slow, uncertain gait. His mind was in a gray daze. Blue-coated firemen were running all about him yelling instructions at each other . . . Prison guards were jumping about like chickens minus heads, bellowing at the cons. But the cons weren't listening.

He stood still a moment and looked at the men. Pedestrian traffic was as thick as a 42nd Street jam at noon . . . Men working overtime at their job of being heroes, moving through the smoke with reckless haste . . . White faces, gleaming with sweat, streaked with soot . . . White teeth flashing in sweaty black faces . . . Working like hell, seeming jolly about it . . . Men romping here and there without purpose . . . Men standing still . . . Men running in packs like wolves, bent on destruction . . . Men laughing, solemn, some a little hysterical . . . Drunk with their momentary freedom . . . All convicts, all clad in gray the quick and the dead . . . To some it was just fun, excitement, something to do a lurid break in the dull monotone of routine.

He walked on to the chapel, tried the door. It was open. He walked inside. A guy was standing in the vestibule just inside the door-way cursing God with a slow, deliberate monotony. Inside, some guys were shooting craps on the floor of the aisle down in front of the stage. He listened a moment to the snapping of their fingers, the rattle of dice. Then he heard a slow run on the bass keys of a piano.

He could hear the crackle of flame from the fire outside, see the red glare through the frosted glass.

He looked toward the stage. Somebody had rolled the cover from the grand piano over in the corner and a curly-headed youth was sitting on the stool, playing Saul's

Death March with slow feeling. A pencil streak of light, coming through a cracked door, cut a white stripe down the boy's face. He saw that the boy's cheeks were wet with tears.

Then the slow, steady beat of the bass keys hammered on his mind like a cop's fist. He said: "Don't you know people are dying outside?"

The youth looked around and said: "Sure," without stopping. "I'm playing their parade march into some red hell."

He felt worms crawling in his stomach. He backed out of the chapel, got in the hospital-bound traffic, followed a convict ambulance as far as the deputy's office.

He saw two guys standing by the walk-rail looking over the bodies. He heard one of them say: "God damn! There's Yorky. He won dam' near five C's yesterday shootin' craps up in the idle house."

The fellow standing beside him said: "Yeah? Wonder if he's got any of it on him?"

They looked at each other and started moving casually through the rows of bodies.

Blackie turned away, walked over by the school. What the hell did he have to do with it? he asked himself.

A group of fellows stood in the darkness. A short, bald-headed fellow with a vibrant voice was talking. "Listen, fellows," the short guy was saying, "tomorrow's gonna be another day. There ain't gonna be no way in the world to get all these guys back in the cells. The guards ain't gonna be able to handle 'em and the John Laws is just gonna cause trouble. We don't want no trouble now, with our buddies laying out there dead. But we ain't gonna be ruled no more by bastards that burn us to death. Let's form a committee and rule ourselves — Passive Resistance — That's the way we'll work it."

Heads nodded.

Blackie said: "Uh huh, that's the way you'll work it—like hell!"

Faces turned toward him. A voice said: "Don't mind him, Wolf."

Blackie stepped inside a school-room, slammed the door behind him. Guys were sitting on the desk tops, smoking, laughing, talking. He walked across to the latrine. A guy was using a commode in one end. Another was washing his face in the basin. Over in the corner he saw a big, blonde guy kissing a nice-looking, brunette youth. Nobody seemed to notice him. He turned around and walked out.

He thought, I'd give fifty dollars and a diamond ring if somebody'd just say: "Hello, Blackie, how're *you* makin' it?" But everybody was in a hurry, either being a hero or a damned rogue. Nobody saw him.

He caught himself saying deep in his heart: Hell, if you weren't yellow you'd be helping like the rest of them . . . But that wasn't it, he argued with himself. He'd stand toe to toe and fight anybody in the world with dukes, chivs or smoking heats. But he couldn't go up in that cell block—he just couldn't do it!

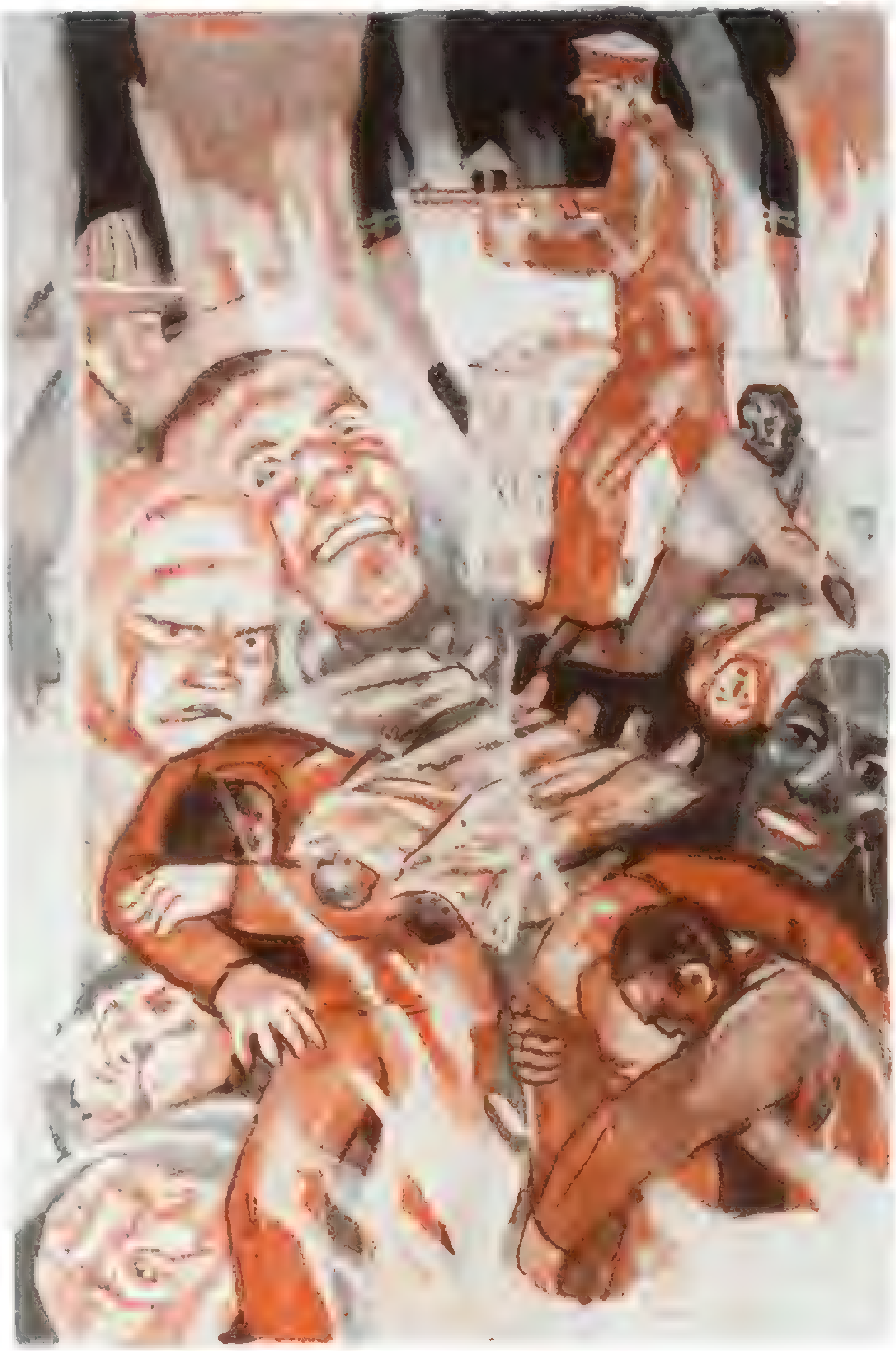
He got outside and started moving fast. A fellow by the personnel office stopped him and said: "Send a telegram home. Tell 'em you're living."

He looked at the yellow Western Union blanks in the guy's hand, said: "Gimme half a dozen."

The guy asked: "Who do you wanta send 'em to?"

He said: "My wife."

The guy said: "Hell, you must be a Mormon. You can't send but one."



Blackie laughed raggedly. "It was just a joke; don't nobody give a damn whether I'm living or not."

He sauntered over to the sidewalk, leaned against a post, looked out over the yard. The gray, prone bodies got into his eyes. Some were the bodies of old men with gray hair and weak eyes, some of young men, some of white men, some of black men

some used to be bankers, once upon a time, some used to be sneak thieves, some big shots, some chiselers . . . But now they were all just stiffs with a gray sameness. No more banquets and cocaine balls!

Doctors moving among the living were white angels. Black-robed priests flitting here and there among the dead were black ghouls. His lips twisted onesidedly with the thought.

He saw the dead face of a guy he had hated. He caught himself quoting: "Take off the paint, no need to longer clown." And then he caught himself wondering if he still hated the guy now that he was dead. He picked his way gingerly through the rows of corpses to see if he knew any more of them.

Somebody started crying loudly beside him. It sounded phony. He turned about searching for the source of the sound. A tall, black boy called Beautiful Slim was kneeling on the ground by the body of a little brown-skin fellow who was burned up around the mouth. When the black boy saw him, he blubbered: "Oh Lawd, ma man's dead."

But he had seen the boy slip a tobacco sack of money from its hiding place in the dead fellow's underwear.

The black boy snarled: "What the hell you got to do with it? I give 'im tha money. And now that he's croaked, do you think I'm gonna let some other nigger bitch get what I give 'im?"

Blackie swung a hard, wild haymaker at the shiny, black face. He missed and went sprawling across the corpse. He felt the soft, mushy form beneath him. He got up, started shaking his hands and feet with quick, jerky movements like a cat walking in molasses. He didn't see the black boy any more, but he saw other guys, white guys, *stripping* the shoes from the dead men's feet. "Dead Men's Shoes" — Hell, that was the name of a story he had read. Well, what did he have to do with it anyhow? he asked himself.

Suddenly he felt an insane desire to laugh. Something sticky was crawling about in his mind. He felt for a moment that he was going crazy. He started moving fast, trying to get away from the dense crop of corpses. His feet slipped on leg bones. The scalp rolled under his hair.

A second later he found himself standing in front of the entrance to the Catholic chapel. A guy standing there, had a potato sack full of Bull Durham, giving it away.

"What the hell is this, Xmas or donation day at the Y. M. C. A.?" he asked.

The guy said: "We're looting the joint: taking everything—*everything!*"

Blackie said: "Well, don't forget me when you start to taking time!" He went on up the stairs into the Catholic chapel, leaned against the wall beside the bronze basin of Holy Water just inside the door. Candles were burning on the white altar, their yellow flames tapering up toward the polished bronze crucifix . . . A well of peace amid chaos.

He noticed the curved backs of several fellows bent over the railing before the Images of the Saints. He caught himself reciting: "I believe in God, The Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth . . . " Then he thought of the prone, gray figures on the cold ground outside; of the smoke and flame and confusion. He felt a sneer form on the bottom side of his lips next to his teeth . . . "I believe in the power of the press, maker of laws, the almighty

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happy modern counterpart in "rub that in your hair." "Berp" serves a purpose that "hic" could not be made to fulfill. And "fannitosis" never did have a predecessor that could be introduced into the drawing-room. Our old skeleton in the closet, "isn't that ridick!" has its successors in "wouldn't that freeze you!," "I'm asking you—ain't that a sweet load of clams!," "am I mortified!," "doesn't that burn you up! *or* make you smoke!," "of all the nutty schnozzle wobbles!," "can you tie that?," and whatever you want to make up at the moment. Following a long line either in or ready for the ash-can come "ga-ga," "nertzy," "goofnuts," "voom-voom," "voomish," and "palsy-walsy." The be-whiskered theatrical expression "bring down the house" has its variations in "wow 'em (off their seats)," "convulse 'em," "panic 'em," "lay 'em low," "slay 'em," "paralyze the customers," "roll 'em in the aisles," "drape 'em over the seats," "bowl 'em over," "stop the show," "grab off a big hand," and many more. A "hoochy-coochy dancer," among other things—three or four unprintable—is a "cooch," "coocher," "hip-hurler (-juggler, -shaker, etc.)," "hip virtuoso," "torso-tosser," and "tum-twiddler." "Give *or* hand the mitten" went into "hand the mitt," and, though they both have an odor of dried rose leaves about them, they are carried over nicely to "slip the icy mitt;" "give the air" is varied by "give the ozone *or* ether;" "throw over" is old-fashioned compared with "walk out on," "give the shake *or* shuffle," "put the skids to," "give a ride," and "give the go-by *or* run-around"—but they all bow to the ultra, "give the sweet kiss-off."

On the other hand, many good ones are enduring in spite of the introduction of new. And so be it. Although "get in one's hair" has been in for some time, it retains a legitimacy that "ants in the pants" and "give one the hang-nails" never could have. However, it is not the type of expression to enjoy the longevity still possessed by its ancestor, "gripe." "Strut one's stuff" has hung on like the seven years' itch, though it can hardly be expected to give way to "put all one's goods in the window," "sell one's merchandise" and other suggested substitutes. And "belly-laff" keeps its place above "(big) laugh," "howl," "scream," "yell," "fast one,""wow,""wise-crack,""bright crevasse," "smart-crack,""smut-crack," "dumb-crack," "nifty," "niftik," "coo-coo," "laugh-hander," "funny-boner," "crazy-boner," "gag"—and all other comers and goers.

For the slang of the hour Winchell is a good boy to turn to (all I know is what they tell me). The last few days of his collyum of dope for dopes yielded this nice little crop:

> take it So Big, effie (short for effeminate), frixample, revusical, Satdee, Joosh, swelleb, ain't that nothin?, scallions to (the opposite of an orchid to), fo-pah (faux pas), have a clean nose (keep one's nose clean), melting papers (divorce papers). run a temperature (in love), eve'g, flopola, red-itor (red-editor), renotable (Reno-notable), go tall millinery, shave (a salary cut), shush, nurse a sour, re-heat the ashes, mickey finn, (extended to liquor), headacher (a manager), whisker-comber, Have It Too Bad, tansie (a person with a sun-tan), erster, Feb'y, Tin-Ear lad of Tin-Pan Alley, was my face red!, pillar (a newspaper column), mebbeso, veddy, repeal milk, whoopee-soda, foomph (first cousin to pffft), do a Garbo, shaft (a leg), so what? (Oh, now Walt! . . . I just turned thumbs down on that one. Ah, well . . . I use it myself, so what?), to zero (to disappear), closer than 20 minutes to 8, top-hat belt, lip spinach (a moustache), and beat to the socks (penniless).

To which—so's not to show partiality—let's throw in a handful from the last Variety. With a finger on the pulse of the theater, Doc Variety diagnoses the Depression Error in no uncertain terms:

> in a spot, slow on the pay-draw, break every bone in the pocket-book, duck the nut, on the hog, up against the eight ball, skating on the uppers, folding, taking the needle, all washed up, giving a song and dance, putting the lug on, snipe-shooting (popular with bankers this season); and, to show that there's a bright side too, they sprinkle in a few like in the money, up in the bucks, go to town with, sell for a pay-off, get the breaks, ace in good with, go in for a big way, mal-de-mering, jingle Johnny, strip farm, stand the racket, click, strictly the malarkey, meal ticket, and stand to clean up.

Where are the definitions? . . . If you've been keeping up with things you won't need any. So prolific have our magazines and newspapers been with the lingo that we should be pretty well educated by now. When sports writers reel off "goog," "kayo," "snowed-in," "cold-cocked," "hang a haymaker on," "sock-peddler," "slug-fest," "glass arm," "gilhooley," "bone-bender," "meat-heaver," *et al*, most of us know what they are talking about. The "etherize," "mike-fever," "dead mike," and "air-plug" of the radio are not a secret lingo. Our journalists' "agony (sob *or* slush) sisters," "picture snatchers," and "leg-men" are a part of the general vocabulary. We are all familiar with the theater's "baton wavers," "ork pilots," "pantie-peelers," "dead pans," "stooges," "angels, "tear-jerkers," and "walking ghosts." We call motion pictures funny names like "flickers," "flicks," "celluloids," "squawkies," "screamies," "gabbies," "flicking snapshots," "leaping shadows," "animated *or* galloping tin-types," and "fillums." And, if by now we don't use "gag" and "opus" for almost anything we certainly *are* behind the times.

When there are original new words to take their place, why hackney your speech with the old? Discharge them with honors if you like—but don't impose them on your defenseless friends. Though, fortunately for us all, those who catch on to things turn instinctively to the newer phraseology as a refreshing pick-me-up for the fagged energies of their conversation.

Whence comes this newer phraseology? And what magic lends them popularity? . . . The fashionable crowd come with receptive minds to three chief sources. Columnists, collegians, and our honorable brothers of the netherworld. They know that fashions in language are in the making every day with them—assured that almost any attractive new expression they might take over from these sources is the clever thing in smart circles now . . . and will be the clever thing with the masses next year.

Unrivalled for lingo with the 1934 speed, the columnists, those amusing, witty, dashing interpreters of the times, roll off vivid and apt expressions in rapid-fire tempo. The foremost humorists of the vernacular, these light-hearted exponents of a generation that doesn't take itself seriously are primarily engaged in satirizing everything in facetious and unexpected figures of speech. In this spirit of burlesque, they are not averse to calling even themselves names:

> Fourth Estater, unpressed gentlemen of the press, collyumist, chatter writer, dirt-disher, gabby, tattler, boulevardier, pavement prowler, stemmer, muckracketeer, blab boy. Twinchell, boy-peep, keyhole chappie, transom-peeper, porch-climber, second-story worker, nosey newsie, and even worse.

They are engaged in "keyholing," "winchelling in," and "making snoopee." The nature of their work being especially adapted to concocting clever names for places, they have divided their own "Noo Yawk" into

> the Stem, the (Main) Drag, the Artery, Maraudway, the Milky Way, the Galaxy, the Gay White Way, the Dirty White Way, the Big *or* Main Alley, the Grandest Canyon, the Glittering Stem, Mazda Lane, Neon Boulevard, the (Big) Gulch, Gin Gulch, the Noisy Lane, the Street, Wailing Wall Street, the (Grand) Canyon, the Golden Canyon, Hard Times Square, Pokahvenoo, the Roaring Forties, the Naughty Nineties, Mad-hattan, etc., etc., and etc.

Spokesmen of a world that takes its passions lightly, they have an undignified word for everything, the strongest emotions being given the lightest terminology. When a new life about to take on this serious struggle for existence is given such expression as "anticipating a blessed event, blessed, expense, blankety-blank event *or* vital statistic," "infanticipating," "baby-bound," "preparing the bassinet," "stork mad," and the birth is called "blessed-evented," "threeing," "doing a trio," and "declaring a dividend," this is obviously the voice of an unsentimental age that makes light of the serious and inevitable. According to them, lovers who "have the tremors" are "carrying the torch," engaged couples are "on the verge" and when they marry they "ankle up the aisle," "Lohengrin it," "middle aisle it," "do a merger," "commit merger," "blend," "duet," "co-star," "altar it," "Mr. and Mrs. it," "bride and groom it," "do a duet," "go and do it," "have it tied," "have the knot knotted," "say I do," "get it sealed (riveted, cemented, etc.)," "get it signed, sealed and delivered," "sign up for life," "do time (a hitch, stretch, etc.)," "do the book" (perhaps), "take the rap," "take it on the chin," "take the (fatal) step *or* leap," and "step off the deep end." A married person is a "legalized moment," "lifer," and a few other things. After a period of being

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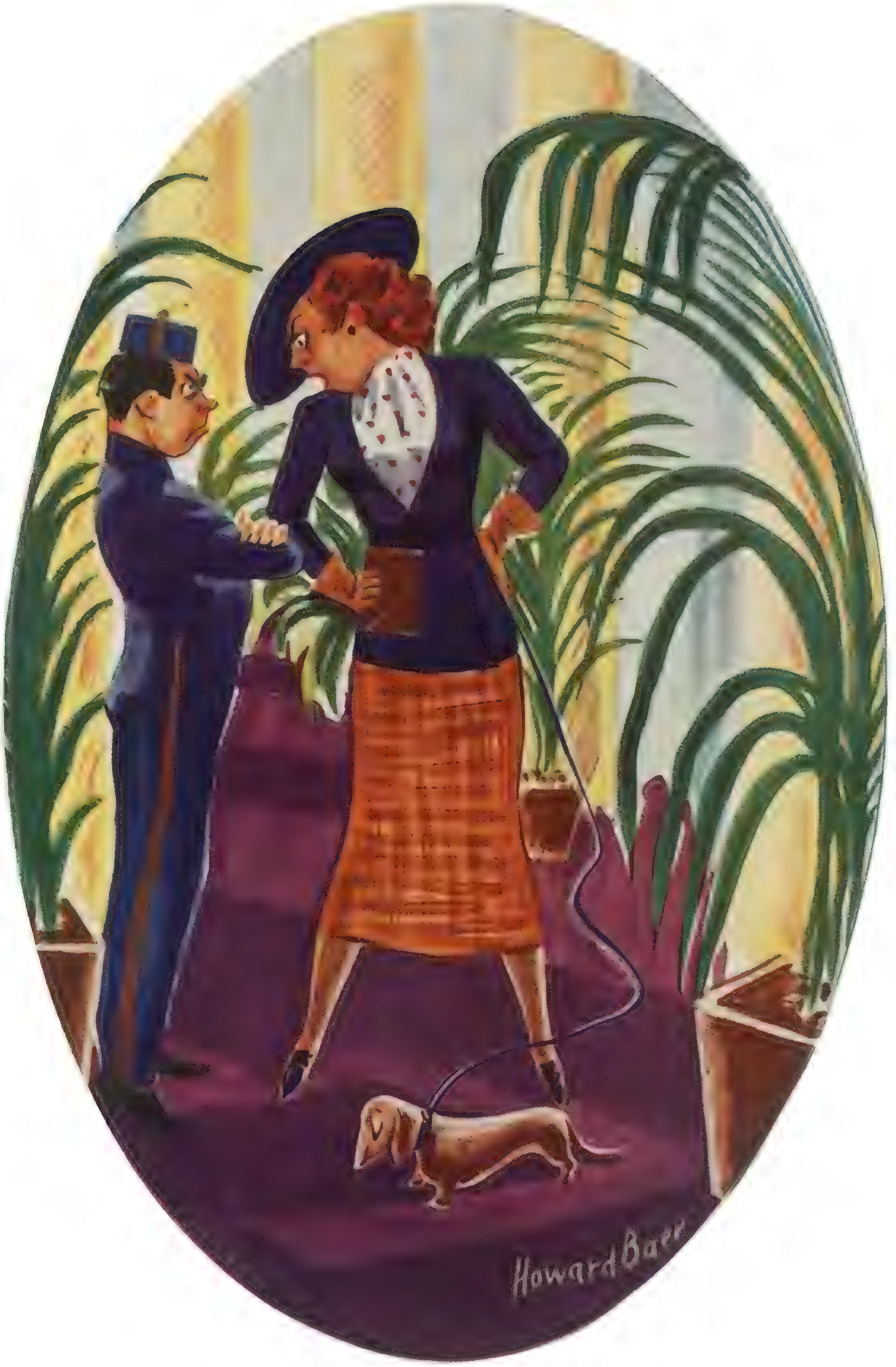
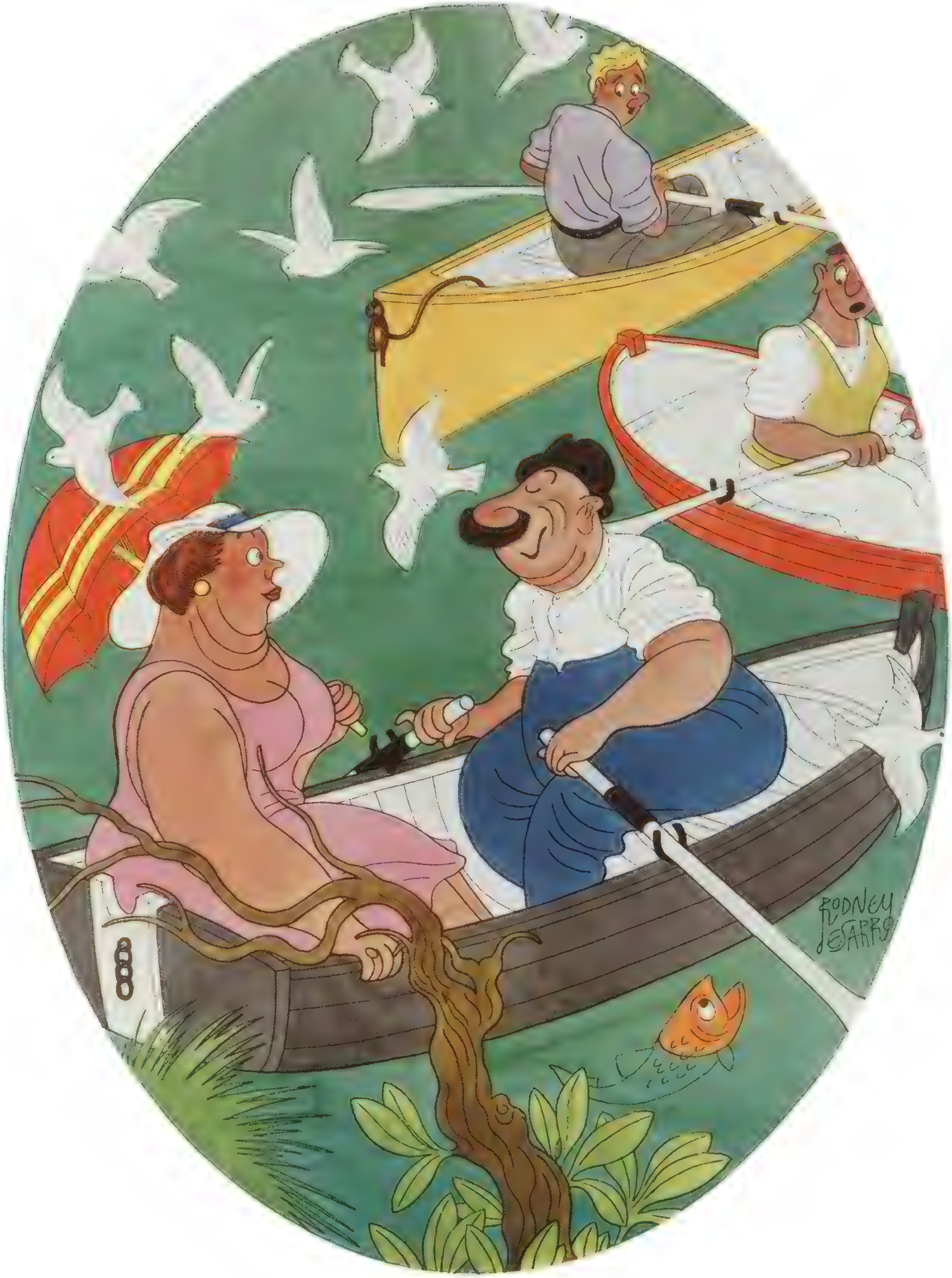

Howard Baer

"He couldn't help it—he's only human!"


RODNEY DeSARRO

"Now—I'll show you the Cornell stroke"

Fashions in Language

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"in a minor key" their "Blissful Event" goes "pffft," resulting in "matchruptcy," when they "tell it to the judge," "get it Renovated," "Mexican it," "have it abrogated," "untie the knot," "unwind," "unravel," "do the splits," "crash," "have it melted," "have the seal shattered," "beat the rap," and other numerous phrases descriptive of the "Great Divide."

Nor are the "boula-boula"—or, if you would rather, "rah-rah"—boys' and girls' linguistic efforts confined to "snagging the dean," not "cracking books," and "boning up with cribs for exams." They too, in their impulse to rebellion and their desire to take life philosophically, find escape in defiant and frivolous coinages. Not the least of which are their words for girls, together with what you do with them; a realm over which they have had the ruling hand for several years. Replacing "chicken" with "sheba," they set the pace which soon over-ran the vernacular with the female variety. Slipping in a few snappy ones in existence before the advent of the "flapper," we have had:

flap, flippy-flapper, flopper, floperoo, pash-flap, sheba, mamma, hot (molten, torrid, etc.) mamma, sizzler, sizzling-susie, chick, fryer, broiler, queen, queenie, evie, powder-puff, powder-house fluff, bunny, bud, deb, debbie, co-edna, babe, baby, beby, doll, doll-baby, dizzy, dizzy blonde (dame, deb, etc.), baby vamp, hotsy, hotcha-totsy, peach, peacherino, peachamaroot, looker, lookerino, femme-looker, ducko, (kayo, hotsy, luly, etc.) looker, cutie, cutie-pie, cute trick, snooty cutie, snappy sixteen (formerly sweet sixteen), sport model, neat job, "it" girl, hot-tongue, beaut, pip, pippin, whiz, bird, darb, rave, wow, pretty Genevieve, flash doll, Ann Atomy, eye-filler, charming eyeful, hotsy-hipped cutie, snake-hipped susie, irresisti-belle, hot sketch, the calves lesson in curves, catchy (keen, classy, hot, etc.) number *or* member, bank-up babe, prize package, fancy frail, kissable cutie, squeezable susie, humsome hussy, cuddlesome cutie, toothsome morsel, hot dish *or* plate, sweet *or* tasty dish, pulse-accelerator, heart palpitator, (flutter *or* throb) cuddle cootie *or* cutie, snuggle-bunny, bed-bunny, petting skirt, lap-lander, trouser-crease eraser, pants presser, sex job, step-sister, jazz baby, whoopee girl, hotcha-honey, hottotot, hot-stuff, butter and egg fly, wised-up baby, bag, worm, sardine, wren, grouse, squab, filly, smelt, skirt, bim, bimbo, frail, broad, chippy, floosey, flossy, cinch, quim, push-over, shipoopi, ploot, plooch, quiff, moll, dotter, gel, jane, femme, femmie, susie, twist (and twirl), curve, frill, gill, dame, dish, moll, gold-digger, jewel-coaxer, chiseling-cutie, chislette, dame-on-the-make, boudoir-bandit, gigolette, harpie, gimme-girl—and a great many more that we do not have space for. Though we might add a selection from the college fellow's stink-list: dumb-dora, dumb-bunny, dub, dopey dame, sawdust doll, chunk of lead, tomato, oil-can, crumb, flat-tire, burned-bearing, dead battery, cold coffee, wet-smack, washout, bust, drag, gloom, dud, heelette, jizzie, crock, hard-nosed cookie, lousy dish, sock-able susie, cold-shudder, frigidaire, hot dish of cold Circe, haggy moll, muscle moll, hola-holy, cold pan.

In their perverse defiance of law and propriety, the vigorous and radical metaphors of the underworld know no restraints. They are spontaneous; they are vital; of necessity they are subtle; they reanimate the language by supplying its genuine needs. The greater part of our popular slang is composed of words from this source. If you are not afraid of ultra and thoroughly unconventional language, you may employ the current phrases of the boys along the Hardened Artery with every assurance that your speech is in advance of the prevailing mode in your own crowd; but also with the assurance that these same expressions will shortly be on every tongue—just as soon as our motion pictures and popular writers can grab them up; a fact far too evident, with the bandying of the countless companions of "molls," "mugs," "red-hots," and "gats," during the late period of Noble Experimenting.

Of course, if one's speech is to possess true originality, he must supply his own new words; though, to be in vogue, the characteristics of current slang should be employed as a norm. While vogues in language grow out of a distaste for second-hand wit, universal methods of origination are employed for a time. Of special note is the passing craze for words ending in *ie:*

smoothie, old meanie, biggie, smallie, mashie, cakie, softie, toughie, baddie, roughie, sharpie, keptie, sobbie, nudie, maulie, youngie, oldie, evie, indie, hackie, hippie, hoppie, newsie, chappie, quickie, burlie, talkie, singie, smellie, zowie, powie, bowie, ciggie, *ad infinitum.*

A close runner-up is the *ish* or *esh* type, represented by "posish," "admish," "proposish," "delish," "commish," "possesh," "profesh, "procesh," and the popular (?) "depresh." The *o* ending, as in "socko, "whamo," "sappo," and "goodo," has a variety of possibilities—not the least being that of prolonging the life of old slang words. While the highly popular use of emphasis for effect—"pull-eeze," "cay-ute," "dee-lish," "skee-rewy," "bee-yoo-tiful," "sca-ram"—is good for a long run yet. Growing out of the constant aim of slang to invoke a smile are the mutilations without end and here is where your originality can get a little exercise, though an overdose would soon tax the patience of your amiable friends; as witness "parlous" for perilous, "finance" for fiance, "disreptile" for disreputable, "magnut" for magnate, and "messer-of-ceremonies" for master-of-ceremonies.

In addition to these representative characteristics of current American slang, two established types, known as Portmanteau words and clippings, are at their height now. Practically all Portmanteau combinations are clever; they retain their effectiveness longer than most coinages, standing a better chance of enduring—as has been the good fortune of Lewis Carroll's "chortle." The incorporation of a little of the meaning of both words used in the compound is the chief source of this type of expression's picturesque humor and surprise; especially if one of them was a slang word to begin with:

toastmasteribber, peptimist, pessoptimist, sloptimist, sappodil, banketeer, racquet-eer, speaketeer, scarleteer, speaketeria, Chicagorilla, hamateur, shamateur, spinorty, Parisque, scorchestra, scorch-song, varsatility, microphoney, sockcess, millionbucksman, millyawnaire, pufflicity, Scandoll, ass-inine, blah-zay, Hollywooer, deze-doze-and-democracy, debutantalizer, thrilmize, alimoney, blowdeo, slaughtoist, girlesque, girlsical, goilsterous, needcessity, snorpheus, poisonality, sinfant, sinema, sexamination, sexpression, yawning, saxpert.

The other type, abbreviated or curtailed words, called clippings, the natural offspring of this age of speed and headline English, is the language of expediency rather than of the usual novelty and humor:

confab, mag, bally, celeb, sax, pro, hab. pop, photog, pic (plural pix), ref, org, ped, ork, meg, megger, prep, prelim, pub, contrib, sec, legit, exhib, sculp, champ. pug, defy, combo, lesb (lesbo, lesby), neighb *or* nabe, ad, vet, Chi, B'klyn, Philly, sil, poz, predick, magnif, rep, biz.

Fitted to conservative as well as to ultra speech, most of these words appeal not only to present experiences but will be retained for the new.

Carrying this method one step farther, we have the practice, especially in favor with columnists and the underworld, of reducing words and phrases to their most abbreviated forms. "Bank-roll" is well known as "B.R.," the "grand-bounce" as "G.B.," "boy friend" as "B.F.," its companion "Big Moment" as "B.M.," and "not so bad" as "N.S.B."; "G" is the underworld equivalent of a "grand" (a thousand dollars); "C" of a "century" (a hundred dollars); "P.A." is short for press agent, prosecuting attorney, or Park Avenue: "B.O." stands for either box office or body odor, "D.H." for "deadhead," "D.T's" for delirium tremens, and (a take-off) "D.B.'s" for Depression Blues; "B.C." is modernized in Before the Crash, while (a confident prediction), according to the law of averages, or compensation, or something—something, I assure you "A.D." will be known as After the Depression; newspaper men call their city editor the "C.E."; the hobo's symbol for cold, hungry and dry is "C.H. and D."; when collegians say "M.Y.O.B." they want you to mind your own business, though "H.M.T." (hug me tight) gets much more service.

Tempo . . . *prestissimo!* Novelty, vitality, surprise, humor, a shade of impropriety, a generous dash of originality . . . and you have it; slang in the 1934 manner.

The Old Saloon Humor

If present-day flips and gags leave you cold, pity your dad for having laughed at these

by ALBERT PARRY

• ARTICLE •

An old American witticism had it that a Negro minstrel most overflowed with humor when he was corked up. This happy play of words was based on the well known fact that John Citizen of the non-minstrel type felt full of brilliant wit once his foot had pressed the brass rail. "The first action of ethylic alcohol," an old-time medical authority stated soberly albeit sympathetically, "is vascular relaxation, commonly called exhilaration or stimulation, when a glow of warmth spreads over the whole system, when the heart beats faster, when happy thoughts crowd in upon the brain, when all seems life and light and joy." Thus, much of the old-time American humor, stored up and repressed while the old-time American ate his beefsteak breakfast or buried his feet in the straw on the floor of a cold horse-car on the way to his office or tried to take a blurred copy of a business letter on his copy-press, much of this humor found its release at the bar.

There is no humor without its butt. The primary butt of this saloon humor was not the wife and her way of underdoing the beefsteak; nor the horse-car company and its bad management; nor the clerk and his sheer inability to help the boss take a decent press-copy of the letter. All this, for the moment, was safely outside of the barroom. But the saloonkeeper was here, in the barroom. The saloonkeeper or his deputy-bartender was polite but sober, ready to serve you with drinks but charging cool cash for them, ever prepared to stop the flow of drinks and give the bouncer a wink. The saloonkeeper had you in his power without really descending to join you in your camaraderie. Paradoxically, this dispenser of nectars typified the cold, sober, hostile world from which John Citizen had tried to flee when he stepped in through the swinging door. Thus, the first butt of saloon humor was the saloonkeeper.

To beat the barman at his own game was the thing. To take the drinks, but to escape the payment in a clever way, was the most uproarious joke. A favorite funny story in the old-days' saloon was about an Irishman who stepped up to a bar and, with a face full of businesslike inquiry, asked:

"An' have you got any good rye whiskey?"

"Yes, very good, the best in town," said the bartender.

"An' have you any half-pint bottles, my good man?"

"Yes, I have."

"An' will you please to fill one with your best rye whiskey for me?"

"Of course," was the obliging reply.

The bartender selected a clean half-pint flask, went to the cellar, filled the flask with his best Bourbon and handed it to the waiting Irishman. The customer looked at the bottle with a connoisseur's air, raised it to his lips bottom up, taking a sample of the proferred goods and making a connoisseur's face over the deep swallow, then handed the bottle back to the saloon man:

"Very good, indeed. Will you please set this to one side till I call for it?"

Expecting, according to the current phrase, "a large-sized rat-trap full of small mice," the saloon man carefuly put the bottle away. But the Irishman never called again either to finish the bottle or to pay for the "sample" swallow. The story lived to be recited by countless clients to numberless frowning men behind the bar.

A variation sprung up where the smart visitor, not necessarily an Emeralder, indulges in more than one swallow and then says:

"Very fine ale, very fine. Whose ale was it, did you say?"

"Dawson's, first grade," says the barkeep.

"Dawson's, eh? I know Dawson very well — I shall see him soon and settle with him. Good morning!"

Exit the customer amid the rib-splitting laughter of appreciative bystanders of the rail, and before the bewildered owner of the handlebar mustachio can stop the dead-beat and extract the fee.

A less successful attempt was made by a man who presented himself at a bar demanding a drink on credit. No credit, was the inexorable reaction.

"I'll let you have this as security," and the petitioner extracted a pocket Bible. For those were the pious days when a Bible was a commoner sight than in our times, and even imbibers carried holy books with them to read on the slow-moving horse-cars.

"No, sir," said the pourer of liquids. "We don't accept any securities here."

"What, you infidel!" cried the indignant client, with a wink to other customers. "I can understand when you refuse to accept my word for a drink, but to refuse to accept God's word for it?"

Often, the saloonkeepers and the so-called wet grocers were accused of overcharging their clientele. A man who was charged with ten gallons of whiskey delivered in an eight-gallon keg, cuttingly remarked to the offender that he didn't mind the strain on his purse as much as he did the strain on the keg. To touch the bar's tender sensibilities in a subtler fashion was to poke fun at the quality of the drinks served, for, even in the pre-speakie era, drinks were not always what they were supposed to be. A story was told of a traveler who came into the barroom of a provincial hotel and beheld a gloomy emptiness. No jolly crowd there, but the barkeep nodding sleepily and, besides the traveler himself, a thirsty but apparently penniless Negro. The traveler struck up a conversation with the Negro and finally asked him if he was hankering after a drink. The Negro said he was. The traveler told him to go to the bar and have a drink at his, the traveler's, expense. The Negro did so, and after a while left for his home in a happier mood. The traveler watched him between the drink and the departure most attentively, then walked over to the bar and quenched his own thirst. Queried the intrigued barman:

"Are you acquainted with that nigger?"

“Never saw him before.”

“Then why did you talk to him and treat him?”

‘Oh,” came the casual explanation, “I was only experimenting. The fact is I was thirsty myself, and I thought that if your liquor didn’t kill the Negro in fifteen minutes, I would venture to take a drink myself.”

As a matter of general usage, if you thought the drink too strong and killing, the thing to say to your saloonkeeper was that you couldn’t tell whether it was brandy or a torchlight procession going down your throat. If you thought that some other drink had been unduly adulterated with water, the thing to remark was:

“I don’t think this drink will go to my head.”

“Why so?” the unsuspecting barkeep would walk into the trap.

“Too weak to climb,” would be the clev-

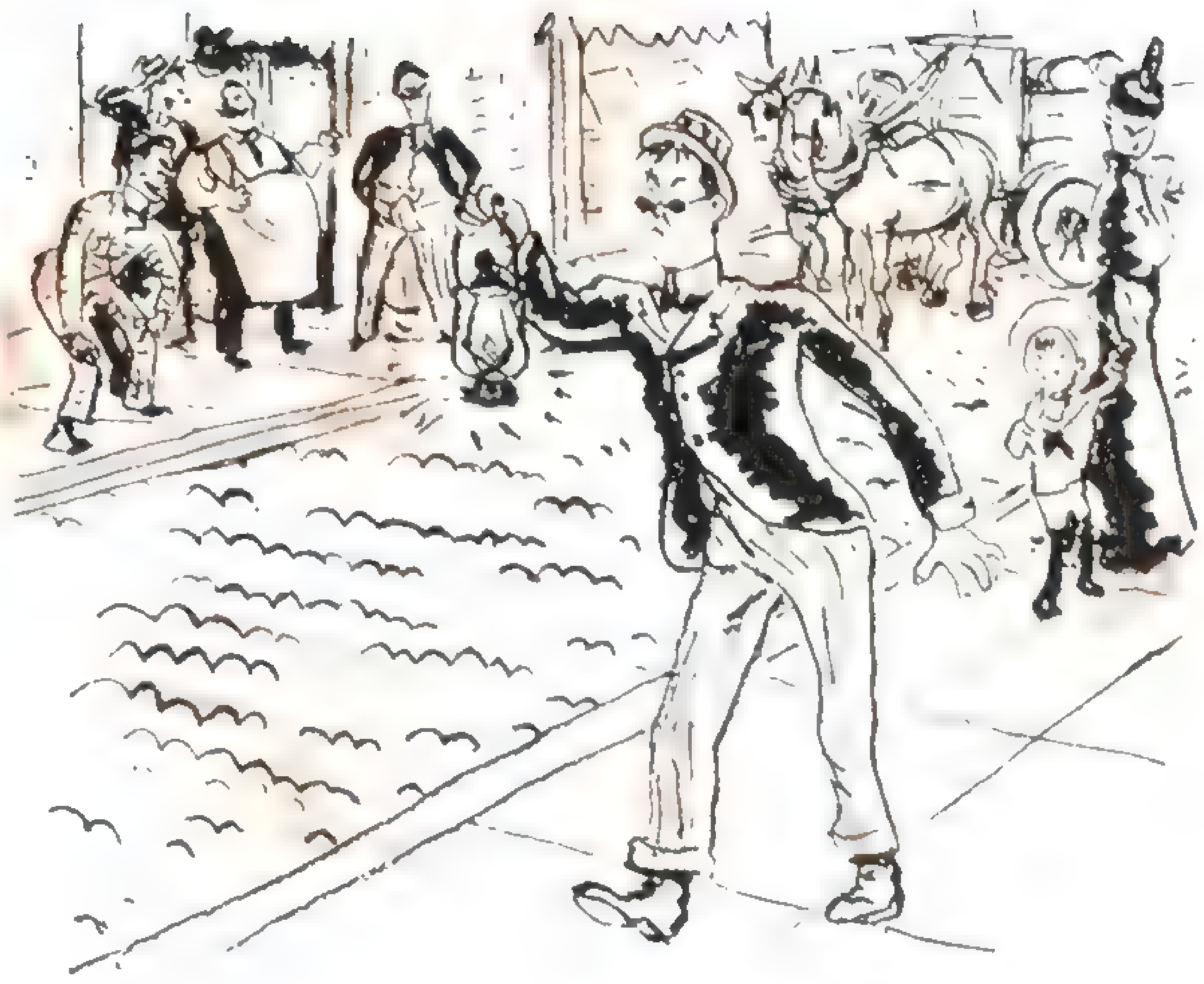
time to cast a reflection on the contents of his drinks, one need only ask of him:

“Seen Al?”

“Al who?”

“Al Cohol. Kerosene him last night, and he ain’t benzine since gasoline against a lamp post to take a naphtha.”

But often as not, the bartenders being Irish could turn the tables on the jokesters and emerge victorious. A tale about John Dempsey, a barkeep, was part of the lore of a large American city of post-Civil War days. A new customer taunted John for his Catholic religion and offered to stage any test of the respective strength of John’s faith and his own Protestantism. John proposed bringing forth a vat of hot water and sticking a Catholic foot and a Protestant foot into it. Whoever could stand the water the longer would win for his religion. The customer, somewhat the worse off for a series of drinks, agreed readily. A vat of steaming-hot water was brought forth, and John stuck his foot into it. He kept it there firmly without a wince or a whimper, for fully ten minutes. The Protestant client said he could stand it a stretch of time at least twice as long. He stuck his foot into the water, but withdrew it immediately with a loud yell. Instantly sobered, he limped through the swinging portal onto the street and to the nearest drugstore. The old customers laughed till the great mirror behind John’s broad back shook. The old customers knew that John had been a Union soldier and returned home from the war with an artificial leg.



Despite present-day sentimental reminiscences about the oldtime bartender and his alleged popularity and serenity, the average barkeep of the bygone era was keenly aware of the hostile attitude toward him on the part of not only the community at large but also of many of his clients, the imbibers. The conveyor of America’s libations was rarely serene about it. Small wonder that his retort to the clients’ jests was roughshod more often than jolly. A wise guy once walked into a saloon and declared:

“I’ll have a Billiard Flip.”

It was a famous barman of the city who listened to this order. He, like many another celebrated barman of the erstwhile days, prided himself on his knowledge of obscure drinks. He was puzzled but would not admit his ignorance.

“A Billiard Flip, sir?” sparring for time.

“Yes, in a hurry.”

Suddenly it dawned upon the barman that the customer was trying to make sport of him. “Yes, sir, right away,” and, taking a barglass he filled it with the usual egg and sugar that went into all flips, then, absenting himself from the customer’s sight, added some stale beer, some cheap gin, and a quantity of dishwater. He mixed this, and placed it before the sport. The man was taken aback but could do nothing but drink it down. Said the barman, seeing him blanch: “How was it, sir?”

“Well,” replied the wise guy, “if I wasn’t a hardened Billiard drinker I’d say it was dishwater.”

Sometimes a barkeep waited for no provocation. An actual story of a saloonkeeper’s practical joke on a customer was repeated in a certain American city for many years and in shocked whispers, for it was rather a public show that the saloon man made of his victim. It seems that the nearsighted son of a prominent judge was in the habit of getting his fill too heavily at too early an hour. One morning he came into a saloon, filled himself rapidly, and sank asleep on a chair. After a while, the saloon man took off the young man’s spectacles, blacked the glasses, and replaced them. Then he drew the shades, lighted the lamps, and aroused the sleeper.

“Joe,” he said to the young man, “it’s well nigh midnight, an’ I want to close up the place.”

Joe, still befuddled, stared around and said he must have slept quite some time.

“Indeed, an’ you did,” said the barkeep. “It’s very dark outside, an’ if you bring it back tomorrer, I’ll give you a lantern.”

He lighted a lantern and handed it to the victim, then escorted him to the street. Joe went home, through the heart of the town’s business district, in the middle of the day, the passers-by stopping to gape at the unusual sight, the barkeep chuckling at his door.

To show how thick-headed some of their clients were, the barkeeps of America retailed this story:

A saloon man offered a riddle for a customer’s attention:

“Who is it? My father and mother have a son, and yet he is not my brother. Who could he be?”

The customer ruminated over his glass and finally gave up.

“Why, it’s myself,” said the saloonkeeper.

Both guffawed. The next day, the same customer addressed a fellow-drinker:

“Here’s a riddle for you, mister man. My father and mother have a son, and yet he isn’t my brother. Who could he be?”

The fellow-drinker thought a little and cried triumphantly:

“Why, it’s you yourself.”

“Ha-ha,” laughed the customer, “that’s where you are wrong. It isn’t me, it’s the saloonkeeper!”

At times, the saloon men’s humor was truly too heavy to be easily understood or appreciated by the listeners. So much the harder it is for us, in this later day, to grasp the finesse of that humor. One must think and think before one can guffaw at a sign which used to hang on the door leading to the barroom of the Van Ness House at Burlington, Iowa: “Notice! If you don’t see what you ask for, want it.” And yet, back in the 1890s and 1900s, it was considered a corker and truly the acme of America’s saloon humor.

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The Gershwin Case

America's brightest composer analyzed in terms of whence, wherefore, whither and why

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

It is more than ten years since I heard George Gershwin betray any interest in the opinions of critics, so I hope he will be not too much offended at being considered a case. Like most other human beings, Gershwin has been pushed around a bit, but on the whole he hasn't been pushed out of his own direction. He knows what he is doing, even when he is doing too much or doing the wrong thing. A long time ago he wasn't feeling well and his doctor put him on a regime; and Gershwin had a little notebook in which he recorded his diet and other details; he knew exactly what he was doing. I do not suppose he has a notebook with charts for his musical progress, but he is a young man with assurance. If he is going to do an opera this year, you may be sure that this fits into a general plan which may include a movie theme song or a tone poem or a popular melody for next year. If he decides not to compose for six months and amuse himself by painting, he will have in mind the results of his vacation on the next season's output. There is nothing calculating or timid about this; Gershwin will try anything because he is really Kipling's child with his 'satiable curiosity. At the same time he is too well established to be blown away by any wind of chance.

I don't know any popular American composer who is brighter, more generally aware, more likely to give you a mental satisfaction than Gershwin, and, the moment this is said, I ought to go on and indicate my doubt whether Gershwin is really a popular composer at all. I know all about The Rhapsody in Blue, having been present (if I may make so bold) at its conception; I also walked into the Palais Royal when it was merely a rehearsal hall and heard the first complete run-through with Paul Whiteman's orchestra; and lived one summer next to anonymous neighbors who owned (I suppose) only one record and played it all the time, the same Rhapsody, which still, to my mind, has an admirable slow movement and is a delightful piece. Or four or five delightful pieces loosely strung together. But the Rhapsody alone doesn't make Gershwin a popular composer as he was when he wrote Swanee. Swanee was just Gershwin writing a Mammy song for Al Jolson, but it was one of the best and it is the sort of thing Gershwin wouldn't be found dead with today. He could write it and write rings around it and kid Mammy's kerchief off it, but he wouldn't sincerely write a simple although synthetic song like Swanee again. He has learned better and has become our foremost composer of satirical operettas.

The thing to remember in this connection is that his famous forerunner, Sir Arthur Sullivan, never forgot how to write sentimental lyrics and had a strain of religiosity in him which came out in The Lost Chord.

There is a famous bit of dialogue along Tin Pan Alley: How long will Gershwin's music live? As long as Gershwin is alive to play it! He loves a piano, and it is said that no amount of sarcasm and no show of force will keep him away and he is right, because he is one of the most entertaining of all pianists. When Eva Gauthier put a group of his songs on a recital program, Gershwin played the accompaniments and sent an audience into hysterics of delight by throwing in a few swift bars of Scheherezade as backing for his own Stairway to Paradise and getting back to business before anyone knew what had happened. His darting mind controls his darting fingers, his playing is as amusing as his melodies are tricky and smart. But he pays for this skill.

Popular music used to be written to be sung; then to be danced to; and now it is written to be played. Irving Berlin not only has gone through all three stages, but goes through them year after year, which accounts for his pre-eminent position as a popular composer—in As Thousands Cheer you have the Easter Parade to sing; the Rice in China song to dance to; and Heat Wave, a rhythm song, to listen to. Jerome Kern's great songs, and they include the best of our time, are all songs to be sung. And Gershwin's become more and more songs to be played. They are masterly: I've Got Rhythm (and *could* you ask for anything more?), Strike Up the Band, Sam and Delilah, and the best thing in two successive shows, Wintergreen for President. No one has ever sung, no one has ever tried, no one was ever meant to try, to sing Wintergreen for President. But who can forget it?

Not Gershwin, in any case. What he can play on the piano—and he can play anything—he puts down on paper, forgetting that we who listen are not gifted with his mastery of complicated rhythms. So he composes to be heard, not to be sung. He is lucky because we are becoming a nation of listeners, thanks to the radio. But he is losing ground as a pure troubadour. He has stopped singing himself.

Privately there is a lot of simplicity in Gershwin. He is young, he is successful, he enjoys his success. Whenever you see him, he is overwhelmed in work, mad about some new dancer or singer who is going to put over something he has composed, rehearsing with a cigar handy, dashing back to his penthouse which was modern (and strikingly and comfortably modern) at the very beginning of the rage for modern, thinking about going to Hollywood, discussing a new lyric with his brother Ira who lives on the same terrace and comes in ready with something intricate in rhyme-schemes to make sure that brother George doesn't fall back on June and moon. He is tall and dark and looks well in tails and always looks a little self-conscious when he is not working; not uncomfortable in the world of expensive clubs, but aware of them; not overcome by people nearly as famous as himself, but nodding to them; not dazzled, but pleased.

That likeable simplicity doesn't come out in his work which gets more complicated and interesting and brittle and unmelodious with every year. It is as if Gershwin were writing for the five thousand people who go to the Lido, know the one best club in London, can't count above 21 in New York, and depend on Elsa Maxwell for a good time. Those five thousand—perhaps there are a few more—making up the bulk of the first week's audiences at a new show, can give a musical piece an invisible banner to fly from the theatre's marquee, worth as much as a Pulitzer prize; the wit and intelligence which pleases them can then bring in the fifty thousand more who are needed to pay off the cost of production. But they cannot make a popular composer.

At bottom, I do not believe that Gershwin is a satirist. I can't be sure, but I do not think he has suffered enough or thought enough; he hasn't had time, success coming to him early, frequently, and abundantly. I think he has been carried away by the satire of others. There was a middle point when Gershwin wrote a musical burlesque with lyrics by Brian Hooker, of which the masterpiece, words and music, was Innocent Ingenue (Baby). The show was not a success and the songs are remembered by perhaps a dozen people, of whom I am the most persistent. Here you had a sweet melody with a touch of mockery on the word "Baby"; but when you come to "Of thee I sing, Baby," the satire is everything. It rises to a high level of satisfaction when you

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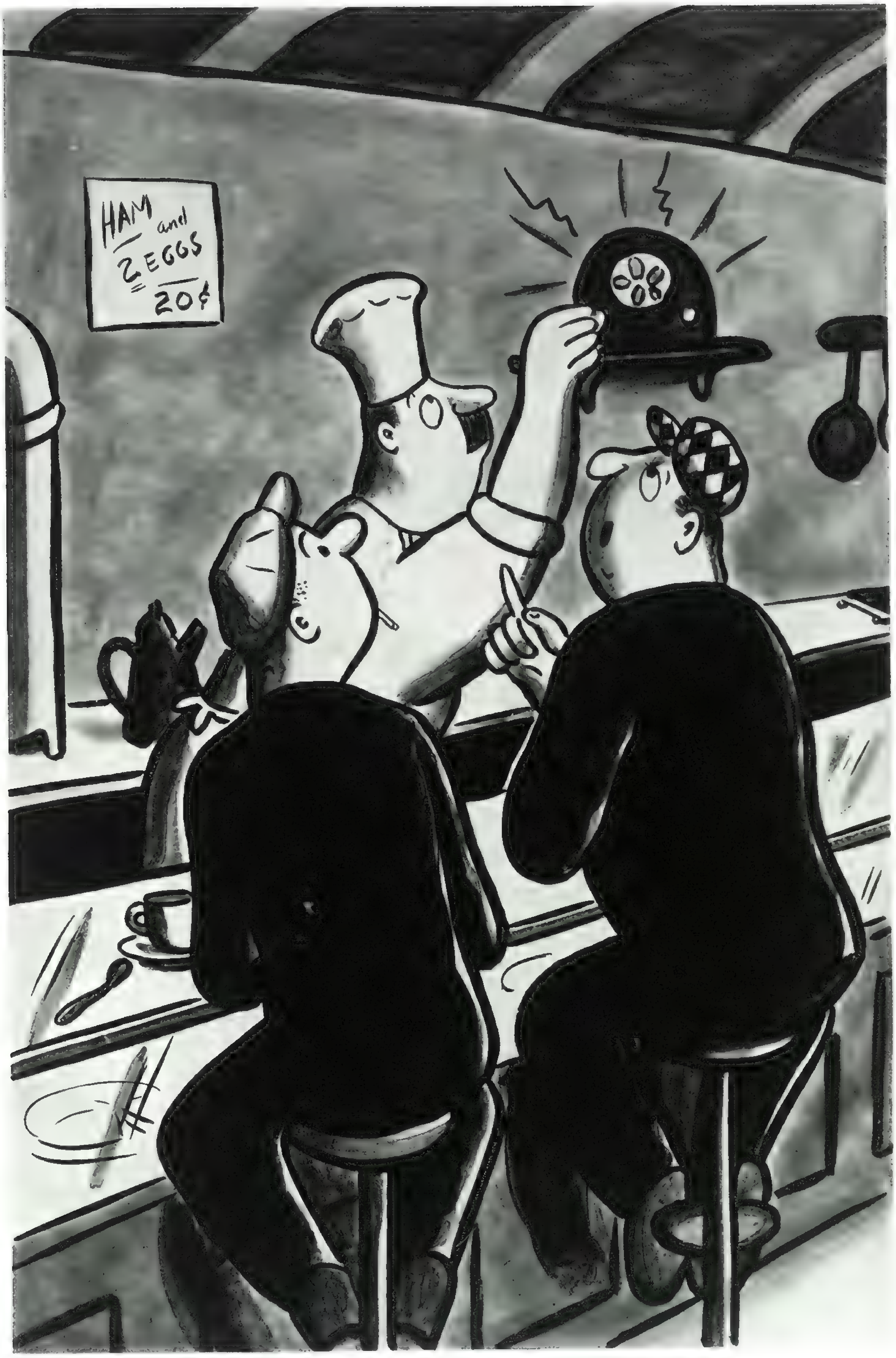
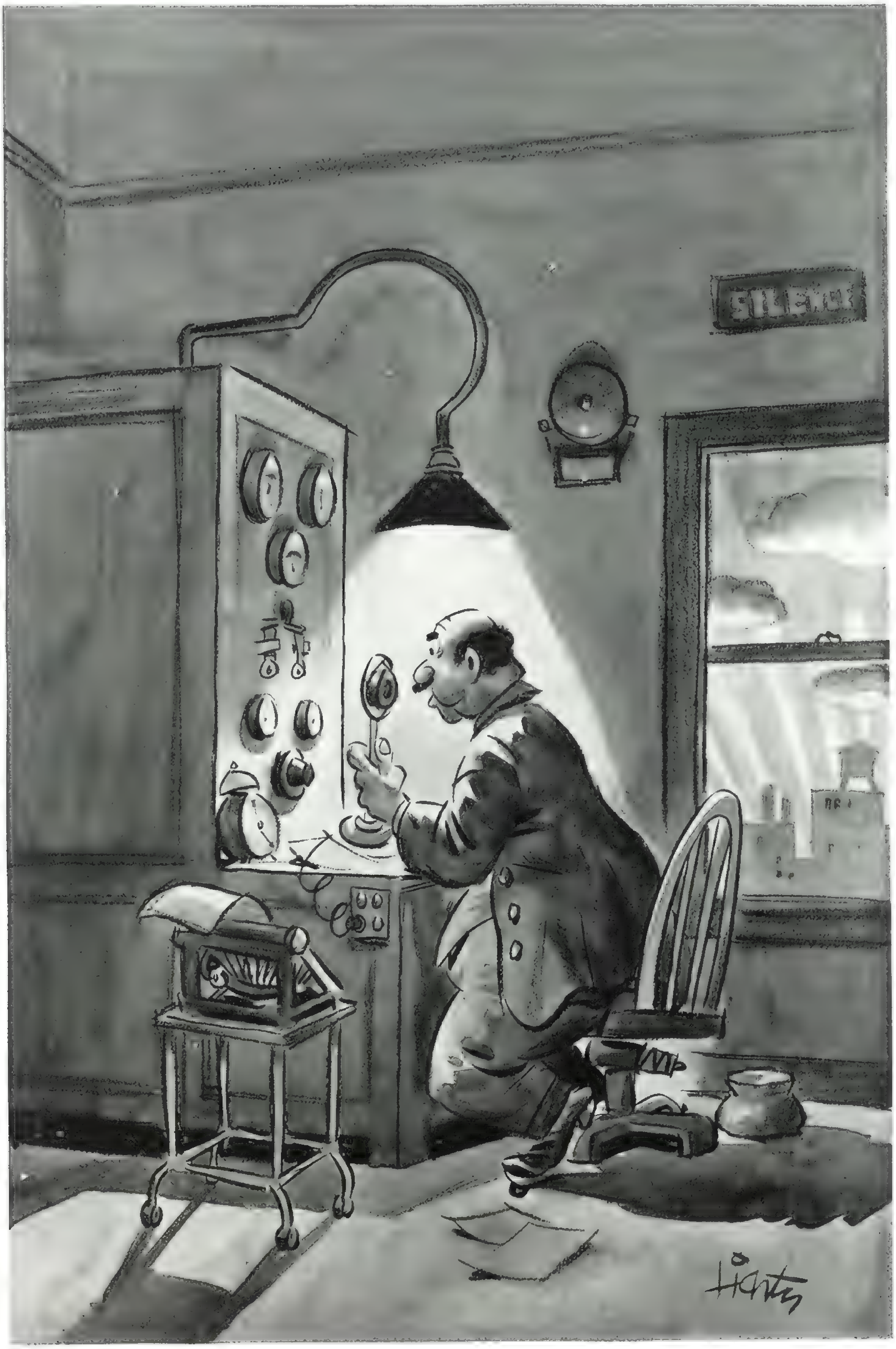

HAM and 2 EGGS 20¢

"Ah—Gershwin!"


SILENCE
Lichty

"Calling all police cars—wake up—it is morning—wake up!"

The Mystery of the Violet Letters . . .

Second of a series of fictionized accounts of actual cases that have engaged the police in recent years

by WILLIAM C. WHITE

• SEMI-FICTION •

Scotland Yard officials when asked to name the most amazing character in their experience agree unanimously on the central figure in the most dramatic "triangle" case in English crime history, the murder of Percy Thompson in 1922. That character makes the case stand out as one of the great criminal cases of all time.

THE "Morea," one of the P. and C. liners, was running from London to the Far East in 1922. It knew ports whose names call up the romance of the Orient. At every port of call a letter, written on violet paper, was waiting for one of the crew, to be added to the ever-growing pile in his ditty box. Violet letters waiting at Port Said, at Karachi, at Singapore . . .

These cities are far from Ilford. There are few signs of romance in this little London suburb. Here seems to be only respectability, smug, deep-rooted, comfortable but commonplace. The people of Ilford are not wealthy. Each morning the husbands hurry to the city, each night they come home to work in their little gardens or to go to the cinema. They are in a rut, perhaps, but they have made the rut a comfortable place and they have planted high hedges around their gardens to close them in from the street.

Percy Thompson, a clerk in a shipping office, was one of these husbands of Ilford. He was in his early thirties. His wife, Edith, was twenty-eight. She was small, blue-eyed, freckled, and the beauty and attractiveness of her face varied with changing lights. Unlike Ilford housewives, she worked, in a city millinery store. Every morning the Thompsons went to town together. Often they met for lunch. Sometimes they came home together or remained in the city for dinner and theatre. The neighbors spoke of their devotion to each other and Ilford neighbors would know. Edith Thompson was intense in her liking for the theatre. She was a regular attendant at the cinema whenever a love story was being shown. She read light romantic novels, one after the other.

Except when it does stay in town for dinner and theatre, Ilford goes to bed early and its streets are dark at night. On the evening of October 3, 1922, an elderly couple, walking along a side street, heard a woman scream, from the pavement opposite. As if in pain she cried, "Oh, don't! Don't! Whatever shall I do?" The couple hurried across the street and found a woman, incoherent and hysterical, standing by a man who was lying on the sidewalk. They helped her call a doctor.

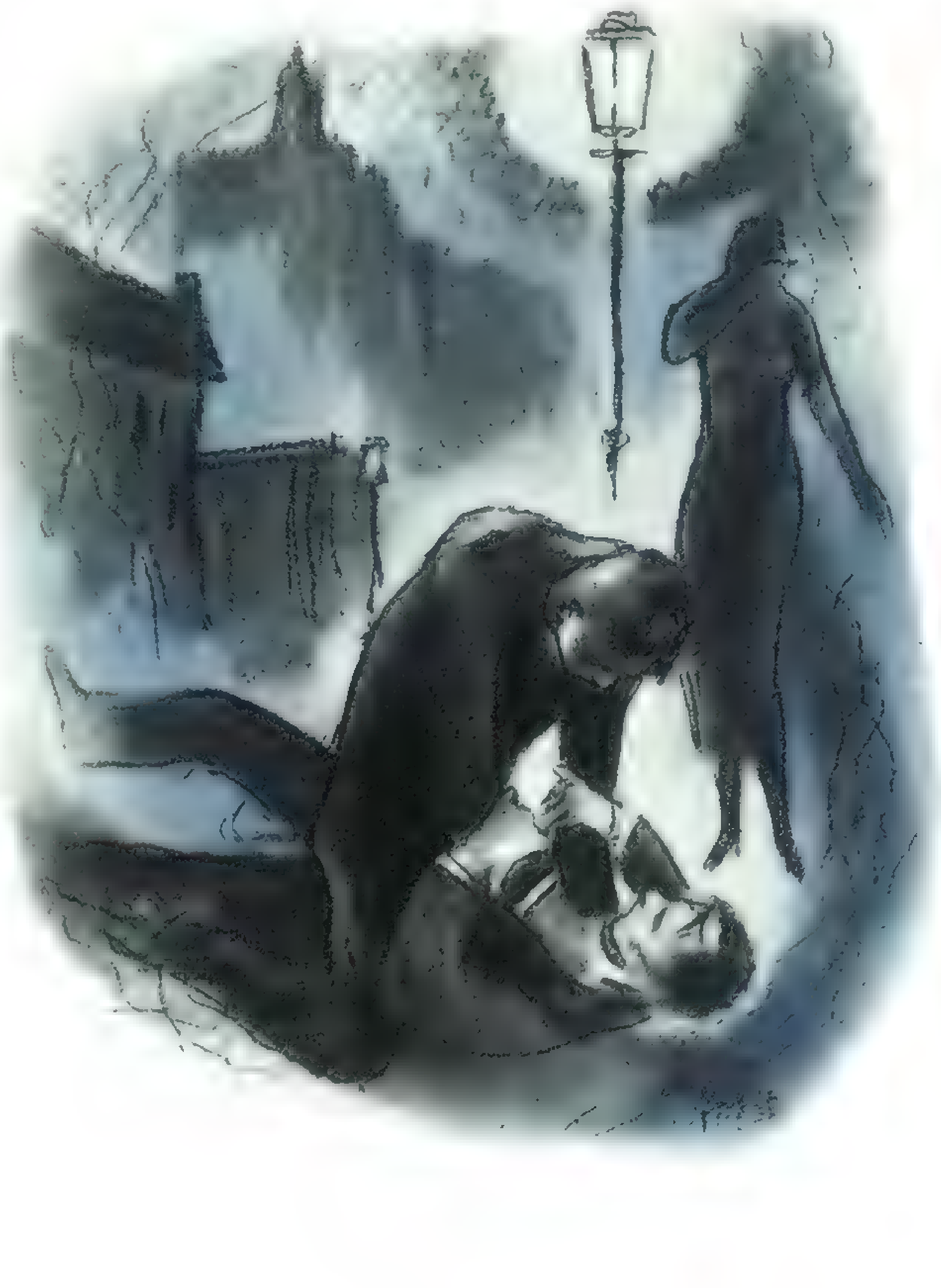
The doctor lit one match after another. He saw a man tall but slightly built, lying on his back dead. Blood was oozing from his mouth. The doctor saw no wounds and decided that the man had been taken with some internal hemorrhage. He called an ambulance. The woman managed to babble that she was Mrs. Percy Thompson and that the man was her husband. They were walking home from the subway when suddenly her husband collapsed. A policeman took her home, just around the corner, and tried to quiet her.

Someone at the morgue called the doctor a little later and asked, "Did you notice any wounds on Thompson, doctor?"

"No, but I had to do my examination by matchlight."

"Well," said the voice, "there are fifteen wounds on his body, all in the back, and his jugular vein is cut."

After Mrs. Thompson had quieted slightly she was asked to come to the police station to tell her story. Already Scotland Yard had been notified and Chief Inspector Wendsley, now retired after a great career, was on the case. He heard Mrs. Thompson say weakly, "As we were coming up the road I heard him moan and he fell against me. I tried to hold him but he slid down. I called for help. I saw no one around."



On the following morning Wendsley asked her, "You know of no one who might have done such a thing?"

"No one," she said. "We had no enemies."

Since there had been no attempt at robbery it was difficult to think of a total stranger committing such a crime. The murderer must be some one the Thompsons knew, Wendsley reasoned. And why did the wife insist that she had seen no one? He asked her for a list of her friends, her husband's friends, and their mutual friends. Then he turned to the Thompson relatives, and he asked for similar lists. One brother mentioned the name of a young man, Frederick Bywaters, and added, "The Thompsons knew him well, especially Mrs. Thompson."

Wendsley hurried away. That name had not been on the list which Mrs. Thompson had given him. Why had she omitted it? He ordered the men at the Yard to find Bywaters who lived with his mother on the opposite side of London, and he turned to Mrs. Thompson. She knew Bywaters, yes. She had not seen him recently.

Early that evening one car of the Flying Squad picked up Bywaters, a young man of twenty, eight years younger than Edith Thompson. He was purser's clerk on the "Morea," which was sailing within the next twelve hours. As he came into Wendsley's office the inspector glanced at him and then at some spots on his overcoat, and whispered an order to an assistant.

Bywaters asked the first question gruffly, "What do you want?"

Wendsley asked him where he had been on the preceding night. Bywaters admitted that he had been in Ilford until about eleven then, having missed the last bus, walked home. He was asked about his friendship with the Thompsons. Before he could answer the assistant touched a bit of moist paper to one of the spots on the overcoat. The paper was immediately stained red. Bywaters was held for further examination and some of the men from the Yard were sent to search his home. While his old mother cried, "But Freddie is a good boy," the inspectors found a suitcase, packed for the voyage and in it a packet of letters on violet

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The Conqueror

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hat, and a riding crop, those were the impressions he had of the vision that had arrested his attention on the stairs. She had scarcely looked at him—merely a brief glance out of the corner of her eyes. Then she lifted her skirt delicately with one hand and was gone.

He, too, found his way out into the garden. It was seven o'clock, and had begun to drizzle.

"It's a rather nasty evening," he said bluntly, and walked over toward her.

She looked surprised at the intrusion. He pointed to her shoes, but she wheeled around and was on the point of leaving.

"Excuse me," he interposed, "I did not pursue you here to speak to you, but after all it is drizzling. The walks and grass are already wet. It was this that I wanted to tell you because you probably don't know about such things hereabouts."

"I thank you. I see it is raining," she answered.

"I greeted you on the stairs," he continued. "It was I whom you passed there. The fleeting glance you gave me hurt a bit."

She interrupted: "What is it you're after?"

His heart began to thump. He lost his composure and blurted out: "Look here! Take what is mine. I give it all to you if you think for a moment that I would do you any harm. I want only to stand before you, to look at you, for you must admit yourself that you are really gloriously beautiful."

"I've never heard the like," she said, coldly and indignantly.

"Oh, then, excuse me," he mumbled and gave up the game temporarily.

She turned her back upon him and stood looking at a flower-bed down in the garden.

Again, he tried to save his face and made the opportunity to say, "Just imagine! The zephyrs are soughing among the roses where you stand looking at them. I, too, have heard them.

"What if this whispering is their language! Listen! Perhaps they are saying something to you."

She was about to go.

"Was that madness, too, what I have just said?" he asked, somewhat uneasy.

"Why, they are not roses at all," she replied. "Just poppies."

"Poppies, then," he retorted. "I wonder if this murmuring might not be their voices, speaking."

She had gone before he spoke the last word. The latch clicked on the garden gate.

Somewhat taken aback, he walked over to a bench and sat down. This stranger's striking beauty had all of a sudden carried him off his feet.

At last, when the bell sounded, he got up and went into the dining room. "Suppose she came and sat down near him! And suppose he should speak to her again!"

She did come, still carrying the riding-crop. Her father followed behind—a handsome old gentleman, evidently an officer.

Now it was up to the Conqueror to be politic, to bow politely; to take his seat facing them. "I'll do just that," he thought to himself—and did it.

The beauty blushed all over, then turned to her father and began discussing their trip on the morrow. The old gentleman inquired across the table about the roads and the hotels, and the young man, who never before had given a moment's thought to such things, hesitated for a brief second and then gave tiptop answers to the query. And when the meal was over, he introduced himself to the two of them.

"Excellent! excellent!" Both of them had heard of him.

In the corridor he detained the young lady: "A single word, mademoiselle. Don't go away tomorrow. I'll show you all the sights around here—waterfalls, wharves. Then in the evening I'll prostrate myself before you and thank you."

The young woman did not leave him suddenly, as before. She listened patiently.

"My life is in your hands," he continued.

She in turn smiled. "In order to prevent a misunderstanding, I wish to call your attention to the fact that I am on my way to see my fiancé and am setting out tomorrow."

"No," he cried, stamping his foot on the floor. Then he grasped her hand, squeezed it, and kissed it passionately.

She tore loose from him, lifted the riding-whip, and gave him a resounding crack across the face.

That silenced him. As he straightened up, she saw a red welt reddening on his left cheek. She looked at him, then lowered the whip.

"You struck me," he said, "but it didn't hurt. Do it again. I like it."

But with lowered head and averted eyes, she hurried away and went upstairs to her room.

She did not leave the next day. She went visiting all the nearby sights—the waterfalls, the wharves. How the world had changed and how all of a sudden her heart had become jammed full of nothing but the fairest of fancies.

No, indeed, she would never have undertaken this trip southward to the man whom she no longer loved, had not her father ordered her to. But she would come back, right away. And she gave the Conqueror her hand.

"I'm going along," he said. "I'll trail you tomorrow. We'll meet sooner than you think, my only love."

There followed, as on each previous occasion, a few hours during which the Conqueror walked around in high intoxication, and neither saw nor heard anything except the sight and voice of his beloved.

She telegraphed every few hours, wrote a letter, two letters—on scented paper.

He read her sweet words in violent rapture and walked around—flowers blooming in his soul.

Hours passed. Why didn't he follow her! In his state of ecstasy he forgot about leaving the hotel.

Two days later he had not yet gone. He had not the heart to leave behind the charming letters that arrived with every post.

Why were there so many, after all! The first had been the most precious, though naturally they were all to him like the breath of roses, albeit they were losing their rarity.

One evening he let the letters lie unopened until the next morning. He no longer opened letters from her with fingers nervous and trembling.

He read them now quite composed and at his ease, in the morning, before dressing to go downstairs.

One morning shortly after, he chanced upon a young lady in traveling attire. She was an artist, an innocent girl on her first tour, chaperoned by her mother. Such happiness! Such joy of living! Such youthful, physical appeal!

The Conqueror greeted her. She smiled and nodded back. Even today he had thought of leaving, but he had not! It was fate.

And now he took the first opportunity to offer his services, to show her the sights, to be her servant, as it were. They settled the hour when she was to meet him at the wharves.

He was there an hour ahead of time. It was pouring but he waited like a martyr. "What difference does a wetting make?" he said to himself. "I'm as happy as Jove himself waiting for his earthly love."

Two hours passed. He neither saw nor heard from her. Finally mamma appeared, bringing news that her daughter craved forgiveness but could not come herself. Had to call unexpectedly upon some friends in the town.

The older lady didn't ask him whether he had been waiting long, didn't seem to care how wet he was, nor worried that he might have caught a cold!

He trudged along home. Once there, he paced from place to place in the boring pension, a prey to the worst impatience he had ever felt.

"What a lot of time people can spend with their friends! What in the world can an artist talk about for such an eternity with mere acquaintances?"

Hours passed and night came. He had to retire. Still no young artist! He could not sleep, so he lit the lights. How his head ached. And his eyes, how they smarted from staring at the patterns of the paper on the wall.

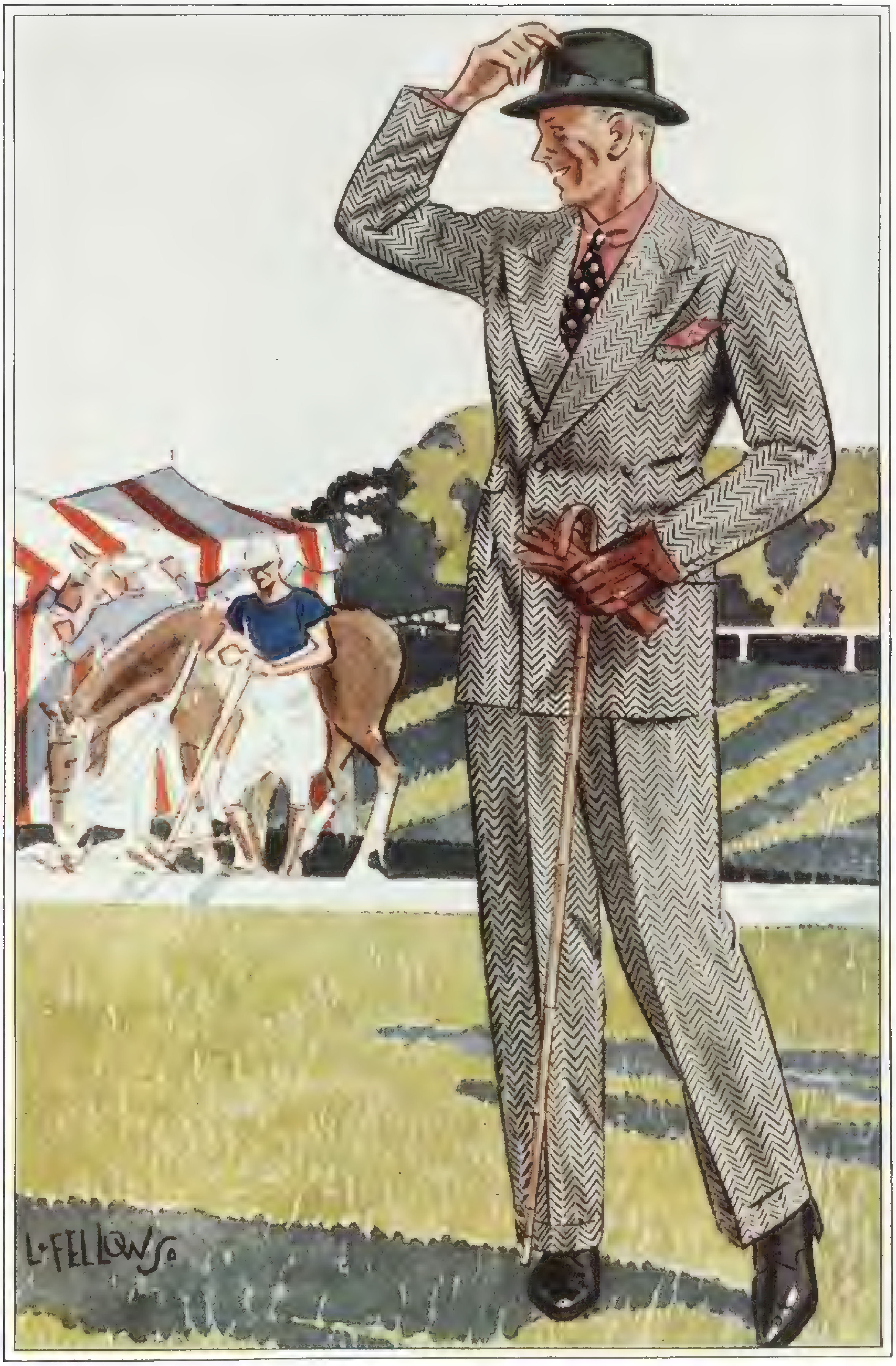
At last he heard a gate being opened. He strained his ears, then, reassured, jumped out of bed and dressed. Previously he had found out where her room was, and thither he went. Yes! She had returned. He could hear her.

In a few minutes a naked arm protruded with her shoes. Then the door closed again. The key turned in the lock.

"Good night and pleasant dreams, glorious vision," he murmured as he knelt down and kissed the little shoes like one demented, beside himself. Then and there he promised himself that in the morning he would make an end of all—propose to her—conquer or die.

But in the morning she had left the hotel. He inquired about the route she had taken and found that she had gone northward to the next town.

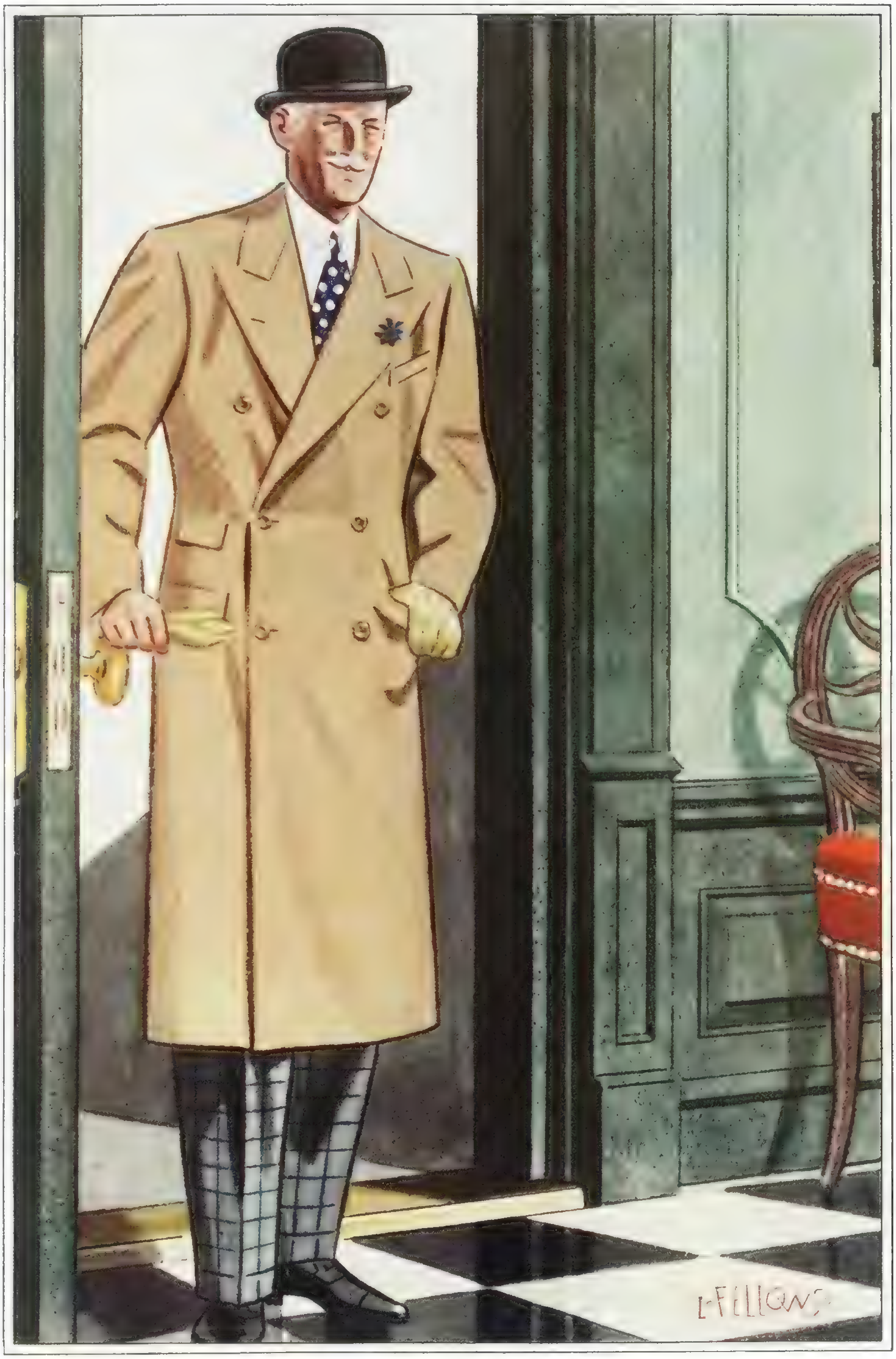
That very morning the officer's daughter had written: "Come down south. Everything here is in flower." He set out at once, but northward, digging spurs into his horse in his haste.



INTRODUCING A NEW SHADE IN SHIRTINGS

A YEAR or so back, oxblood was a sensational new color in men's gloves. Now a slightly lighter shade of this same color has turned up in shirtings as an important new fashion note. It is shown here in the popular round collar attached model, made up in oxford cloth and presented very effectively against a black and white herringbone suiting. The latter, by the way, is an old-time favorite that is now coming back strong. Mr. Fellows may be excused for this model's very sissy stance on the ground that he wanted to show you the current conception of how properly cut trousers should hang. You will note that although they are tapered, they are cut full through the legs. The hat is a green rough felt Homburg and the tie is a black foulard with red and white spots, showing to excellent advantage against the oxblood shirt. Note that the jacket is form fitting, which does not mean that it is tight.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



OUTER COATS ARE SHORTER THIS SEASON

As suit coats have lengthened, topcoats and overcoats are being made shorter. This topcoat of covert cloth comes a scant two inches below the knee. Neither the fabric nor the model is new, both being established favorites, but the combination is. Covert cloth has usually been made up in fly-front, single breasted coats. The derby and covert topcoat have been worn together by Wall Street men for several seasons now and they team up very smartly. The suit is grey flannel or cheviot with a blue overplaid. The soft shirt is made in a neckband style, worn with a starched collar and blue foulard tie with large spaced polka dots. The shoes are black calf. The gloves are yellow chamois. Note the blue cornflower boutonnière and note, also, that you don't *have* to wear a breast pocket handkerchief with your topcoat if you don't feel like it. That is a passing vogue. We thought you might wonder about that.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Writ of Attachment

Continued from page 37

"What was it you were saying a man should do?"

"He ought to marry a homespun woman who wouldn't always have admirers 'round her. She'd do for domestic purposes. Then he could fall in love with whom he liked."

"It sounds easy, put like that," remarked Miss Pommery. "But why didn't you do that, Chris? After all, Christine's not plain. She's pretty."

"Not half so pretty as you, Pips," he said looking at her. "You're an angel, and I love you ten times more than Christine." He took her left hand. "What's your answer to that?"

She returned his gaze, and smiled a little. "In words, or in writing?" she asked at length.

"In both," he replied.

So, still smiling, she raised herself on one elbow and, with the tip of her finger traced five words on his back. Again he complained of his soreness.

"Darling, I can't use *all* my cold cream on you," she retorted, dipping her finger once more into the jar. "There!" And satisfied, apparently, by this childish action, she again laid her shoulder to the sand. "That was in writing," she said. "Now do you want it in words?"

"Please."

"I love you, too, Chris," said Miss Pommery.

The time was then eleven o'clock. Two hours later they rose, flung wraps over their bathing-costumes, and went along to the Parlez d'Amour Bar for cocktails and a snack.

Soon afterwards they returned to their spot on the beach, where they sun-bathed until seven, by which hour, lo and behold!, Mr. Christopher de Cordon Blue was almost as black as a nigger, and Miss Piper Pommery was as white as ever.

They resumed their wraps. Hers was primrose in colour. She adored primrose. Even her pyjamas were primrose. His wrap was green. He was very fond of green. Even his pyjamas were green.

When she saw him off the next morning, on his return to London, she said: "Darling, are you sure there's no chance of Christine knowing?"

"None at all," he replied. "How on earth could she? I've been in Biarritz all the time, on business." He laughed, and kissed her. "Goodbye, Pips. You know, it's the last thing in the world I'd have happen."

"What is?"

"To have Christine divorce me. You see, she does so well for utility and domestic purposes. Remember what I told you, yesterday?"

Upon saying which, this charming man stepped into the train and was parted from Miss Piper Pommery. He treasured her as his *chère amie*, but he would not have appreciated her as his wife.

In due course he reached London. He went home. He kissed his wife several times, and told her the state in which he had found business at Biarritz. He had bathed, he said, and sun-bathed, and felt very well indeed.

"You look it, my dear," she said, believing every word. And there would have been an end of the story, had he not asked her that night to rub some cold cream on his back. For, when he presented his deeply sunburnt back for this operation, she dropped the jar of cold cream.

"Chris!"

"What? My back? I'll bet it's pretty black."

She put her next question slowly, in a different tone. "Have you seen your back?"

"No. Why? Is it very sore?"

"You'd better have a look at it in the mirror," she replied coldly.

So he went to a cheval-glass, and stood with his back to it, observing his reflection therein with a hand-mirror.

It made him stare, and gasp, and stare again. For on his sunburnt skin, in clear white letters, was the inscription: "I love you, too. Pips."

Miss Pommery had unfortunately dipped her finger into the jar of sunburn protective balm.

Then the legal hounds were unleashed . . .

All Is Not Gold

Continued from page 47

of credentials along, and that he showed all of them. This set their fears only moderately at rest, however. They warned him to say nothing about his mission either in the nearby community or on his return. They had such a rich property, and one so easy to work that they feared it might be stolen. Indeed they feared that they might be murdered. And my friend judged that if it was necessary they would murder him to prevent such misfortune. He arrived late in the afternoon and it was agreed that the examination might as well be made the following day since he could not hurry back, anyway. They were a long way from the nearest railroad. During the evening the two Mexican prospectors made him feel the tenseness of the situation so acutely that he jumped whenever an unusual sound came from beyond the camp. He said they were evidently trying to make his visit as pleasant as possible but he couldn't avoid noticing how conveniently their rifles were placed. And when they put his things away they left his rifle within easy reach.

The next morning they went with him to make the examination. They had the old-fashioned batae which is a sort of wooden bowl very much like the one the Aztecs used centuries ago. They cleaned this with the greatest care. Then they indicated the ground where the samples should be taken and explained that it would make very little difference where he picked up the dirt. He selected what he wanted and went to the stream for water, they remaining carefully away while he did all this. But when he had begun to give the batae the rotary motion that separates the dirt and gold they suggested that he place it in a cradle that they used for this purpose. He did so. They were standing nearby as he moved the cradle to and fro. Suddenly one of the men sneezed violently and his cigarette fell into the dirt and water in the batae. He could have plucked it out in a second but his attention was diverted. The sneezer's partner was berating him in the most insulting manner. Their voices rose to shrill cries. My friend said it seemed quite a part of the tense nervous strain under which they had been living for many months and he was afraid that bloodshed might result. There was nothing to fight about, as a matter of fact, but they were on edge and jittery. He intervened. His efforts calmed them gradually. He assured them that no harm whatever would come of the slight accident. Then he resumed rocking the cradle. By this time the cigarette had become water soaked and most of it had sunk. The outer wrapping was still floating and a little of the tobacco but that would make no difference so he did not pluck it out. But he noticed a tiny fleck of flour gold floating on the dirty water. Then another. And another. Only one thing could account for this. The cigarette had been salted. The whole act had been staged. He had to remember not to give any sign of having noticed the floating gold. When the sample was finally stowed away he assured them that they would beyond question soon hear from the company he represented. But they never did. He recalls the performance, however, as the best in a long experience of examining mining properties. He still insists that both of the men could have made far more on the stage than by salting mines. The very crudity of the salting was its best cover. And the acting was perfect. The only reason they failed was because there were a few flecks of gold too light to sink at once.

Near Deadwood, South Dakota, some years ago, an experienced old prospector and his two young nephews were panning for placer gold. The loose ground over which they were working is the result of centuries of erosion and often turns up rich deposits but they had had very little success. One day the uncle left for a nearby canyon that had attracted his attention. During his absence the two nephews received a caller, a prospector who had been working some three or four hundred yards down the gulch. The visitor showed them some samples. He said they were fairly good. But the nephews looked at them and knew better. The samples were not fairly good, they were remarkable. The prospector said he was going to town to see if he could sell the claim for a small sum because he wanted to try his luck elsewhere. The boys went into conference and bought his claim then and there. When their uncle returned they told him what had happened. They were happy and excited. But the uncle nearly exploded with wrath. He had prospected over the very ground they had bought and knew there was nothing on it. He knew the sample had been salted and proved it to them. They had spent money that would be needed for food. The old man, wild with anger, went down the gulch to the new claim and began kicking out the puddle boxes and yanking the sluices out of position. During the course of this destruction a swirl of water disclosed

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All Is Not Gold

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the yellow gleam that every hillman knows. The mine had been salted, all right, but the sluice was within six inches of gold. That property yielded upwards of $600,000 in gold. Such things have happened many times. And I could tell tales of the salters being outsmarted by other rascals who pretended to be wealthy investors and decamped with the rich samples. But the salters, themselves, have always interested me most. The chances are all against them from the start. They know very well that they are inviting tests by experienced and wary experts. They also know that there is more than a little danger of being shot since personal vengeance is about the only recourse of their victims. The preparations they make always consume much money and sometimes many months. They are not on the verge of starvation, you may be sure, or they wouldn't have the gold with which to salt the mine. And they have to be experienced in the prospecting game to make even a fair showing. Some of them, of course, are dangerous, desperate men. But I venture the assertion that most of them are not. I think they love the game and have a twisted pride in their ability to act. Because most of it is acting. Anyone could think of firing a shotgun loaded with gold into some tale but how many men could build up the situation to the point where an expert was off his guard? Not many. And don't forget that they do get away with the salting now and then for very good stakes. But to the best of my knowledge they always spend their money quickly and try again. I think they love the danger and the details of the build-up. I have been at war with them for years and never have worked up a real hatred even when I got cheated. In their own crazy way, they are artists.

The Belle Dame

Continued from page 70

was making it, and it was a pretty good little place, clean enough, and a gas-plate to cook on. I sat there and smoked a couple cigarettes, and she went around hanging up dresses and pulling things here and pushing them there; and I was tired as hell that night and it was raining and about a mile back downtown, and I got to thinking that I'd got gypped all around so far and now here was a week's rent, so finally I said 'Listen, I'm going to stay tonight. Is that all right?'

" 'Yes,' she said, 'that's all right.'

"Well, that wasn't so bad, and I got feeling better about it. So when she turned out the lights and jumped into bed I wandered down the hall trying to find the bathroom, and then I came back in. Just a minute."

The customer had finished. He paid his bill, and the waiter came back, dropped the dirty dishes into the water and turned off the tap. Then he took the dishes out and piled them on the drainboard.

"Well, I piled into bed, see. And believe it or not, that dame was asleep! Yeah, asleep! All she did was put one arm out and kind of grumble. Well, I've had some funny things happen, but I never had *that* happen before, so I laid there figuring what I'd do. I thought maybe I'd let it go, I was tired anyway, but then I got to thinking about it and just as I was getting all steamed up and sore, why I dropped off myself.

"The next thing I knew I thought I had a chunk of ice in my back, and I found this dame was all curled up with her damn cold feet up against me. I cussed and shoved her away, and started to go back to sleep. And the next thing, damned if I didn't get to dreaming me and another guy was having our pictures taken for the newsreel, out in the snow in bathing suits. We were going to dive into a frozen-over lake to break the ice, and just as I was about to hit the water I woke up, and Christ-on-a-crutch, I thought for a minute I must of hit it, because I was lying there without a stitch on—the wind just whooping in the window—and this dame with all the blankets, curled up on her side of the bed.

"Well, I cussed some more, and punched her a couple of times and got some blankets, and turned over *again* to go back to sleep.

"And the next thing, this must of been about five A.M., I woke up to the damndest yelling you ever heard, and this dame was lying flat on her back waving her arms just screaming bloody murder. 'Hey!' I hollered. 'Wake up!'

"She sat up. 'Huh?' she said, 'what's the matter?'

" 'What's the *matter?*' I said. 'You were raising hell!'

" 'I was asleep,' she said.

" 'Well, no one else was,' I told her. 'You were yelling like an Indian.'

" 'I was yelling?'

" 'Yes, you. Now shut up; Christ, I want to get some sleep.'

"Well, I laid there and laid there but I couldn't get back to sleep. This dame began to toss around and mumble about a picnic, and it was light outside, and finally I got up and dressed and beat it.

"Next day I was dead on my feet. About six-thirty this dame came in, just fresh as a daisy. 'Well,' I said kind of sarcastic, 'did you just get up?'

" 'Oh, no,' she said, 'I've been up a couple of hours, but it's so far down here from that place.'

" 'Listen,' I said, 'when you going to look for a job?'

"She didn't say anything.

" 'You can't sit around on your dime forever, you know. Now listen, you get up and go out after a job tomorrow.'

" 'All right,' she said. Then she started to sit there looking out of the window, and I guess she'd never of moved, so finally I got her something to eat.

"She came in regular the next few days, but whenever I asked her if she'd looked for work she just looked at me like it made her unhappy. So I figured she could go to hell. The damn thing had kind of got me. I didn't let on I was sore or anything, but the last night before her rent was up I said 'Well, did you find anything yet?' No, she hadn't.

" 'Listen,' I said, 'have you even looked for anything yet?'

" 'No, not yet.'

" 'Well, get this. Tomorrow's the last day of your rent, and if you don't get out and find something you can sleep in the streets. Now I'm telling you.'

"Well, for once she kind of took notice. 'All right,' was all she said, but she beat it, and I didn't see her the rest of the night, and I didn't see her either the next day till about nine o'clock she came in.

" 'Well,' I said, pretty damn sure she hadn't, 'did you look for work today?'

" 'Yes, I looked.'

" 'Good!' I said. 'And did you find work?'

" 'Yes,' she said, 'I found something.'

" 'The hell!' I said, 'well I'll be damned! Now see, if you'd done this a week ago, you'd of had it all the time.'

" 'Yes,' she said, 'I guess I would.'

"So I gave her a little lecture about always keeping the old chin up, and then made her a hamburger. Her getting a job right off the bat like that made me kind of sorry I'd bawled her out. You know. It was just the way she sat around that got me down. Well, when she got up to go I said 'Good luck, sister.'

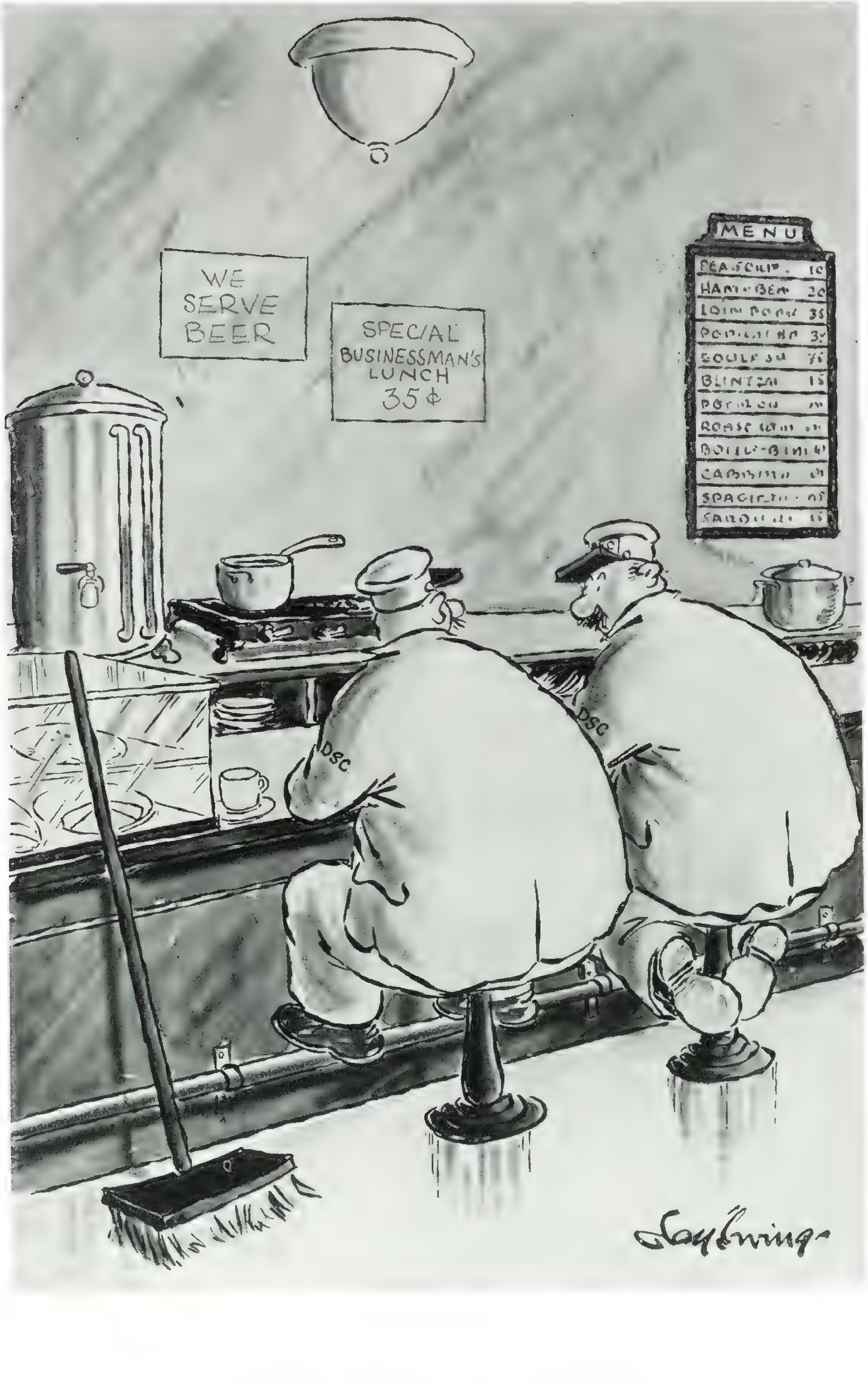
" 'Thanks,' she said.

" 'So long.'

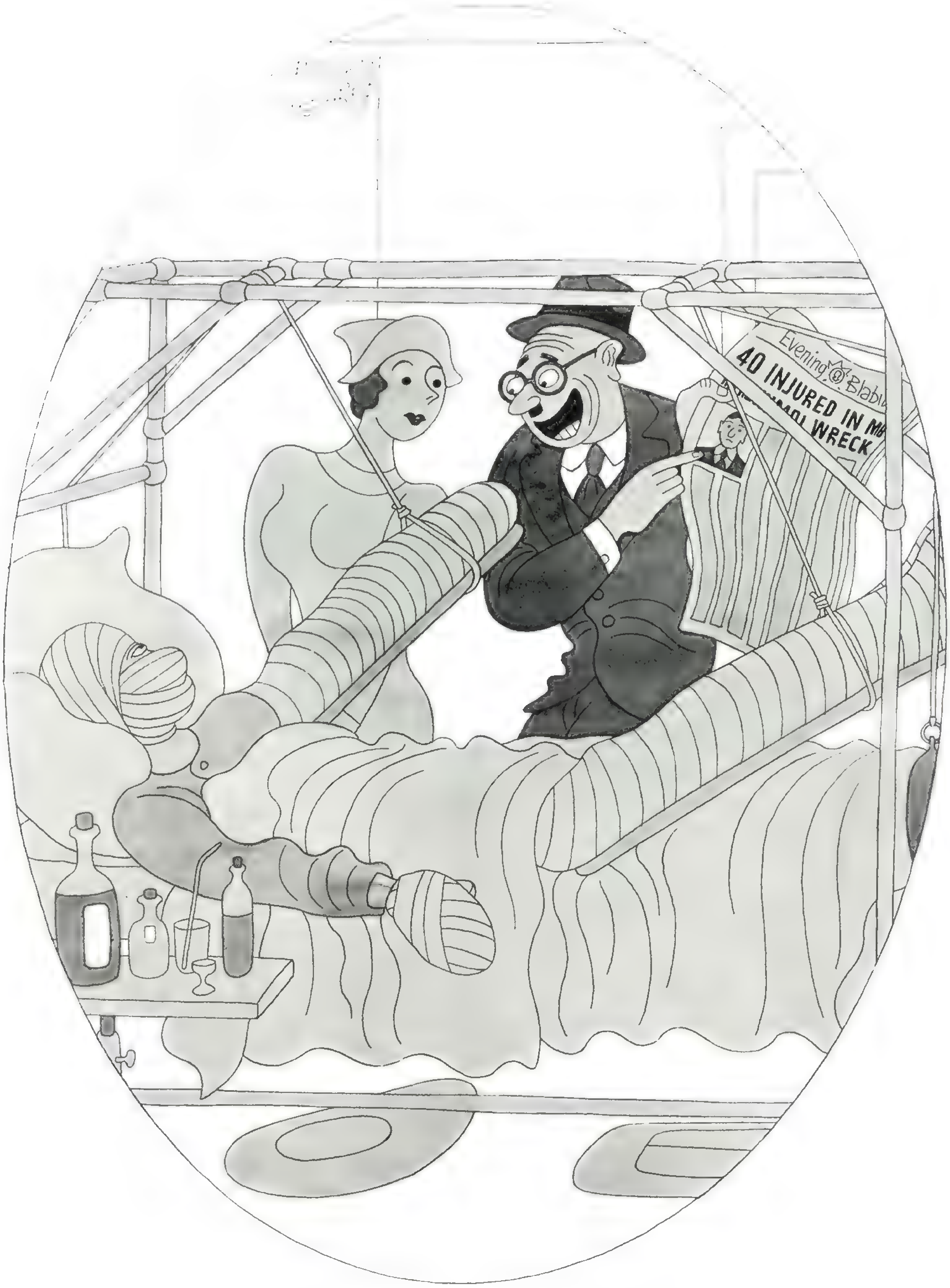
" 'Good bye, and thanks.'

"So she beat it. Well, all that night I felt swell, kind of a load off me; and when Pink came in I told him I'd meet him after work down at the Steak House and we'd have some beer. I wanted to have a little party, maybe, and get some women; you know, somebody that wouldn't go to sleep so quick. So he said O.K., he'd see me.

"I made a date with a babe that comes in here every so often, and she brought a friend for Pink, so after I got off we all went down there. We'd had a couple of beers and were sitting around talking, when I happened to glance up, and damn me if I didn't see this dame come in! There was a guy with her, kind of a red-faced young guy, and he took her to a booth ahead of ours. Well, I ducked out of sight. I felt kind of uneasy, so after a couple minutes I asked the gang if they didn't want to go up to my place, so we all got up to go, and I stayed behind Pink on the way out. The dame was just sitting there with her chin in her hand, not looking at anything in particular, and the guy was leaning forward, reaching for her hand. 'All right,' I heard her say as we went by, 'all right—thanks.' "


WE SERVE BEER
SPECIAL BUSINESSMAN'S LUNCH 35¢
MENU
PEA SOUP 10
HAM-BEAN 20
LOIN PORK 35
DSC
DSC

"Listen, Adolph—let's not talk shop"


Evening Blab
40 INJURED IN M
WRECK

"Oh boy! They put cha' pitcha' in the paper"

The Embattled Cup

Continued from page 63

produced the one failure of their long and successful career. Or if not a failure from the standpoint of design and construction she certainly was poorly handled in her trial races against the 1899 defender, Columbia.

In any case the new sloop proved so inconsistent that the America's Cup Committee was forced to choose Columbia, the 1899 racer, as defender of the trophy against Shamrock II.

Sir Thomas, always of sanguine temperament, was firmly convinced that the cup was as good as won and those who attempted to tell him otherwise were no friends of his.

The defending yacht had by no means demonstrated marked superiority over the ill-fated Constitution. Each had won fourteen trial races and it was only on the ground of better handling and greater dependability that the 1899 sloop had been selected to uphold our prestige. The New York Yacht Club was worried and Lipton knew it.

It was while efforts were being made to improve Columbia in every possible way and Shamrock II was showing impressive sailing qualities off Sandy Hook that President William McKinley was shot on September 6 at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo by the assassin, Czolgosz.

Sir Thomas when I boarded the Erin next morning was greatly perturbed, less, it seemed, by the calamity which had befallen this nation than his fear that the America's Cup series was in danger of being called off.

"I'll not have it," he said to me in one of those bursts of frankness which marked moments of emotion in him. "I know the New York Yacht Club will welcome this opportunity to get out of racing Columbia against my sloop. I'll see that it doesn't. If Mr. McKinley dies I shall agree to a week's postponement as a proper mark of respect. But no longer. After that the races will be held and you hear me telling you."

Sir Thomas said nothing about this interview being off the record and I have often wondered what would have happened to his great popularity in this country had it not been so regarded by this writer.

At any rate, when the President passed away on September 14 the Royal Ulster committee promptly suggested a postponement of five days, from Sept. 21 to Sept. 26 and this, in view of all conditions involved, was accepted as a sufficient gesture.

When finally the series was sailed Shamrock II, although beaten, proved herself to be the ablest challenger that had ever raced for the America's Cup up to that time. Sir Thomas still believed in her. He was irritably certain she had been poorly sailed and so at once he proposed her as challenger for a cup series the next year, 1902. Just as promptly the New York Yacht Club declined on the technical ground that the Deed of Gift prescribed that a defeated yacht could not race for the trophy until a full season had elapsed or a match had been sailed by some other vessel.

This caused a long and lusty howl in England and even yachting commentators in this country did not see eye to eye with the club in its stand. The Deed of Gift, it was asserted, had been radically changed from its original form—which it had—and was now filled with all sorts of stipulations amenable to shrewd constructions more advantageous to the club than to the sport of yachting. It was also pointed out that in the past the Deed even as it stood had been repudiated when the club saw fit to do so.

The truth of the matter was that the New York Yacht Club saw Lipton developing into a Frankenstein monster. It visualized what actually did happen, the establishment of the knight as owner of exclusive rights as challenger for the famous mug.

British yachtsmen, whether or not they might otherwise have challenged, accepted Sir Thomas' prior right and throughout the world his name became more synonymous with the America's Cup than the club that owned it. Lipton was more than ever a household word here and it was a minor yachting association indeed that did not have a Lipton Cup for which to race.

The New York Yacht Club was willing enough to defend the cup, even granting that it cost from $250,000 to $300,000 to do so; but it did feel that Lipton had had his day on the ocean and should subside, thus clearing the way for any other Briton who might be moved to race for the cup. And there is no reason to believe that this attitude was influenced in any way by the fact that even King Edward's ardent championship had failed to accomplish Lipton's election to the Royal Yacht Squadron.

While Sir Thomas was gracious enough in his acceptance of the refusal of the defending club to race in 1902 the action served to reawaken British animosity and so to return the America's Cup to its unenviable status of 1895 and years immediately following.

Lipton spent 1902 preparing for another race and while he was doing this word came of his elevation to a baronetcy. It did not impress the New York Yacht Club. Nothing about Lipton by any possibility would have impressed that organization at this time. It was thoroughly fed up with defending the cup against his sloops while at the same time Lipton's enormous popularity in this country made it inexpedient to say so publicly.

Some of the privately expressed deep sea oaths, however, which greeted his challenge of 1902 linger impressively in my mind, because of their originality and fervor. None the less, willy nilly, the challenge was accepted with outward equanimity and in October 1903 the great Reliance wiped up the ocean with Shamrock III.

That beating kept Lipton quiet for nine years. He was standing aside temporarily, he said, to give some other British yachtsman an opportunity to challenge for the cup. But whether because the cost of such a venture had grown to proportions so enormous—between $350,000 and $400,000—as to make it prohibitive to any save openhanded merchant princes, or because the old boycott still obtained, or, again, because no yachtsman cared to stand as stealing Lipton's thunder, no one came forward.

So in 1913 Sir Thomas sent his fourth challenge and by that time the New York Yacht Club evidently had come to share the public conception of Lipton as challenger in perpetuity.

However that might have been, no difficulty of any sort marked arrangements for a race in 1914 under conditions which called for smaller and much less expensive sloops. But the outbreak of war in Europe caused the projected contest to be postponed and it was not until 1920 that the races were sailed.

Lipton went home again empty-handed. Ten more years elapsed before he again appeared as a challenger, 1930. Now he was old, over eighty, and sick. Remaining secluded most of the time in the cabin of his yacht he received few visitors and the one time I saw him I doubted if he realized quite what was going forward.

Enterprise, the American sloop, easily defeated Shamrock V in three straight races off Newport, and Sir Thomas quietly departed to England. Not a great while later he was elected to membership in the Royal Yacht Squadron, a dream of his life realized at a time when probably it meant little or nothing to him. And then he died.

Now with Thomas Octave Murdoch Sopwith racing for the America's Cup with his challenger, Endeavor, the Royal Yacht Squadron returns to the picture after an absence of nearly forty years. And ironically enough, a fact which once would have been strikingly significant, is hardly noteworthy today.

Passage of time, but more particularly the World War and all that it has entailed, have completely obliterated such trivialities as bad feeling over a sporting trophy. And anyway, those here and abroad who figured importantly in international yachting diplomacy and in the actual sailing of the races in the nineties have passed on—J. P. Morgan, E. D. Morgan, Nicholson Kane, C. Oliver Iselin, Butler Duncan, Sir Thomas Lipton, Latham Fish, Lewis Cass Ledyard, Lord Dunraven; designers; skippers; even the gallant craft that sailed have long been junk.

The present series off Newport brings a new deal and it remains to be seen what will be made of it.

Americans, Philadelphians especially, will not fail to recall Sopwith as the young daredevil, twenty-two years old, who flying in a cheese crate, as he termed it, flirted for an hour or so with the nose of William Penn high on top of Philadelphia's City Hall. That was 1911 when stunts of this sort were still sensational. Later in New York he was equally spectacular. A handsome, dynamic young giant, six feet three inches tall, he was daring to the point of recklessness. Tom Sopwith had no thought of the America's Cup in his mind then. He was too intent upon risking his neck.

Returning to England after a summer of stunting he began to design and manufacture airplanes and by the time England declared war against Germany he was well established and on his way to the immense fortune he now possesses. His Bugs and Camels were famous types of British pursuit planes in the war.

Now he wants to win the America's Cup and at this writing, before the race, he seems to be the sort of man who is apt to get what he goes after. He made the Royal Yacht Squadron as a commoner, didn't he?

The Mystery of the Violet Letters . . .

Continued from page 111

stationery. Another bundle was found in his quarters on the "Morea."

Mrs. Thompson was still at the police station the next day insisting that she had no idea who could have killed her husband. Neither she nor Bywaters knew that the other was being held. Suddenly, through the window grating, she saw him as he was being led by Wendsley's orders, across the outside court. She screamed. "Oh, God! Why did he do it?" She broke down and cried, "As we neared the corner Freddie rushed out and scuffled with my husband."

In another room Bywaters, taking a chivalric pose, said, "Why have you got Edith as well? She didn't know anything about it."

Less than forty-eight hours after the murder Wendsley had broken the case and just in time, before Bywaters sailed for a three month voyage. The mystery of the death of Thompson was solved by confession and evidence. The mystery of Edith Thompson had not yet begun, and the mystery of those letters on violet paper addressed to all the ports of the Indian Ocean . . .

* * *

Wendsley's men built up an outline of the relations between Bywaters and Edith Thompson. He had known her before she married, when he was still a boy. They met after her marriage and for some time Bywaters had boarded with the Thompsons. He left, however, after witnessing a slight quarrel between Edith and her husband. Then he went to sea and visited England only once in three months. Each time in London he saw Edith, usually without her husband's knowledge. He tried to persuade her to leave Thompson but she refused, insisting that she must have a divorce first.

At the trial Bywaters said, in his own defense: "Thompson was a brute to his wife. I waited at the street corner for them. I pushed Edith up the street and said to him, 'You've got to separate from your wife.' He refused. We struggled and fought and he got the worst of it. I did not intend to kill him. I love her and I couldn't see her leading that kind of life."

"You just wanted to help her? You had no plan for killing him?"

"No."

"And you carried a knife just to help her?"

The jury were told at the trial that they would have to judge whether Mrs. Thompson had in any way incited Bywaters to commit murder. Even though they did not think that the couple had planned a definite conspiracy for that time and place but did believe that she had incited him, then they would have to find her guilty.

As material on which they might base their judgment, there were the violet letters. The prosecutor read from them, in chronological order. He read slowly, with no unfair emphasis in his voice.

". . . this time will be the last you will go away, like things are, won't it? We said it before I know. We failed, but there will be no failure this time. There mustn't be . . ."

"Darling, you must do something. I am really not impatient but opportunities come and go. They have to because I am helpless and I think and think. Last night he woke up and asked for water. He said he felt ill. He said someone in town had given him a prescription for insomnia and it had made him ill. I told a friend about this incident, only I told her as if it had really frightened me, as I think it might be useful at some future time that I had told someone . . ."

"He was talking to my mother and said his tea tasted bitter, as if something had been put into it. Now I think whatever I try in it again it will still taste bitter. He will recognize it and be more suspicious still and if the quantity is not successful it will injure another chance I may have of trying. He said to his people that he fought with himself to keep conscious. 'I will never die naturally,' he said. He told them of a time when he was young and nearly suffocated by gas fumes. I wish we did not have electric light here, then it would be easier. I am going to try glass occasionally, when safe. I have an electric light globe this time . . ."

"The thing that I am going to do for us, will it ever make any difference between us? You understand what I mean? Will you think any the less of me? Not now, darling, but perhaps later on? I am not hesitating through any fear of any consequences of the action. By the way, how can you get ptomaine poisoning from a can of salmon?"

". . . what is aromatic tincture of opium? I found a bottle in the medicine chest. I shall keep it until I hear from you. I used the light bulb three times. At the third time he found a piece so I have given it up until you come home."

'There are some widows' hats and veils at the back of our store and nobody had the pluck to try them on. They all said it is unlucky so because of it being unlucky to them I thought it might be lucky for me and I tried them on. This passage I just found in a book I am reading, 'Bella Donna,' by Robert Hitchens: 'It must be remembered that digitalin is a cumulative poison and that the same dose harmless if taken once yet frequently repeated becomes deadly'."

"On Thursday he was on the couch at the foot of the bed and said he was dying and wanted to—he said he had another heart attack because of me. Darling, I had to laugh at this because I knew it was not a heart attack. When he saw this had no effect on me he got up and stormed. P. S. Have you ever studied bi-chloride of mercury?"

". . . I don't understand you now. You say, 'Can't we be pals forever? It would make it easier.' Do you mean for always? If you do, no—a thousand times. It would be impossible physically and mentally. It must still be the hope of all or the finish of all. You sound very disappointed when you say about how time passes and with it some of the pain. Things seem so much easier to forget with a man but with a woman it is always the same. You are jealous—I want you to be. He has the right by law to all that you have the right to by nature and love. Be jealous, so that you will do something desperate . . ."

"I was all buoyed up with the hope of the light bulb and I used a lot, big pieces, not powdered, and it had no effect. I quite expected to be able to send that cable but nothing happened. I feel so unhappy . . ."

The prosecutor read on, his voice never changing. There were more than sixty letters. In them Mrs. Thompson often enclosed newspaper clippings which were piled neatly on the prosecutor's desk. The title of those clippings which had followed Bywaters around the world varied. She had sent him such stories as "Patient killed by overdose." "Rat poison consumed by fowls kills woman."

The prosecutor closed by pointing out that Mrs. Thompson had written of having tried at least four methods to kill her husband: death by hyoscine, by ground glass, by something which gave tea a bitter taste, and, possibly, by bi-chloride of mercury. The story of Edith Thompson seemed to be a particularly sordid story of a wife trying to get rid of an unwanted husband. The prosecutor added that she and Bywaters had met on the afternoon of the murder, that they had conversed for a long while and the conclusion which the jury might draw was an obvious one. The murder of Thompson seemed double solved. Then Edith Thompson took the stand. Jail confinement had only heightened the color of her cheeks and fired more deeply the flash of her eyes.

She first denied that she had ever tried to poison her husband in any way. There were smiles in the courtroom. "I wrote those letters," she was saying, "to make Bywaters think I was eager to help him in anything in order to retain his affections."

"What did you mean by writing, 'do something desperate'?"

"I meant, take me away at any cost."

"What did you mean when you said, 'I hoped to be able to send the cable'?"

"A cable saying that my husband had agreed to a divorce."

She wrote those letters, she said, to prove to Bywaters, six thousand miles away, that she was superhumanly heroic, willing to do anything to prove her love. When she felt Freddie was losing interest she wrote more wildly than ever. She continued writing, glorying in the vicarious satisfaction of thinking of killing her husband, dreaming day dreams, black and grisly, but day dreams none the less. It was for her the

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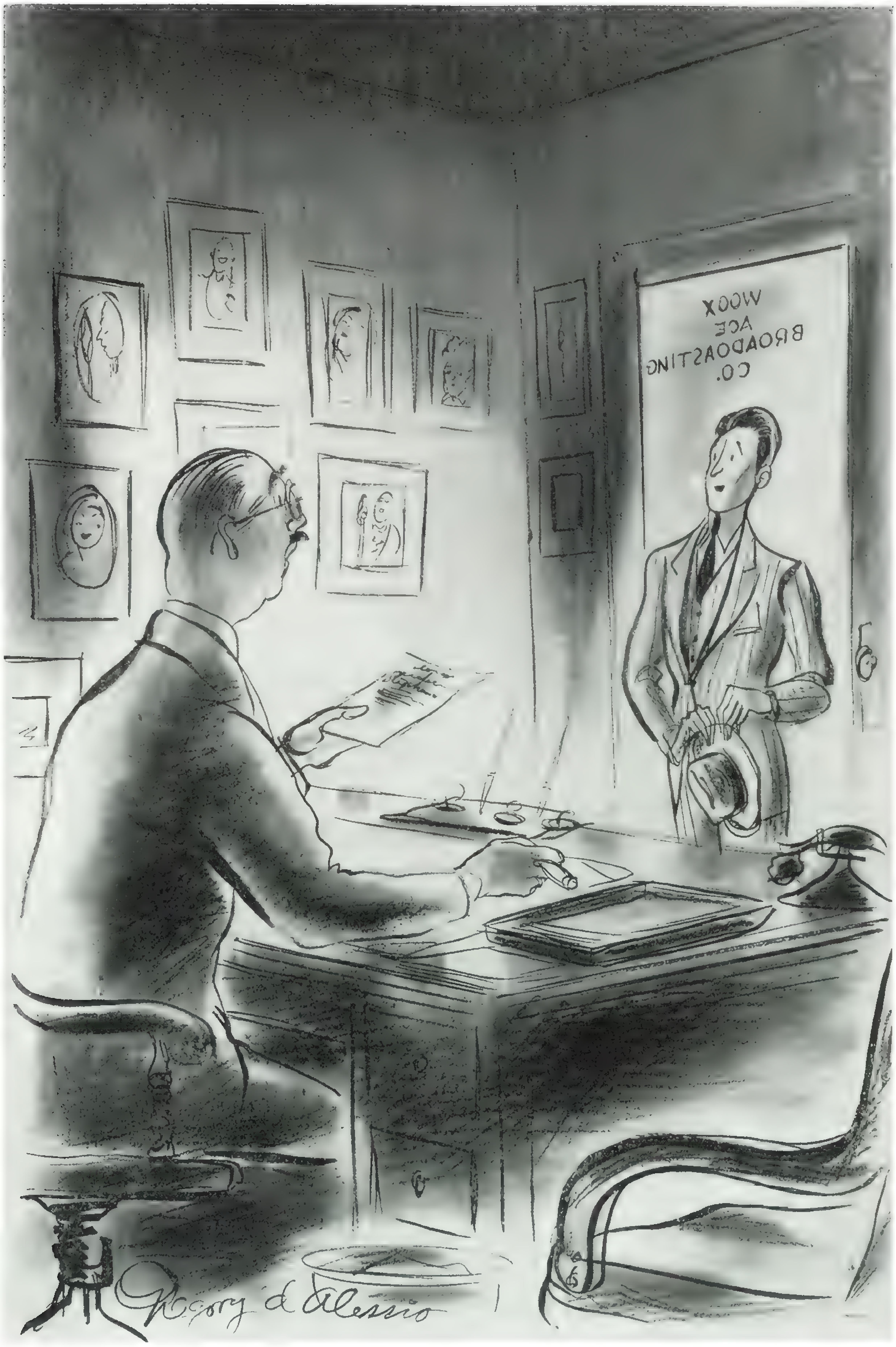

WOOX
ACE
BROADCASTING
CO.
Gregory d'Alessio

"I b-b-broadcast f-f-fights like MacNamee"

The Mystery of the Violet Letters . . .

Continued from page 120

romance that was lacking in Ilford. So she had written, "Yesterday I met a woman who had lost three husbands in eleven years and not through the war—and some people I know cannot lose one. How unfair everything is . . ."

That was her explanation of the correspondence and the people in the court room smiled. It seemed like a weak alibi.

Then the famous pathologist of Scotland Yard, Sir Bernard Spilsbury, was put on the stand by the defense. He had performed an autopsy on Thompson.

Sir Bernard stated that in the body there was no sign whatever of any poison or of any glass ever having been given; had anything been administered, it would certainly have left signs if not brought instant death. Testimony from other witnesses followed. Her husband had never spoken to any relatives about "the tea tasting bitter," as she had written. He had never been sick during the entire time nor missed a day at work. And the neighbors and even some lodgers in the house testified that the Thompsons never quarreled but, in all outward appearances, were ideally married.

The letters, all of them, were lies . . .

If Edith Thompson really wanted to be free of her husband, why did she think of murder as the only way? She and Bywaters each had an income. They could have lived together at any time they chose, but that would be flying in the face of convention and it was easier to think of crime than of breaking conventions. Much as she adored Romance, it was Respectability that she worshipped. What would the people in the millinery store think of her if they knew that she was living openly with another man? Her husband would give her no divorce? Very well, then it was pleasant to dream of putting him out of the way but impossible to think of destroying one's reputation in Ilford.

She and Bywaters toyed with the theme of murder for so long that it lost its meaning for them, both for the actors and the victim. She may have hated her husband, although the neighbors never saw it, but she got more satisfaction in thinking of how much she hated and what she would like to do than in the hating itself. She was passionately fond of the theatre; she lived the life of make-believe until the life in her imagination had become for her the only real life and not the existence in Ilford and the daily trains to the city. Only, perhaps, when she cried "Don't, don't," on that dark street corner on that October night, did she return to reality.

The jury were not sitting to consider the strange twists in human character. They were told that the couple had met on the afternoon of the murder and, obviously, Bywaters had known of the Thompson plans for the evening. And Mrs. Thompson had seen her husband murdered and had not cried for help. The jury had to decide whether or not Mrs. Thompson helped to instigate that murder; whether she had fixed herself in his mind as a defenseless woman, enchained, whom it would be brave and chivalrous to free; and whether she, wishing at least, in imagination, the death of her husband, had imposed a stronger will on Bywaters.

The letters lay piled on the prosecutor's desk and the jury could glance at them as they filed out. They returned with a verdict of guilty for the couple and the judge sentenced them to death. The letters had paved a road to the gallows.

Mrs. Thompson and Bywaters were hung on a violet grey dawn in January, 1923.

To What Red Hell?

Continued from page 101

dollar, political pull, a Colt's .45 . . . "

He turned around and went back downstairs; turned to his left and walked through the darkness by the long wooden dormitory.

From where he stood he could see the death house, a low, red brick building at the end of the cell block. Just above it was a wall parapet. A guard stood on the catwalk with a sub-machine gun cradled in his arm. Two searchlights shone in opposite directions down the sides of the gray, stone wall. The green door of the death house looked black in the vague light.

The end of the parade! The last mile! What a joke! The death house was on the other side of the yard tonight, he was thinking. It was quiet over here in the shadows with the scared ghosts of the executed men.

He heard a freight train puffing by outside; heard the scream of its whistle. "I wish to God I was riding you," he muttered.

He walked on down by the dormitory. Two guys were standing by the "hole," talking. One guy was saying: "Tuck clipped a screw, took the range key and went down to the end of the range through all that smoke to let those guys out. He just did make it. That's what I call love."

A heavy voice answered: "You goddam right, a sucker's got to love his fellow man a hell of a lot to risk his life like that."

The first guy said: "Hell, I wasn't talking about his fellow man. I was talking about his kid—he was in the last cell down."

He caught himself wondering what made heroes and what made cowards . . .

Then he heard the sound of running footsteps. He looked up the dark areaway between the "hole" and the dormitory. He saw the deputy and two firemen running toward the dormitory. He heard somebody inside yell: "We're burning down the joint!"

He thought: I got to get my box out before the shack goes up, I got my brand new tan shoes in it. He could feel the cinders roll under his feet as he ran toward the door. The deputy turned suddenly and snapped a flash dead in his face. He could feel his eyes getting big all up in his forehead.

Then he saw a guy step out of the dormitory door with an empty can in his hand. He caught the faint stench of gasoline. The deputy swung the light away from him, over on the man in the door-way. He stopped and stared, breathing hard.

Damn, my wind's short—heart's pumping like a trip-hammer. When I fought Kid Mack in the Garden . . . But hell, that was six years ago. A trey in stir . . .

He started suddenly as he saw the fireman draw a pistol and jam it into the guy's guts. He heard the guy's sudden oath, saw him back up a little from the gun and drop the can. He heard the can clanking on the pavement; heard the guy's loud laugh. He sensed the drama of the moment. It made him shaky clear down to his feet. Then he saw the flash; heard the roar of the gun; heard the laugh choke off . . .

He turned, started walking away fast. Let the tan shoes go to hell!

He turned left by the deputy's office. It was the center of the clock here, where the hands turned from. The confusion seemed more orderly.

He heard somebody say: "They're giving away clothes over at the commissary." A bunch of fellows started running over that way to get new clothes. He got in with the bunch and started running like the rest.

He passed the fire trucks bunched at the end of the burning cell block. Mud oozed under his feet. Hoses were writhing snakes in the darkness. The chrome steel and red paint of the fire trucks shone in the lurid glare of the fire. It made him think of a tenement fire he had seen as a kid in Augusta, Georgia.

He slipped between a Pump Truck and a Hook and Ladder; came out on the other side by the commissary door. A bunch of guys were lined up in their shirt-tails.

"What the hell is this, Paramount on Parade?" he asked.

"No, a strip act on Broadway," somebody cracked.

Another guy said: "You got to show your shape before you get new strides."

He said: "May as well," slipped his trousers off, threw them on the ground. He could feel the cool night air blowing through his underwear. Upstairs, men were hemmed together. Odor clogged his nostrils. He got a new coat, new pants—prison fit—and hurried out. He'd rather smell the smoke.

He heard somebody yell, "They're firing the woolen mill!" Sudden confusion sounded among the fire trucks. A motor roared. A truck backed, turned and sped toward the woolen mill. But it was all over before he got there.

He felt kind of chilly. Light shone invitingly from the dining room windows. He went over there.

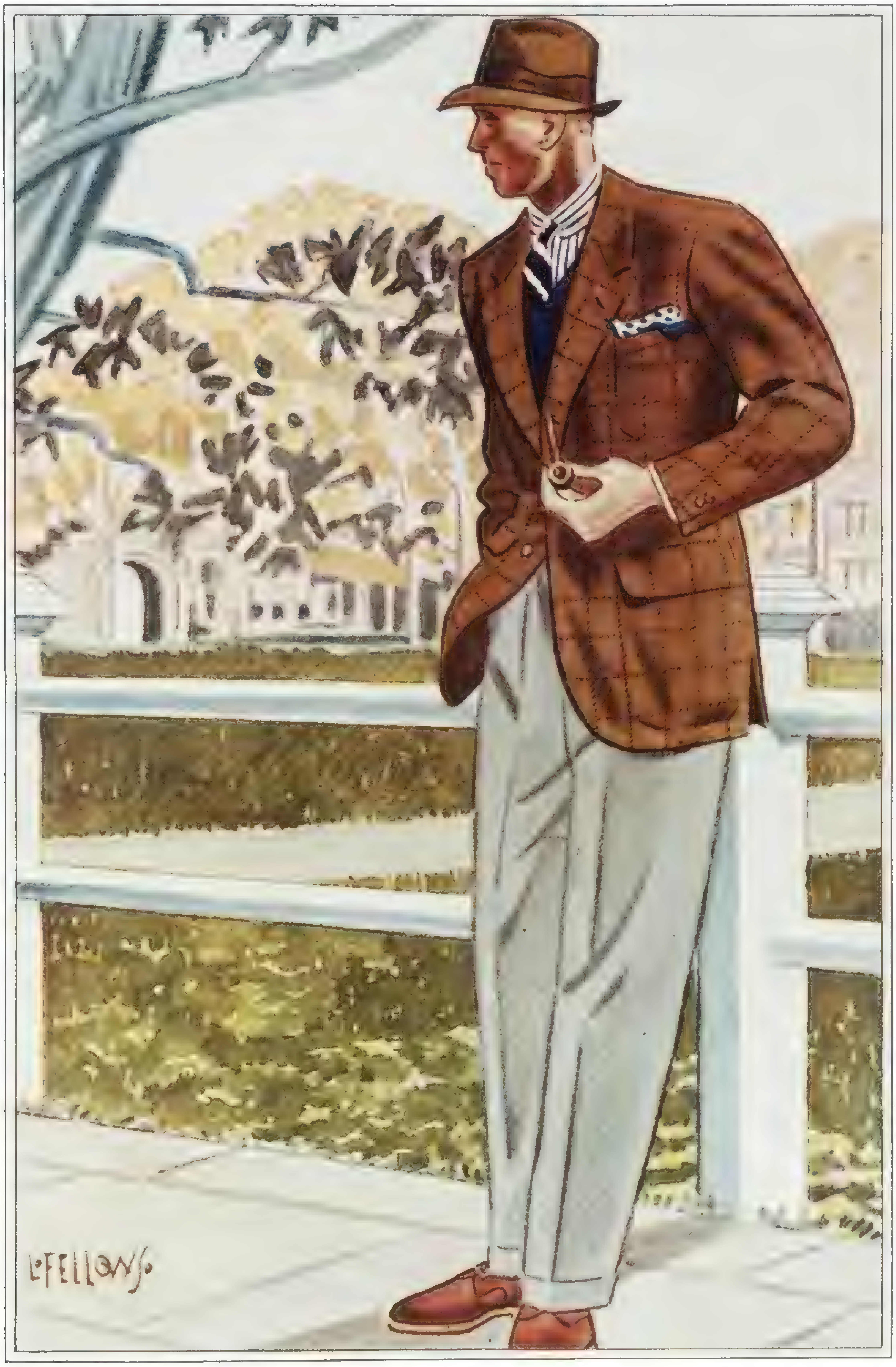
A guy looked up from a steak and said: "Go on back in the kitchen and get something to eat. They're giving it away."

The steak looked good. He went back in the kitchen, heard a yell ring out. He looked up startled, saw a wide-mouthed Negro standing on the kitchen range with a six-inch dirk in his hand, yelling: "Bring Dangerous Blue some ham and eggs, you kitchen rats." Scars were shiny ridges in the guy's black face.

Blackie raised his hands and said, mockingly: "Don't shoot, Mr. Villa, I surrender."

The guy jumped from the range. Blackie backed from the kitchen, went over into the East dining room. He saw a guy he knew

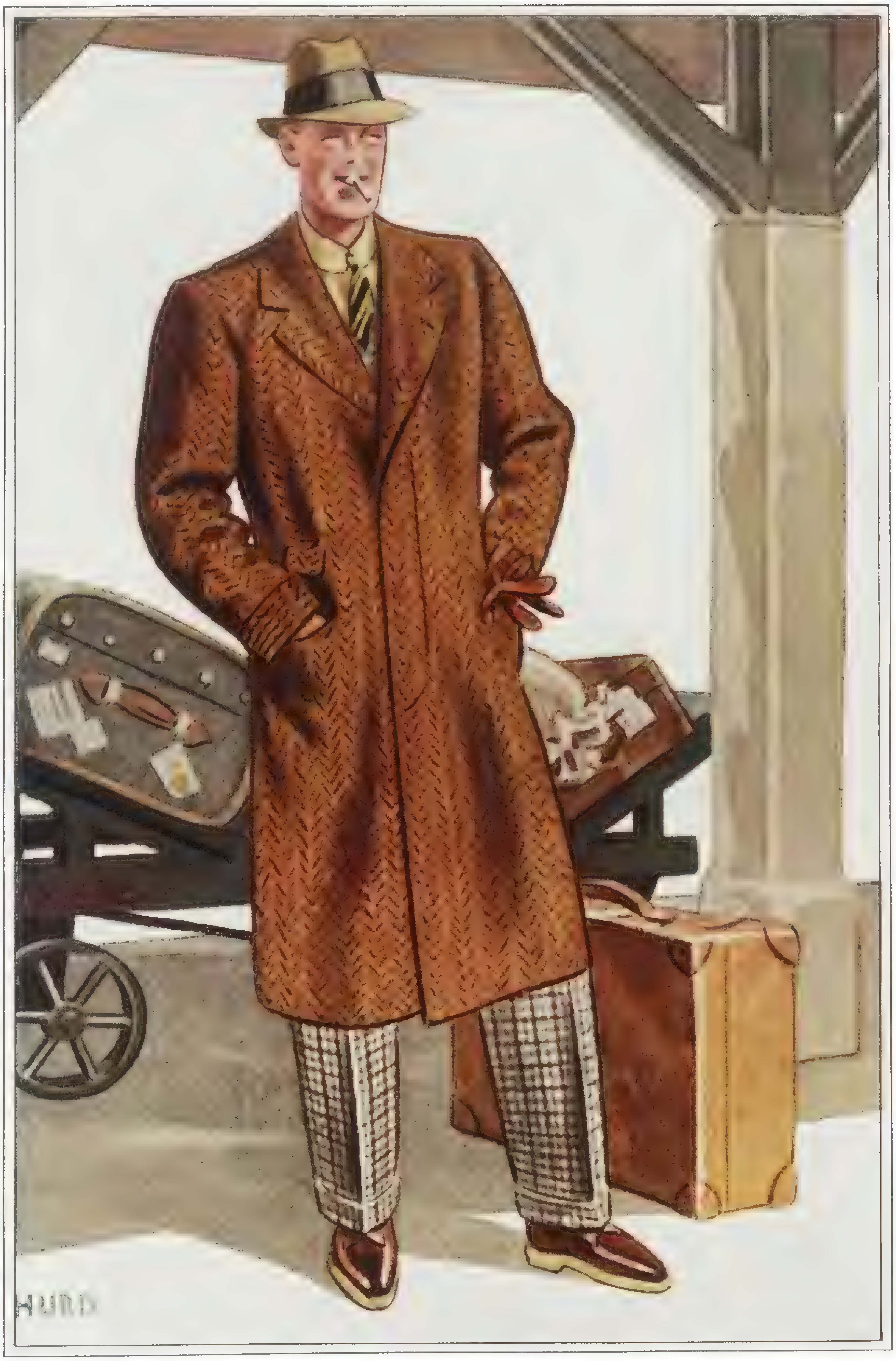
Continued on page 127



A CAMPUS UNIFORM IN ITS FOURTH YEAR

The combination of an odd brown jacket with grey flannel slacks is as old as the 1930's. All but the extremely dumb undergraduates who were on hand to see this fashion at the time of its first importation from Oxford and Cambridge are out in the cruel world looking for jobs, but this outfit goes on without them. You will note that this Shetland jacket carries patch pockets with flaps and is made with side vents. The blue and white striped oxford shirt has the short rounded collar attached, worn pinned snugly beneath the knot of the striped crocheted tie. The cashmere pullover is sleeveless. The brown suede shoes have crepe soles and heels. These happen to be the blucher model but brown buckskin brogues are good too. Flash: you can at last tell the difference between a well dressed man's town and country jackets, because the newest stunt is to use two sleeve buttons on country coats.

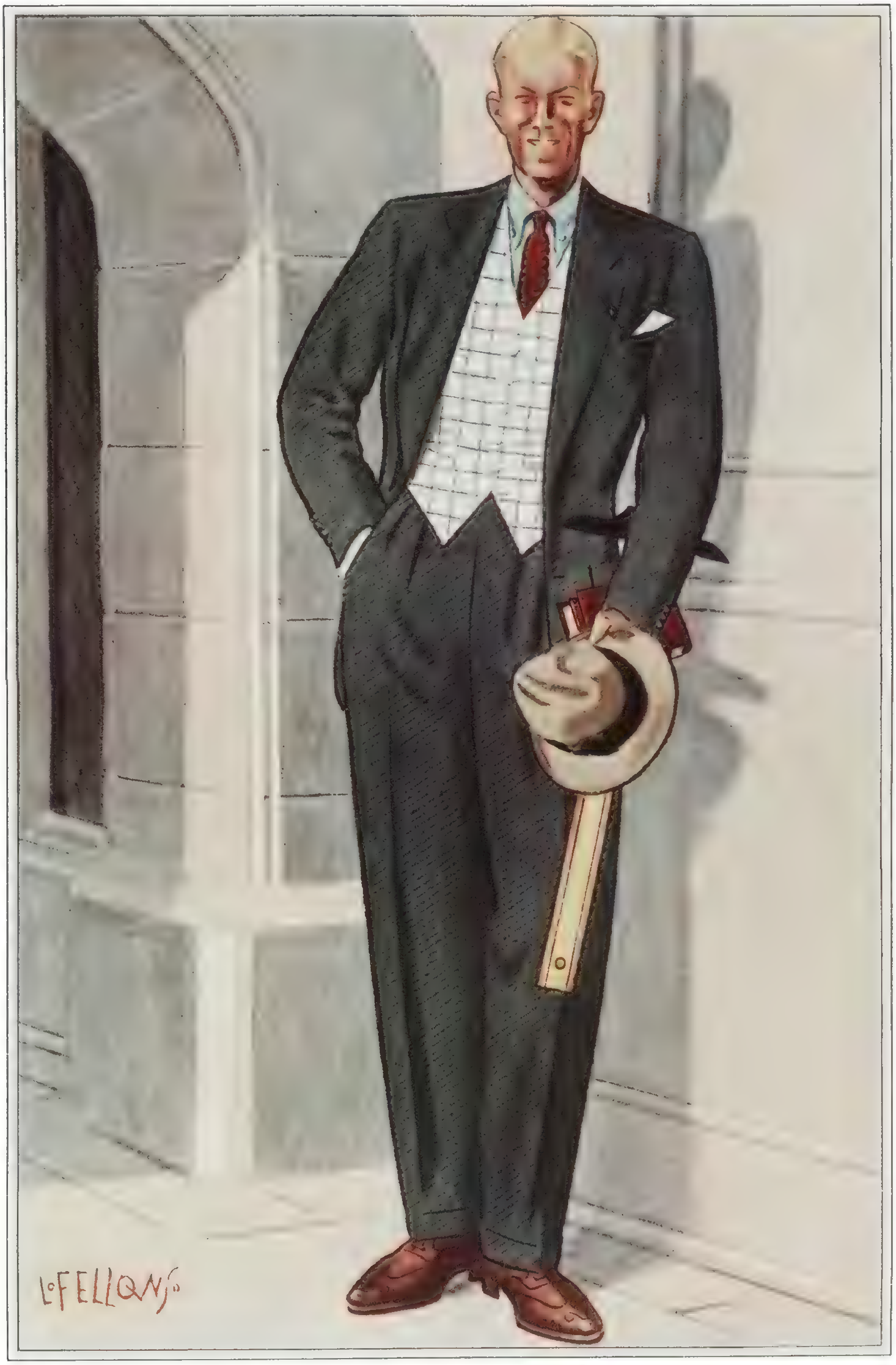
(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



BEHOLD THE B.M.O.C. IN A BRAND NEW HAT

The first of the season's upsets! Hatmakers put over fast one! Sneak new color into hats for college men! Big Man On Campus buys one, forgetting traditional loyalty to battered old brown snapbrim and, following lead of His Extra-curricular Highness, student stampede is on! No fooling, they're actually wearing these covert colored hats, with tapered crown and black band, in the best university circles. The rest of the outfit is worth study too. Note the stitched cuffs, fly-front and outside ticket pocket of the black and brown herringbone tweed topcoat. The suit is a Saxony gun club check, with light tan shirt, black rep tie with yellow stripes, brown calf shoes with crepe soles and heels, and a pair of capeskin gloves. Note that the width of the coat's collar and lapels is the same and that the coat itself is somewhat shorter than the topcoats have been in previous seasons.

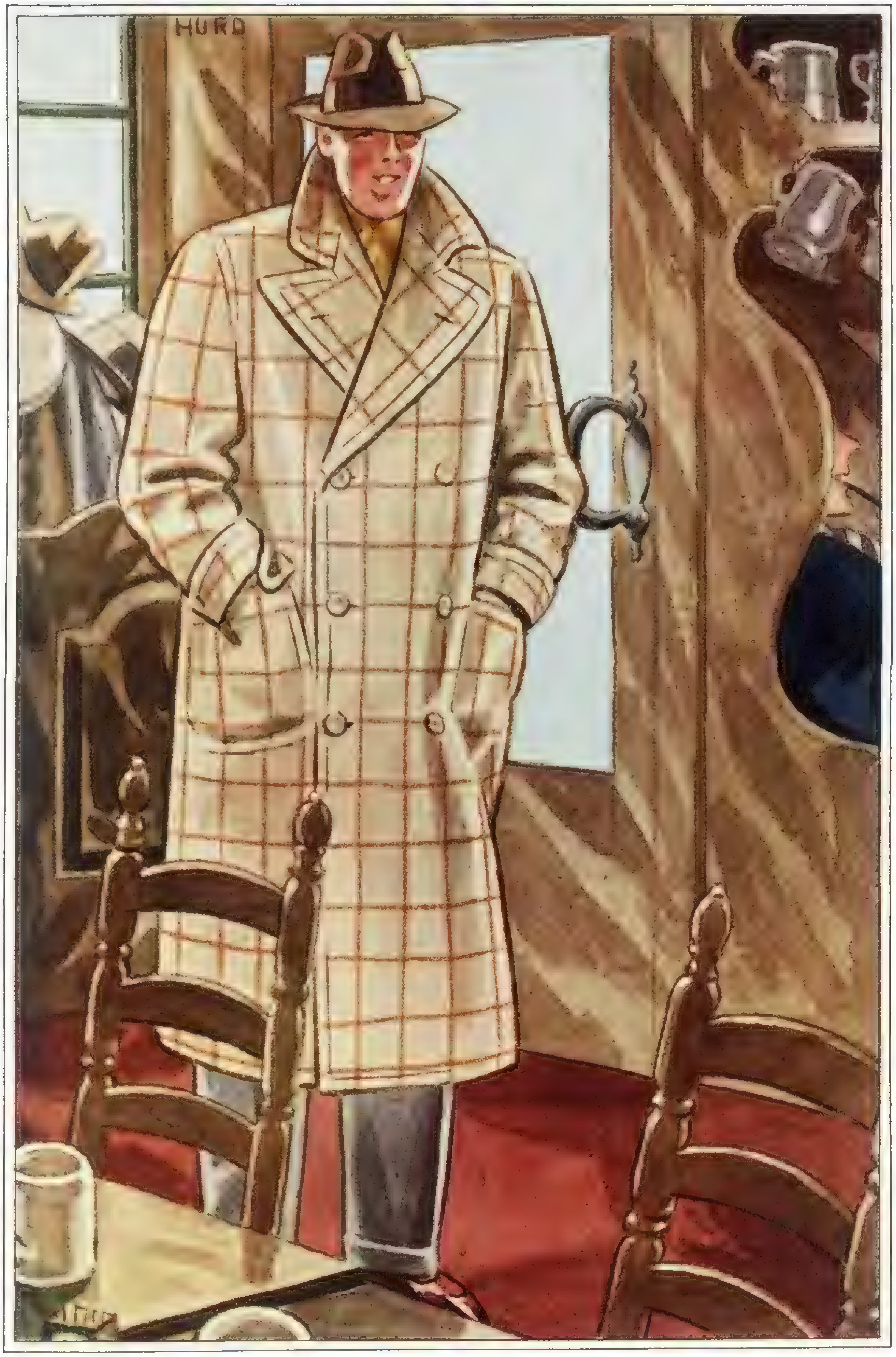
(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



NOT ALL THE ENGINEERS HAVE HAIRY EARS

Engineers are people, caustic opinions of lit students and business administration men to the contrary notwithstanding. The hand that totes the T-square can be taught to balance a teacup, if fraternity brothers will only take the trouble. Suggestion to social chairmen: take rude and recalcitrant engineer out of flannel shirt and encase in flannel vest like the tattersall number pictured here. Apply oxford shirt in buttondown collar attached model, solid color crocheted tie, and brown Scotch grain brogues. Enclose in three-button, single breasted, easy fitting lovat suit of diagonal weave. Top off with leather watch guard strap in the breast pocket. Be sure that the trousers, even on a tweed suit, be pleated. Dress him this way and though he may flunk out of the engineering school he'll probably manage, one way or another, to make The Daisy Chain. P.S.: If you're an engineer, we were thinking of architects.

[illegible] Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



COLLEGE MAN AS ENGLISH COUNTRY SQUIRE

This great coat has long been a favorite of English country gentlemen and it is just this past season that American university men have begun to adopt it as their own. It is the perfect garment for cold days on the chilly concrete of a wind-swept stadium. It is of cream colored Harris tweed with a rust overplaid and it carries a camel's hair interlining. It is cut large and full and has a wide, high collar. Under it the boy in the sketch is probably wearing an odd brown jacket of tweed or Shetland, with grey flannel slacks. The shoes are heavy brown brogues, the muffler is a cashmere plaid. The hat is the brown snapbrim of last year and one forgets how many years before. Despite the scare-heads on page one twenty four, candor compels the admission that this is still the hat of the majority on every campus. Take our word for it in the matter of gloves: they should be yellow string, fleece-lined.

(F[illegible] inquiries [illegible] stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

To What Red Hell?

Continued from page 122

down near the front door, started over to speak to him.

Several sharp reports broke above the steady hum of sound like a staccato burst of gunfire. He ducked under one of the slate-topped tables. After a few seconds he heard somebody laugh; heard a voice saying: "Hell, that was just some damn fools throwing bricks through the windows."

He crawled out from under the table, stood up, brushed his knees off. He saw a score of other fellows coming out from under tables too. He began to laugh himself then. Hell, he thought, if somebody really starts shooting we'll all kill ourselves ducking.

He had forgotten about the guy he'd started to see. He went out the side door into the night. A guy coming around the corner of the tin shop almost bumped into him.

"What the hell you doin' here?" Blackie asked.

"I'm guarding the building," the guy answered. "They got cons guarding all the buildings since they tried to fire the woolen mill a few minutes ago."

Blackie said: "I think a con who'd guard a lousy building on a night like this is a goddam rat."

The guy laughed, said:

"That still don't make me a dam rat."

Blackie hawked, spat on the ground, turned away.

He moved on, down the areaway between the tinshop and the dining room. Sound came through the night from behind him, but it was kind of quiet down here. Two guys passed him hurrying back to the confusion of the yard. He kept on walking through the shadows; away from the turmoil; away from the panicked figures racing to and fro like condemned souls jumping flame pots in the ante room of Hell.

He turned the corner by the store room and walked into the darkness . . .

Sweat and Silks

Continued from page 95

the small, trim youngster who won the plaudits of the American sporting public in 1930, but it is an illuminating example of the dramatic inconsistencies of the jockey trade.

In 1931 Harry Roble stepped into the spotlight as America's leading rider. In 1932 he had vanished into the shadows. Trouble with his contract holder started him on a greased toboggan and he is now but one of many hangers-on around the ovals which once so rapturously acclaimed his prowess.

In 1932 also was recorded a thrilling duel between Johnny Gilbert and Hank Mills for jockey premiership of the year. This extended through to the last week of the season. Gilbert finally emerged victorious over Mills, a highly-touted, cocky youngster from Colorado, by the slim margin of nine wins.

Gilbert is still riding with distinction in the East, but when Mills began to put on weight during the past winter and was unable to "do" lighter than 115 he hung up his tack.

He has recently loaned his name to a horse "tipping" bureau, operating in New York. While in New Orleans Hank informed the writer that he had laid aside a comfortable nest-egg for rainy days, but later word comes from Colorado that this claim has more of fiction in it than of fact.

Young Mills appears to have been another victim of fair weather friends who helped him spend his earnings and then turned a frozen face when the going got the least bit rocky.

Last year little Jack Westrope set a sensational modern-day record when he booted home 301 winners. The press and grandstands plugged for him with faith and fervor. Now, stripped of his apprenticeship, Jack is "just another rider" around Chicago, and when encroaching weight hurries him over the "road to Calvary" it will chalk in tragic characters on the blackboard of Fate the end of another "glorious career." Despite the 301 winners Jack brought in last year he did not make anywhere near the money popularly accredited to him. O. L. Foster, then his contract holder, maintained that Jack cleared no more than $15,000 for the season, refuting the claims that his earnings approximated one hundred thousand dollars.

But Jack is another exception. Few riders indeed make anything remotely approaching that figure.

Then what happens to them when they leave the saddle? That's what makes the game so cruel. With little if any schooling they are unable to take their place in the social or business scheme. The turf is all they know; unfitted by training or inclination for anything but the stables they revert to the barns as stablemen to grow grey in the service in common with the very men who, in other days, spun gilded yarns to a bright-eyed, eager-faced boy, looking hopefully, even joyously towards a brilliant saddle career. And they in turn will see other youngsters skyrocket above the turf horizon, flash to their zenith and then drop back to earth, unwept, unheralded and unsung.

Just the other day, in Chicago, the writer saw a slender young apprentice boy standing cockily in the betting ring, surrounded by a laughing, hero-worshiping circle of his followers. A bit further, pressed up against a wall, his dark eyes darting hopefully from one passing face to another as if in search of a friend who might stand a "touch" was another boy who, less than three years ago, was leading rider in the Chicago sector.

Just a few years back he, too, had his own circle of admirers—now he's scurrying for supper money. Three years from now he'll likely have company in the smiling-faced youngster standing there in that betting ring. It's inevitable! It has been and always will be.

Here is the low-down on their earnings, too. At the large tracks, where a minimum purse of $700 or $800 is given, jockeys receive $10 for each losing mount and $25 for a winner. At the "Jerichos" where purses are necessarily smaller a minimum of $5 for a loser and $15 for a winner is maintained. Risking life and limb for this insignificant sum in a game as bone-breaking as it is heart-breaking.

Within the past few months two well-known jockeys died from the effects of falls sustained while riding in races for that ten-dollar fee. Buddy Hanford was one—Duke Belizzi was the other. The old grey charger, Death, is an added though invisible entry in every field that parades so proudly to the post.

In order to accept a $10 mount a boy must also be fully equipped to ride. Each rider has an average of three saddles, which weigh from one to three pounds each, although the stars have a trunkful.

There are also girths and surcingles, stirrup webbings, lead-pads, whips, martingales, breastplates, spurs, countless pairs of boots and riding breeches. A jockey's entire dress, boots, cap, silk trousers and jacket, never weighs more than a pound or two. Figure the saddle cost in the neighborhood of $50.

To this is added the expense of riding breeches, costing $25; boots, $25; and fiber cap, $10. The latter is worn under the jockey cap for protection and has already saved numerous lives. A fully-equipped rider, therefore, represents an investment of approximately $500. And all this expense is incurred for a ten-dollar note.

Nor does this ten dollars represent net profit. The boy's agent receives one dollar for securing him the mount; his valet, who helps dress and undress him and carries his saddle, also gets one dollar while his weekly laundry bill runs somewhere between ten and fifteen dollars. Of course, if the boy is fortunate enough to secure many mounts he can lay aside some cash. But what of the boy who rides only once or twice a week? No, not a *day*, but a *week!* And their name is legion!

But summing the case up, it all goes back to the remark made at the very outset of this article: ". . . twelve months of riding thrills and then, except in rare instances, curtains!"

That EXCEPT, aptly illustrated by the present-day careers of Workman, Westrope and Garner, continues to draw the youngsters to the turf game like flies to molasses, and will probably retain its magical lure as long as the bangtails thunder down the homestretch.

Optimism at a race track is as contagious as it is perennial and all are convinced that though many are called they are the ones chosen to step into the shoes of a Sande, a McAtee, a Fator or a Tod Sloan.

It's a hard game—the most cruel in the realm of sport—and yet, singular to relate, there isn't a boy connected with a race track who would swap places with a Rockefeller, a Roosevelt or an Einstein.

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Hitting a few of the high spots on the lists of the new and fortcoming books

by BURTON RASCOE

▪ BOOKS ▪

GAZING into my crystal I perceive for John O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra* (Harcourt, Brace & Co., $2.50) a considerable ballyhoo, largely localized in the metropolitan centers; purchase by the talkies with production delayed so long by arguments in Will Hays' office that the public will have forgotten both the title and the story; a change of scene for Mr. O'Hara and his name among the title credits of some neat and entertaining products of the Hollywood studios.

If Mr. O'Hara can adapt himself as readily and as cleverly to the technic of scenario-writing as he has to the technic of producing slick, sharp, metallic, vivid but essentially hollow novelettes in the mode, he has a bright and opulent future as a contriver of the more intelligent sort of picture theater successes. For, there can be no question about it, Mr. O'Hara is clever. In *Appointment in Samarra* he has combined (and quite inoffensively) some of the best technical devices of Ernest Hemingway, Dorothy Parker and Robert Cantwell. That he has at present the devices without the substance of these writers is beside the point. His stories aren't mechanical; they are simply lacking in the qualities that make a story memorable and make you want to read it again. His incidents are dramatic but they don't touch you; he contrives to arouse your curiosity about the outcome of the plot but not about the outcome of the characters. So patent is this defect in the novel that the reader is likely to wonder why Mr. O'Hara introduces so many incidental characters in so pointed a fashion, giving an extended consideration of their backgrounds and condition, and then never does anything with them.

His story opens, for instance, with a great deal about the life of Lute and Irma Fliegler, whose fate is bound up with what happens to Lute's employer who is the central character in the story. We are told, for instance, that Irma's grandfather had been a drummer boy in the Mexican War and that later he had been a member of the school board for nearly thirty years. We are led to believe that Lute and Irma will figure importantly in the story. All that happens in the end is that Lute has to think about looking for another job, because his boss has committed suicide, but the prospect doesn't bother him any. We are told so much about a bootlegger and his trade that we think we are going to see his character in decisive action developed along with the story of Julian English, the central character; but I have already forgotten just what did happen to Al Grecco, although I know how big he was, how old, how he began his career as a prizefighter, how he came by his *nom de guerre* and even a lot about the girl reporter whose gooey feature story about him gave him the monicker.

When you analyze *Appointment in Samarra* you see that it is essentially a short story but that Mr. O'Hara has tried to give it greater significance. He has tried to give a picture of a whole society in a small, modern, American town in the East, and he has tried to give emotional depth to the story by having the lives of divers integers of this society affected by a small but momentous incident—a drunk's throwing a filled highball glass smack into the face of an objectionable fellow to whom the whole town deferred because he has money.

As a short story, involving only Julian English and his wife and Harry Reilly, the yarn has high merits. The incident of the glass throwing has profound consequences. It brought to the surface all the hidden motives of Julian's resentment of his wife, his contempt for Gibbsville society, his hatred of Reilly and his dissatisfaction with himself. He had not intended to throw the highball glass, although he had meditated what would happen if he did while he was drunkenly and resentfully watching Reilly "entertaining" a sycophantic audience at a country club party. His subconscious threw the glass. He did not even know he had done it until the next day. And, when the storm breaks after this event, he does not intend to kill himself. He meditates, drunkenly, on what would happen if he did, and his subconscious pulls the trigger. Mr. O'Hara takes all the cumulative force possible in this episode out of it by interrupting the narrative to introduce new characters and start new stories which he never tells. He maintains suspense in this way because he is not a dull writer. You are patient while he interrupts himself because the interruption is interesting even if it is pointless. But the whole point of his main story is killed in this way.

By the way, the only thing new or memorable Mr. O'Hara has introduced into his story is something that has direct bearing upon Ernest Hemingway's sound and pertinent remarks in these pages last month on "Dirty Words." His dictum was that "No writer can write anything that is truly great when he feels superior to the people he is writing about, no matter how much compassion he may have" and that the avoidance of "dirty" words or "dirty" incidents inevitably results in an untrue picture of whatever is written about that involves "dirty" incidents or "dirty" words. It is Mr. O'Hara's intention to show that Julian English and his wife are strongly drawn to each other physically even though they are not temperamentally or emotionally in harmony. Now, the conventions of English and American fiction have been broken down to such an extent that it is now possible to show or suggest that unmarried persons may enjoy physical love or that a married woman may enjoy her lover physically or that a married man may find physical happiness with a mistress; but some incredible taboo has operated against disclosing the truth that a man and wife may also have their moments of physical ecstasy. Much is made in fiction of sexual maladjustment and some stories read like case histories out of Freud or like advice from the pages of Dr. Marie Stopes; but it is usually clinical and somewhat repulsive. Mr. O'Hara has ignored this taboo and without any superiority or moralizing or apology has not *told* us that the physical bond was the strongest that held Julian and his wife together but has made it clear by dialogue and incident.

Maurice Samuel's *Beyond Woman* (Coward-McCann, $2.50) is the most impressive and at the same time the most disappointing novel I have encountered on the fall lists of the publishers. In a non-fiction work, *Jews on Approval*, Mr. Samuel revealed himself as a clear and forceful writer, a keen analyst of cant, hypocrisy and prejudice, a man with a genuine sense of cultural values, and a humane and sensible thinker. Some of these qualities he has carried over into his first novel. In parts it is magnificently imagined, observed, felt and worked out. There is power and distinction in the style. It is obvious that he has a good understanding of human motives, mass phenomena, prejudices and passions and he can show them in action as well as analyze them. He makes thrilling reading out of the intricate details of a jobber's business of buying and selling, of studying and creating a market, of outsmarting a competitor, of making profits out of shrewd calculations and ruthless dealings. He makes you feel and understand the emotional conflict of a brilliant man who gave up the thing that absorbed him most in

Continued on page 174

Have you laid in your share of this Genuine Pre-Prohibition Whiskey?

It's dwindling fast—and it's strictly limited, so better act quickly if you want to reserve some of this true vintage liquor for your own cellar

OLD GRAND-DAD
BOTTLED IN BOND
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
RICHARD E. WATHEN
SUNNY BROOK WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND
Mount Vernon
Straight Rye Whiskey
Bottled in Bond

The famous brands Old Grand Dad, Sunny Brook *and* Mount Vernon *make up the greater part of this special limited stock, but also there are small quantities remaining of* Bourbon *de luxe,* Old McBrayer, Black Gold, Blue Grass *and* Old Ripy

EVERYONE, at least on special occasions, likes to have a few bottles, or cases, of extra-rare old American whiskey on hand.

Unfortunately this will soon be impossible unless you stock up *now.*

The nation's entire available supply is limited by the fact that it had to be laid down before prohibition to attain vintage age today—and what little remains is rapidly dwindling to the vanishing point—as is ours.

When this diminishing supply of rare old whiskey is exhausted, you will never see any more, as the government requires that whiskey be withdrawn at the end of 8 years from barrels and bottled for purposes of revenue.

Whiskey so rare as this is really "occasion" whiskey—not for the everyday cocktail or highball, but for the unusual occasion

In fact, our famous 16-year-old Old Taylor is now *completely* sold out—showing the way of the wind.*

The rest of this venerable stock includes Sunny Brook and Old Grand Dad—each 16 to 18 years old—and several other mellow old bourbons.*

Also one famous rye—Mount Vernon—12 to 13 years old—and smooth as liquid silk.*

These were names to conjure with before the war, and the few cases that remain, heavily drawn against every day, are prizes of a very rare order.

And while they are a bit costly for everyday service, you'll be proud, in days to come, to bring out a bottle or so for specially favored guests. The government stamp attests their rare age; and a neat glass sniffed or sipped will demonstrate their marvelous bouquet and flavor.

**You'll always be able to call for these famous brand names—and get the finest 4-year-old or older, bottled in bond whiskies in America. Only the very old, prohibition-aged stocks are referred to in this advertisement.*

PRODUCTS OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS

NATIONAL DISTILLERS

The Gershwin Case

Continued from page 108

dance off with a hey-nonny-nonny and a hotchacha or hear cheers for your own country and s-s-s for the Swiss, the music in these cases being apt and full of bright little ideas. There isn't anyone else who could let music ripple so freely around the Supreme Court and the Senate and Communists and depressions. A touch of parody here, a shift of emphasis or rhythm making a marching song pompous and ridiculous, a sharp or a flat when you are not expecting either to show that a love song isn't to be taken seriously, and a lightness of touch everywhere, making the whole gay and bright—Gershwin has them in profusion, he is a cascade of little inventions, he gives you good times.

The reason is that he has a good time himself with his music. When he discovered himself on the road to a new position in America—a composer of jazz who was to be played by symphony orchestras—he began to study orchestration, fascinated by it, by the instruments and their voices. He was young enough not to abandon the effort to learn all the technical business of writing music: harmony and counterpoint and dividing voices. And he didn't let his concert work slide, either; from a trip abroad he brought back An American in Paris and he wrote a concerto for orchestra and himself ("for orchestra and piano" on the programs, of course, and I believe others have played it, but probably not so well). In the old days when Otto H. Kahn was being liberally misquoted as wanting a "jazz opera" for the Metropolitan, Gershwin was coming over the horizon as the man who might make what Kahn really wanted, a grand opera using the rhythms of American popular music. My own guess is that Gershwin will do better with an American ballet.

Wealth, society, intellectuals—all the things which distract a composer of popular song—seem to have no bad effect on ballet. Diaghileff was a frequenter of the Lido and his first nights in Paris were all society and arts and letters, and his ballets were great. And Gershwin is writing intricate music to which American dance steps fit. Let an idea hover in the air, let the right people present it to him appealingly, and he will compose a ballet which may not have the emotion of Stravinsky—why the devil should it?—but, I'll take a bet, will be as entertaining as anything the sacred Six of Paris ever made.

I'd rather see him do that than do an operatic version of Porgy which I never succumbed to in the first place. I'd rather see him doing a ballet than have him write songs which might have been written by Cole Porter (only Gershwin's are essentially innocent). Give a good ballet master the Stairway to Paradise (reworked by the author, because it is over ten years old now and Gershwin has learned a lot) and you'd have the foundation of a ballet right there. Or, his own variations on I've Got Rhythm. Or anything he has written in five years.

It is intelligent of me to look to the future instead of the past. I don't believe that the spring of melody in Gershwin has dried up; you catch a few bars now and then which are a pure pleasure. Something might happen and he might do something lyrical, something to shout under the shower. But I am not going to shed tears if he doesn't; I am not even going to say that he is a spoiled composer of popular songs. He has gone on to something else. He has only to keep going until he has pushed through the things and people which now divert or distract him. If he is to be a satirist, he has eventually to find the things he himself is satirical about—I should think he would find plenty. When he does, he will be saying something instead of saying something about something else. That is his present position—one step removed from his own expression, taking things a little at second hand and making them first rate by his prodigious talent. And it is so prodigious that he can afford to be spendthrift with it. And is.

A New Entry in the Hunt

Continued from page 38

and, although hunt servants may wear white linen riding coats and gray bowler hats, or some such costume in order to be seen through the summer foliage, the new entry and the rest of the field, or riders, come in ratcatcher attire.

In cub-hunting the novice will see for the first time how the M.F.H. and the huntsman work hounds in covert; how the two whippers-in, called whips, attend to the "skirters" and "dwellers," or hounds that have a tendency to stray and loiter.

Without being told, you should have sense enough to keep your horse (which is probably a hireling, since you would not buy a hunter without seeing what he could do in the hunting field) well back; always to turn your horse's head toward the hounds when they are near you lest he kick a valuable hound into eternity and you into disgrace.

You now see for the first time, too, a man as inviolate and imperturbable as a sea captain or a general—an M.F.H. in the hunting field! Later on, when a large field turns out for the regular hunting season, you will note that every man in the field obeys his slightest whim; except, to be sure, when hounds are running and the devil takes the hindmost. Then nothing can or should stop you except a stentorian "Hold hard!"

No matter how keen you are and how well you manage your mount, you will not graduate into a pink coat your first season! Although there have been exceptions.

You come to the first regular meet of the hunting season in a semi-formal riding costume, the regular black riding coat, distinguished but not dashing, which you may have acquired in your bridle-path days for use in a horse show. With it you wear a hunting derby, a white stock with a gold safety-pin, a Tattersall riding waistcoat and snuff-colored or similar breeches. You may even affect cinnamon-colored breeches. Top boots with black tops. Regular hunting spurs.

What is more thrilling than the opening meet of the season? The fixture card may perhaps read: "At Mr. Blank's Farm at 9:00 A.M." At quarter to nine you are there. You raise your hat politely to the Master. You dismount . . . and look over your girths. You stroll over for a look at the hounds, clustered around the huntsman on the lawn.

Through the frosty morning other riders clatter up the driveway, some of them hacking to the meet, with grooms bringing their hunters. Others are standing, anxiously, while mammoth horse-vans disgorge their blanketed and bandaged equine passengers.

Everyone is in full fig. A pretty maid appears with a tray. "Sherry or Madeira, sir?" she asks. In their pink coats and silk hats the men look fresh from Bond Street, yet workmanlike; the women, in their black riding habits, most of them sidesaddle, are riding for sport, you are sure of that. You feel a little self-conscious among these seasoned riders. You keep an eye on your watch, for the hour of nine approaches. Then the M.F.H. announces that he will allow ten minutes "law" for late arrivals. Promptly at nine-ten the M.F.H. and huntsman ride off, followed by the hounds and whips, with the field following toward the selected covert.

You drop back. Indeed, when you paid your subscription, the Hon. Sec. sent you, as a new entry, a leaflet of "Do's and Don'ts"; so you are now well prepared to ride in the second flight.

Since it is impossible in this space to describe the excitement of this epochal "opening day," let us take it for granted that you conducted yourself like a gentleman; that you "leaped" your hireling with the best of them, and, which is unlikely, that you were actually in at the kill.

You took your jumps straight and did not ride anyone else off. You waited till the man ahead of you, or "pilot," got away from every jump before you risked jumping upon him. After a refusal at a gap jump, you did not block traffic but went back to try again in your turn. And, above all things, you did not show your ignorance by jumping fences when hounds weren't running!

In addition to these handsome attainments, let us imagine that you went through the entire hunting season with distinction. You shirked none of your responsibilities at the annual "farmers' day" party when the Hunt entertained all farmers over whose land you rode. You learned the names of the best hounds. You bought several seasoned hunters instead of trying to break in green ones when you yourself were green. You learned when not to talk and when not to smoke in the field lest you impede houndwork. And you came out regularly, fair weather or foul.

Then, my lad, you are good foxhunting material!

Let us hope that you danced with Mrs. M.F.H. at the hunt ball at the mid-end of the season before you got circumspectly tight. Of course, you appeared at the ball in white tie and Tailcoat, since only members with the hunt buttons may wear hunt dress.

If you are a good fellow, and the M.F.H. likes you and the Hon. Sec. approves of you,

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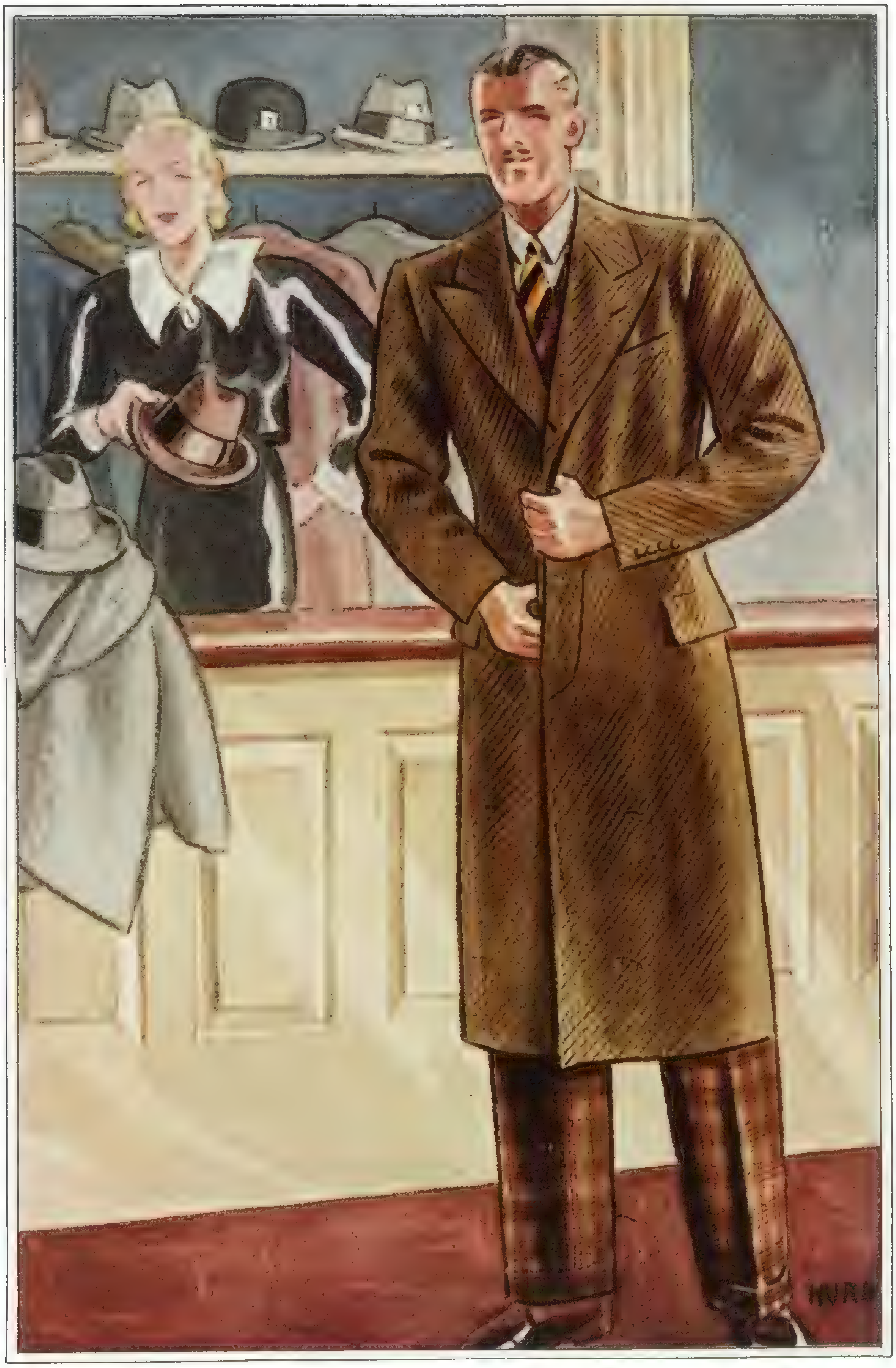
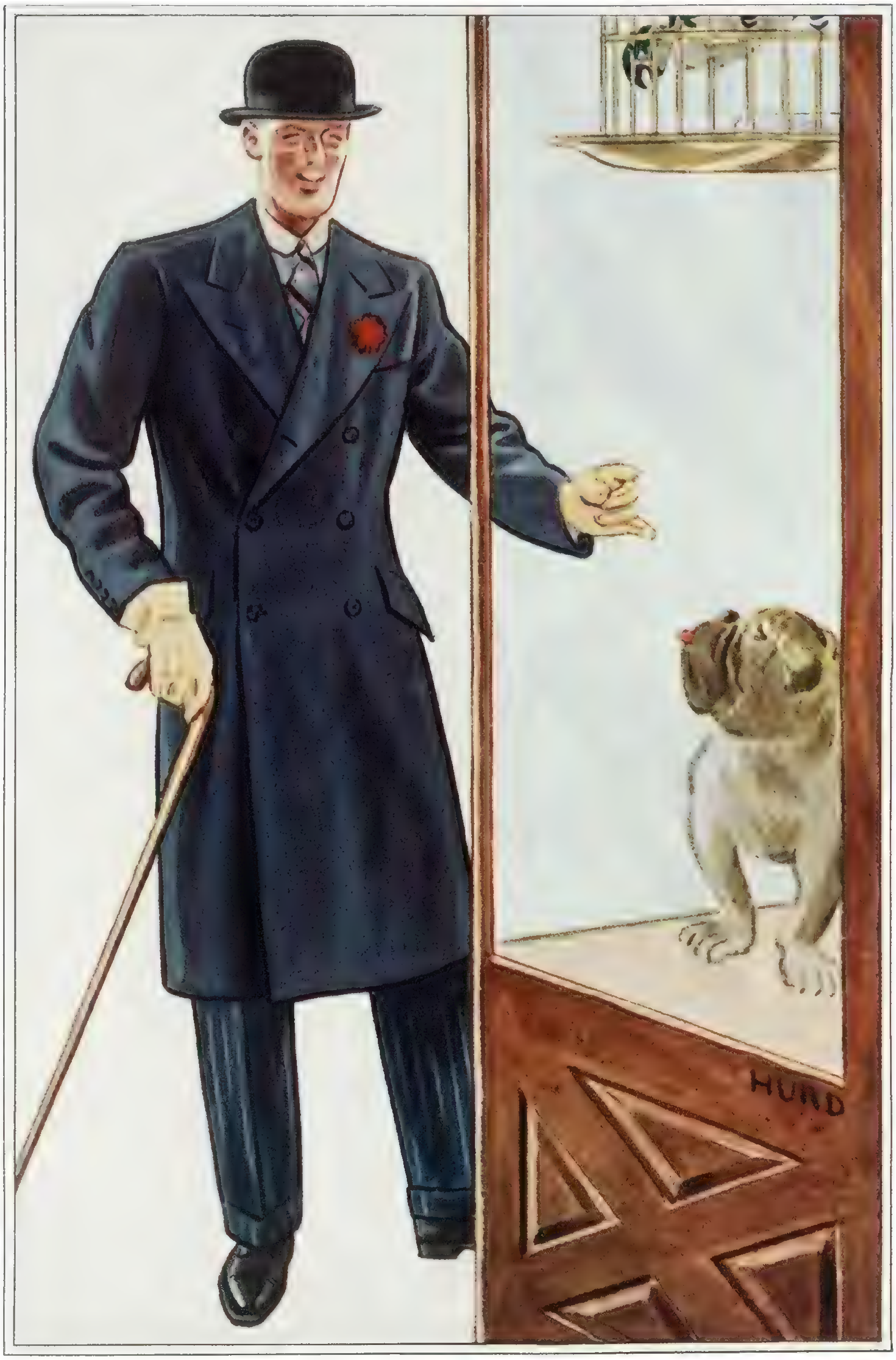


PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN

This, with our monthly apologies to the rugged individualists at various way stations west of Westchester, is a recommended town outfit. Recommended, that is, in towns of more than four million. For example, London goes for this fly-front peak lapel topcoat of brown diagonal tweed, and so does New York. So will the small advance guard of fashion in smaller centers throughout the country, though we hesitate to speak for the northwest corner of the State of Washington. The suit is a Glen Urquhart plaid of brown cheviot, worn with a grey tab collared shirt (never fear grey with brown), a striped rep tie and brown calf shoes of the blucher model. The hat just surrendered to the check girl is a brown homburg with a black band. Note, from this and other fashion sketches featuring topcoats in this issue, that the habit of wearing a breast pocket handkerchief with a topcoat is on the wane.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



THE REVIVAL OF THE RHAPSODY IN BLUE

On second thought, perhaps it would be better to call this the Bond Street Blues, because this outfit typifies the current preferences of many well dressed men seen on that London thoroughfare during the fall months. The double breasted navy blue topcoat has many features which are characteristic of the best custom tailors, notable among them being the slanting flap pockets, the definite flare of the skirt, and the placement of the third button and buttonhole in such a way that the coat may be worn with the top buttonhole either open or fastened. This coat is suitable for town and business and even for formal evening wear. The suit is a blue worsted flannel with a white chalk stripe, worn with a blue broadcloth soft shirt and white laundered collar, striped Macclesfield tie of grey, blue and black, yellow chamois gauntlets, black blucher shoes and a derby hat. Note the shortness of the topcoat.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

A New Entry in the Hunt

Continued from page 130

you will probably receive before Christmas a polite little note from the Hon. Sec. notifying you that the M.F.H. requests you to appear next season wearing the hunt buttons and pink coat.

You are no longer a new entry.

If, to celebrate your "initiation," you are giving a hunt breakfast make certain that your ménage is capable of serving fifty people, hungry as wolves and thirsty as camels. Then, as the deviled eggs and sausages, the Smithfield hams and the chicken pot-pies are attacked and demolished, and the tall glasses are clinking to right and left, the day's run can be discussed in proper detail and, you can be sure, no fence will seem too high or brook too wide for our enterprising new entry.

When bringing a guest (after your first season) be sure to telephone the Hon. Sec. the day before, and to pay your capping fee, having the exact amount or a check ready to hand to the Secretary.

Remember, if the rules of the game seem archaic, that hunting has got along for a long time without suggestions from newcomers to the sport; and if you ever go in for a sporting library you will discover that it got along very well indeed. So well, in fact, that the best books on hunting, and some of the wisest information about hunting kit and riding gear, appeared more than a century ago.

Another thing: Do not get the idea that because foxhunting originated in England it is a perquisite of the Anglo-Saxon race. Some of the keenest foxhunters in this country are neither Angle nor Saxon. And that is as it should be, among true sportsmen.

But away with these don'ts! Enjoy your hunting! Let it lift you for a couple of months each year, as it has lifted countless great men of old, completely away from the hopes and fears, the menaces and catastrophes of mankind. They had depressions in those days too!

If you do nothing more than join a drag hunt, and ride to hounds in mufti, pursuing a trail of aniseed; if you go out of afternoons instead of frosty dawns, after a busy morning at your office, you will at any rate know something of the joy of being well carried over glorious autumn countryside. But you will never, even with a "bag fox," quite get the thrill that comes only to confirmed Nimrods: a thrill which only a poet can describe, though countless squires have felt it . . .

"Now where are all your sorrows and your cares,
Ye gloomy ones
Where are all your aches and pains? . . .
One halloo has dispelled them all!"

The Old Saloon Humor

Continued from page 107

Somewhat lighter and happier were the quips in which both the barkeeps and their customers joined against their common enemies. When the pious reformers wanted to keep the saloons closed on Sundays, the bartenders and their clients wondered:

"What's the use? The police won't go to church anyhow. If the saloons are open on Sunday, the people know right where to go when they want a policeman."

If the reformers denounced liquor as man's worse enemy, the barroom crowd quoted the Bible to the effect that you must love your enemy. If the temperance people said that the devil went to the saloon when he lost his tail, for it was there that they re-tailed bad spirits, the barkeeps and their clients matched this pun with one of their own, and of more poetry and grandeur, too, if you please:

"How my mouth waters!" exclaimed the Mississippi river.

"That's because you are coming to a bar," replied the Gulf of Mexico.

If a judge, who was also a temperance worker, reproved a tipsy lawyer by saying that Mr. So-and-So could not successfully practise at two bars at once, the saloon crowd had a number of deprecating stories about such judges. The most favorite one quoted the chairman of a temperance meeting:

"Yes, our meeting last night would have been more successful if the lecturer, Judge So-and-So, hadn't been so absent-minded. He tried to blow the foam from a glass of water."

If a reformer remarked to John Citizen, on seeing him come out of a saloon, that his nose was red, John Citizen replied that it was red because it was blushing with modesty.

"Modesty?" wondered the reformer.

"Yes, sir. It doesn't butt into other people's business."

The reformer may have walked away smitten, and yet again he may have persisted:

"Anyway, John, it pains me to see you come out of a barroom."

"All right, deacon," was the quick reply, "anything to save your feelings. I'll go right in again."

Humorous stories about the imbibers and their slow homeward progress from the saloon were of two kinds: a—moralistic, and b—merry. The first kind was fathered by the grim-faced reformers and, consequently, rarely glowed with any noticeable brilliance. A fair example follows:

A passerby noticed a policeman bending over a drunkard lying in the gutter near a saloon.

"Who is he?"

"Don't know," answered the policeman. "He don't seem to be able to give an account of himself."

"A man who has lost his balance can't possibly give an account of himself," testily commented the passerby.

The merry stories about the homeward customers were usually conceived by the customers themselves who did not seem to be contrite about their wobbly trek and still less repentant about the violent stagger of their less enduring brethren. As in the case of most other better-grade humor, it may be said of these merry-homegoing-drunkard stories that they were concocted in self-defense. Let us be funny about our own failings before our enemies jump into the breach and cut us with their clever humor at our expense. It does not hurt when we laugh at ourselves, but it is a horse from a different garage when our enemies get under our skins. Let us bar them from their main chance. There was the story of two travelers who went into a hotel barroom but on their exit found themselves not in their room but in a gutter. Said one of them, turning over in the mire:

"Jim, let's move from here. This hotel leaks."

Another homeward toper asked a policeman:

"Offisher, ish thish Christopher Shtreet or Wednesday night?"

It may have been the same gentleman who inquired of the same policeman:

"Which ish the other shide of the shtreet?"

On being shown the other side of the street, he protested in a hurt tone of voice:

"You can't beat thish town for liarsh. I wash there a minute ago and ashked a man where the other shide of the shtreet wash, and he directed me here!"

It is dark, it is raining, and a policeman sees a man standing in the middle of the town square, holding his nightkey in front of him, and piercing the darkness with it.

"What do you mean, standing out here in such a storm?" asks the policeman.

"Why, don't you see," hiccoughs the man, "that the square is revolving about us? I am waiting for my door to come about."

If the homeward trek ended in the policeman's embrace and an appearance in court on the sober morrow, the co-boozers would leave the saloon to testify:

"Well, Your Honor, I can't say that I've seen him drunk exactly, but I once saw him sitting in the middle of the floor, making grabs in the air, and saying he'd be hanged if he didn't catch the bed the next time it ran around him."

Or:

"I don't say, Your Honor, that defendant was drunk. No, not by any means; but this I will say—when I last seen him, he was washing his face in a mud puddle, and drying it on a door mat. Whether a sober man would do this I can't say."

When the co-boozers returned to the saloon, the barkeep would say:

"Fine," friends you are. Why didn't you bail the poor fellow out last night?"

"Bail him out!" the friends would exclaim. "Why, he was so far gone that we couldn't even pump him out!"

But if the homeward trek was successful, the wife would be the judge. In the stillness of the late hour, she would cry to her man:

"What on earth made you get so drunk? And why—oh, why do you come to me in this dreadful state?"

"Because, my darling, all the other places are shut up!"

A story has it that one of such husbands was met, at two a. m., by his wife dressed in deep black. He gasped for her reason.

"Mourning my late husband," she replied.

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The Old Saloon Humor

Continued from page 133

If there was a feeling of guilt, the customer tried to shift it on someone else. Which led a wife, holding her husband's aching head in her soothing hands, to ask him:

"Does the Bible say that a man and his wife are one?"

"Yes, my love," moaned the man.

"Then," remarked the wife, "I came home drunk, and ought to be ashamed of myself."

In the early 1900s there was a story about a man in Covington, Kentucky. He made a bet that he could drink a pint and a half of extra-hard Cincinnati whiskey in twelve hours. He won the bet and his widow remarked at the funeral the next day that it was the first money he had earned by hard labor in the last ten years.

In the old days of the saloon, Kentucky State and Kentucky men were a great topic for tipsy tales. There was admiration, envy, malice in those tales. Like the stories directed at the saloonkeeper, the stories aimed at Kentucky tried to trip up the cool, unfeeling monster who was the cause of so much drunkenness in the land and yet remained sober and aloof. There was the anecdote about a railroad wreck. A bridge was washed out, and the train fell into the river, spilling its passengers overboard. The first rescue party spotted one of the survivors, an old Kentucky colonel. He was bravely swimming toward the shore, his slouch hat and his goatee intact and unwrinkled above the water.

"Are you hurt?" shouted the men of the rescue party.

"No, suh," yelled the colonel back, "never swallowed a drop."

Water was generally pictured as the greatest enemy of the Kentuckians. "I was traveling through Kentucky last week," said a New York drinker, "and at one time our train was stopped for four hours because the engine couldn't take water." There was also the story of a doctor talking to Mrs. Col. Blood of Kentucky:

"How did your husband pass the night, Mrs. Blood?"

"He seemed quite comfortable, doctor, and asked for water several times."

"Hm," with a grave look, "still flighty."

The Kentuckians were pictured as the greediest of whiskey-guzzlers. "Yes," said a Kentuckian after a trip West, "Indians are powerful fond of whiskey. Let 'em once get the taste of whiskey, an' they'll give up everything for it. Why, an old chief out in Dakota offered me a pony, saddle, bridle, blanket, and I don't know what else, for a pint of whiskey I had with me." "And did you give it to him?" "No, suh, not much! That was the last pint I had left!"

And there was an account of a political speaker holding forth before a Kentucky audience on the evils of tariff.

"Take whiskey, for instance," he said.

"Thank you, don't care if I do," said every man in the audience, rising, and the speaker had to lead the crowd to the nearest saloon, or die on the spot.

Politico-economic events and problems of the day found their inevitable reflection in the old-time saloon talk and joke. Besides the perennial theme of tariff there were such sporadic topics as, for instance, the Gould-Fisk scandals of post-Civil War days, or the hue and cry raised against Chicago meat packers and their unsanitary product in the muckraking era. One day in the 1870s, the most side-tickling joke at New York's Hoffman House was when a broker tried in vain to pay smiling Joe, the bartender, one share of Erie railroad stock (then ruined by Gould and Fisk) for a drink. At the dawn of the muckraking era, Upton Sinclair aimed at America's heart and struck at her stomach; Theodore Roosevelt led a movement against impurity in any food product on the American market. The saloon immediately responded by a jest that of all the indignant followers of Sinclair and Roosevelt the free lunch fiends were most fiery. The malicious barkeeps chuckled that those of their patrons who used to drink little and eat much were now refusing to eat the meats and other delicacies of the free lunch counter, thank God!

The political fortunes of two major parties, the wars, the business slumps, all were made fun of by those whose club was the barroom. The last of the old-time saloon jests was inescapably bound with a major political event. On January 16, 1920, when the American government proclaimed national prohibition by virtue of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, some barkeeps and restaurant managers displayed black draperies in their places of business. A bitter jest, and at the jesters' own expense. The same day, the Reverend Billy Sunday staged a comic funeral of an effigy of John Barleycorn. It was the beginning of the brief period when not the bartenders and not their clients but the reformers and the temperance preachers had their laugh.

Always Second

Continued from page 81

with Don Woods and finally passed him in front of the grandstands. I thought I was ahead."

His hands gripped the table and his expression became bitter.

"But I wasn't," he said. "Kelly Molinari was ahead of me. He was a quarter of a lap ahead and he was looking back laughing at me. I gave her the gun and hit the curve so fast I smelled burning rubber. Kelly drove with one hand and waved back at me."

I lighted a cigarette and before I could get it to my lips, he took it from me and began puffing on it. His eyes were half closed and the muscles of his face stood out white and tense.

"I drove faster than I ever did in my life," he said. "I took chances that any driver in his right mind wouldn't think of taking. I drove so fast that, for awhile, it seemed I wasn't moving at all and that the track was whirling around beneath me. Then it seemed all the cars were different colored balls being rolled around and around in a bowl. I skidded at every curve and the grandstand went by so fast I got so I could not tell where it was. I didn't notice the other cars. I passed them time after time and if they tried to put up an argument I forced them down toward the fence. I know it was a lousy trick but I wasn't thinking of anything but beating Kelly Molinari.

"And all the time, no matter how fast I drove, no matter how much chance I took on the curves, Kelly Molinari was a quarter of a lap ahead of me, driving with one hand and waving at me with the other.

"I bit my lips until my teeth hurt and my mouth was salty with blood. I spat out the blood and cursed him so loud it seemed the people in the grandstand could hear me. I got every last bit of speed out of that car there was in it. And Kelly Molinari was always a quarter of a lap ahead of me, looking back at me and grinning at me.

"Toward the end of the race I knew that if I ever caught up with Kelly I wouldn't try to pass him. I planned to crash into him. I wanted to spill him out on the track and smash that damned blue car of his on top his body. I didn't think of winning the race any more. All I wanted to do was to wipe that grin off Kelly's face.

"But I didn't catch up with him. My mechanics tried to slow me down. They wrote notes on blackboards and ran out to show them to me. I didn't pay any attention. I swung the car toward the last fellow and he had to jump to save his life. After that they let me alone.

"I wasn't responsible for what I was doing. I was crazy, as crazy as a man can get. The roar and the smell of exhaust and the heat of the car and the blur of the fence whirling around me, all mixed together in my head and there wasn't any room left for thinking. All I could do was hate Kelly Molinari and step on the gas."

He paused an instant and rubbed his cheeks with both hands.

"I went around two laps after I got the flag," he said. "I don't think I would ever have stopped if I hadn't busted a connecting rod. The mechanics started patting me on the back when I drove into the pits.

" 'Keep your damned hands off me or I'll murder you,' I said.

"They backed away and one of them said, 'That's a hell of a funny way for a guy to celebrate winning a race.' 'I didn't win the race and you know it,' I said. 'Kelly Molinari won it.' "

He pressed his cheeks with his hands to keep the muscles from twitching.

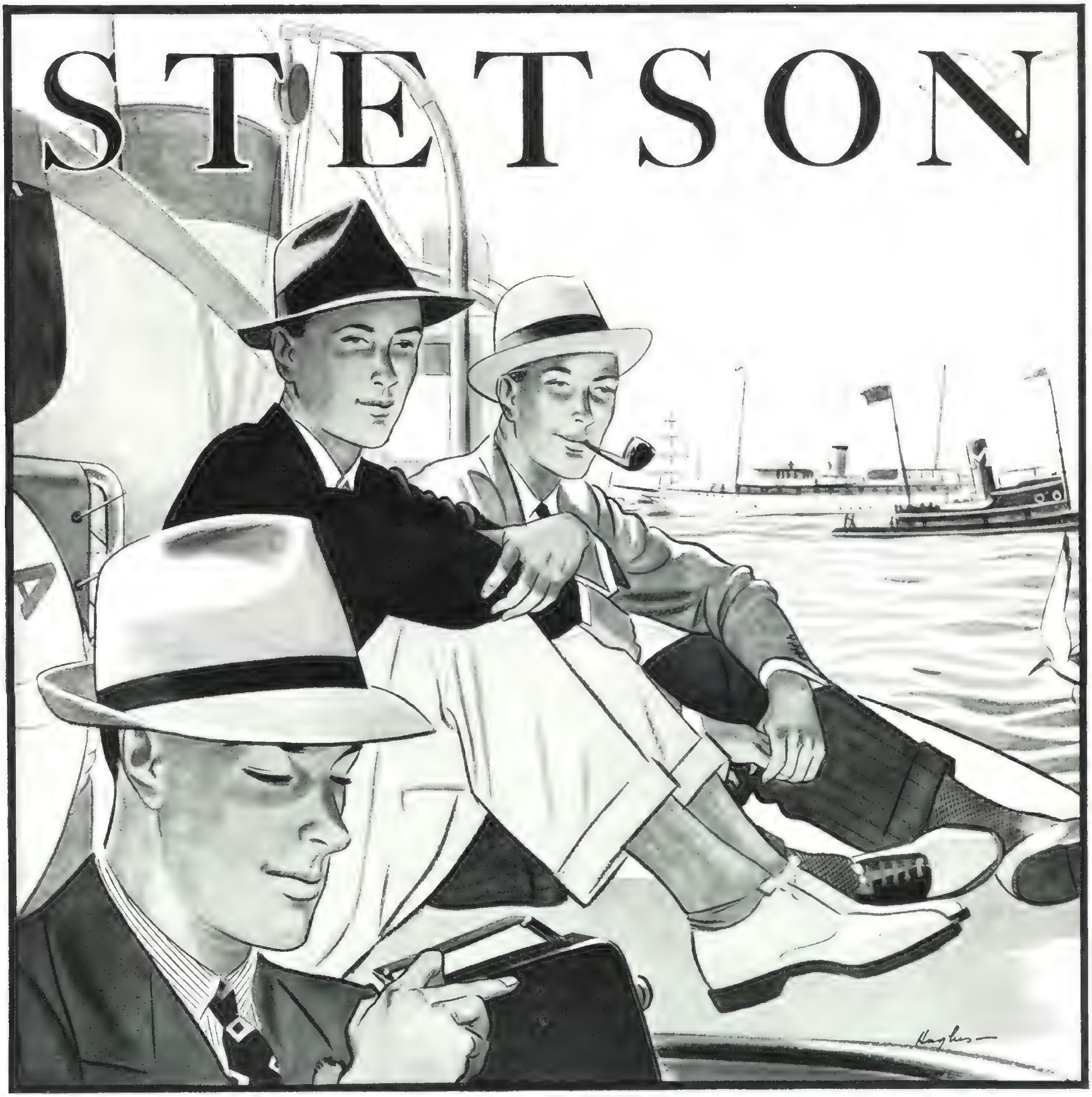
"It took them a long time to make me understand that Kelly Molinari had been killed in a warm-up that morning," he said.

I sat up straight and it seemed that, like his racetrack, the room was whirling around and around beneath me.

"My God!" I said. "Then you did win the race."

He laughed bitterly and shoved his chair back from the table.

"Didn't I just tell you, you fool!" he said. "I came in second."



NEWPORT. The finish line of one of the races for the America's Cup

The young man at the left is wearing the Stetson "PLAYBOY," *an air-light crusher. (It retails everywhere for $5.)*

An engaging style is the Stetson "BANTAM," *worn by the man in the center. Air-light. Smartly individual. (Priced at $5.)*

The debonair chap at the right has on the Stetson "AVENUE." *(Priced at $8.)*

LIKE the graceful hull of a cup defender, Stetson hats are built with infinite care and precision. Exceptional distribution in the Metropolitan area makes it easy for New Yorkers to buy the world's most famous hat. A style for every personality. A size and shape for every head.

Stetsons for autumn are priced at $6 (unlined), $6.50, $8, $10 and upward. Also Stetson air-light crushers, the "Bantam" and "Playboy," at $5. Stetson caps begin at $2.50.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Thoughts on censorship and Mrs. Pat Campbell and Will Rogers and the new season

by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

• THEATRE •

THE GLIMPSE LIST

"As Thousands Cheer," the best revue in years. Irving Berlin tunes, Moss Hart sketches, Clifton Webb, Helen Broderick and Ethel Waters still going strong. See it again.

"Dodsworth," Sidney Howard's dramatization of the Sinclair Lewis novel. Walter Huston superb as the wistful seeker of European polish during those awful days of Prosperity.

"Sailor, Beware!" Nautical, naughty, nutty.

"She Loves Me Not." Farce-comedy at its best, twisting the Princeton Tiger's tail.

"Tobacco Road." Many say this should have won the Pulitzer Prize. Comic tragedy of poor whites. Laughs and pity. James Barton a perfect successor to Henry Hull in the lead.

"Life Begins At 8:40." Advance reports from Boston indicate success for this John Murray Anderson revue, starring Bert Lahr.

"Casino de Paree." Billy Rose's swell night-spot.

"Music Hall." Same, but louder and funnier, and still funnier.

Lolling beneath the lulling canopy of ancient elms at North Easton, Mass., Winthrop Ames shared with me some velvet, antique rye, informed me that he intends never to return to the scene of his delightful productions "Prunella," "Beggar on Horseback," "Iolanthe," the Arliss vehicles and the rest except as a spectator, was enthusiastic about the rebirth of the theatre, as indicated by last year's splendid New York season, and asked me to talk about theatrical matters as I had seen them during my trip to California and back, and my jaunts among the summer playhouses.

"What about next season?" he gave me for a cue. "Are prospects as bright? Think the censorship attack on the movies will scare the theatre?"

Whereupon I entered into a rambling dissertation, composed of opinion and anecdote. He yawned hardly at all, and at the end was still amiable. Thus encouraged, I repeat the gist of it.

The managers of stage plays are somewhat disturbed by the onslaught upon the talkies. They will undoubtedly be influenced in their choice of plays by the possibilities of sales to the studios. That is likely to be a hindrance, because the picture-producers are at present in a panic. They are being blamed for "unclean" pictures. Ridiculous. Blame the public, if anyone. The chief objective of the magnates is profit. If they have turned out some products containing so-called "censorable" matter, it is because they have learned from experience that audiences demand such, and attend them in droves while, with a few exceptions, they stay away from innocuous bluebird-operas. Certainly filth should be eliminated. And the executives will be only too happy to go as far as the making of Rollo and Elsie books if the public will respond. Who believes that the public will?

Thus, the movies have their devastating dilemma; let us beg that the stage be left alone. For the stage audience is really adult, and wants no namby-pamby bowdlerization. By all means keep out unwholesome dirt. But if "strong" situations, good earthiness of speech and fact, reflections of life as it is are removed wholesale, leaving only pap—well, I don't think the American people should stand for such dismal idiocy, any more than it stood for Prohibition.

High-handed snooping would have removed practically every entertainment from New York last year. Even "Ah Wilderness" would have come under the ban. Is such fare to be denied to a public which appreciates and devours it? I'm not speaking from an insular, Manhattan viewpoint. I saw attendance records broken on the West Coast by that same play. True, it was publicized as a sort of "personal appearance" of Will Rogers. But the play stood up—and stood them up.

Rogers . . . he astonished me. I couldn't imagine any actor being as good in the part as Cohan. Rogers was. Not better, but as good. A different interpretation, of course, but the same character. For once, he submerged the gent who "only knows what he reads in the papers," never popping out into personality-salesmanship until his curtain-speech at the finish. Then he became the usual homespun philosopher, shambling, bashful, stammering and mumbling—but never, you bet your life, missing any of his wows—giving a perfect imitation of spontaneous ad libbing. I watched him go through that same speech on opening night and again some weeks later. There wasn't a variation. Every hem and haw was in its place, every gulp and wink, every phrase repeated exactly, including the final admonition, "Better come and see Mr. O'Neill's play again, folks; I'm a-sayin' more of his words ever' night!" What a fine actor and master-showman! It takes technique, craft and rehearsal to achieve such convincing "spontaneity."

Rogers, with his flavorous, shrewd idiosyncrasies is about the last of the notable American "cards," outstanding survivor of the great pack headed, in my experience, by personality-plussers like Mrs. Fiske, John Drew and Wilton Lackaye. England still has a number of these formidable mimes who can be relied upon to perform startlingly offstage. There's Dame Madge Kendal, long since retired from activity upon the boards, but, ancient as she is, a veritable monster of virtue and vitality. Giggled-at and beloved, she races about, all day long, every year, opening every possible bazaar and vehemently propounding, in person and over the radio, her Gospel of Respectability. She never varies her costume—a mid-Victorian melange, topped by a tiny bonnet trimmed with forget-me-nots. Old inhabitants claim that this same bonnet has been in daily use for over fifty years; but cynical spies report a series, identical with the original dated some time around 1880, of which the current number must be approximately the sixteenth. My most vivid recollection of this card goes back to several years ago, in Hyde Park. She swooped down upon an astounded proletarian miss who was leisurely applying lipstick and eyebrow-pencil. The Dame—best visualized by George Cukor's description of another noted quaint, "an escaped cozy-corner"—flabbergasted her victim by an out-thrust finger and the Jeremian outcry, "What's this, young woman? Trying to correct the work of your Creator?" The terrified girl uttered one squawk, and took to her heels.

I saw Mrs. Patrick Campbell at a house party in Carmel. She had with her the pekinese, Moonbeam, latest successor to the famous nuisance of yesteryear, Pinky-Panky-poo. Moonbeam is a rarity, resembling a child's slightly soiled white-fox neckpiece. The sex of this infinitesimal pet is negli-

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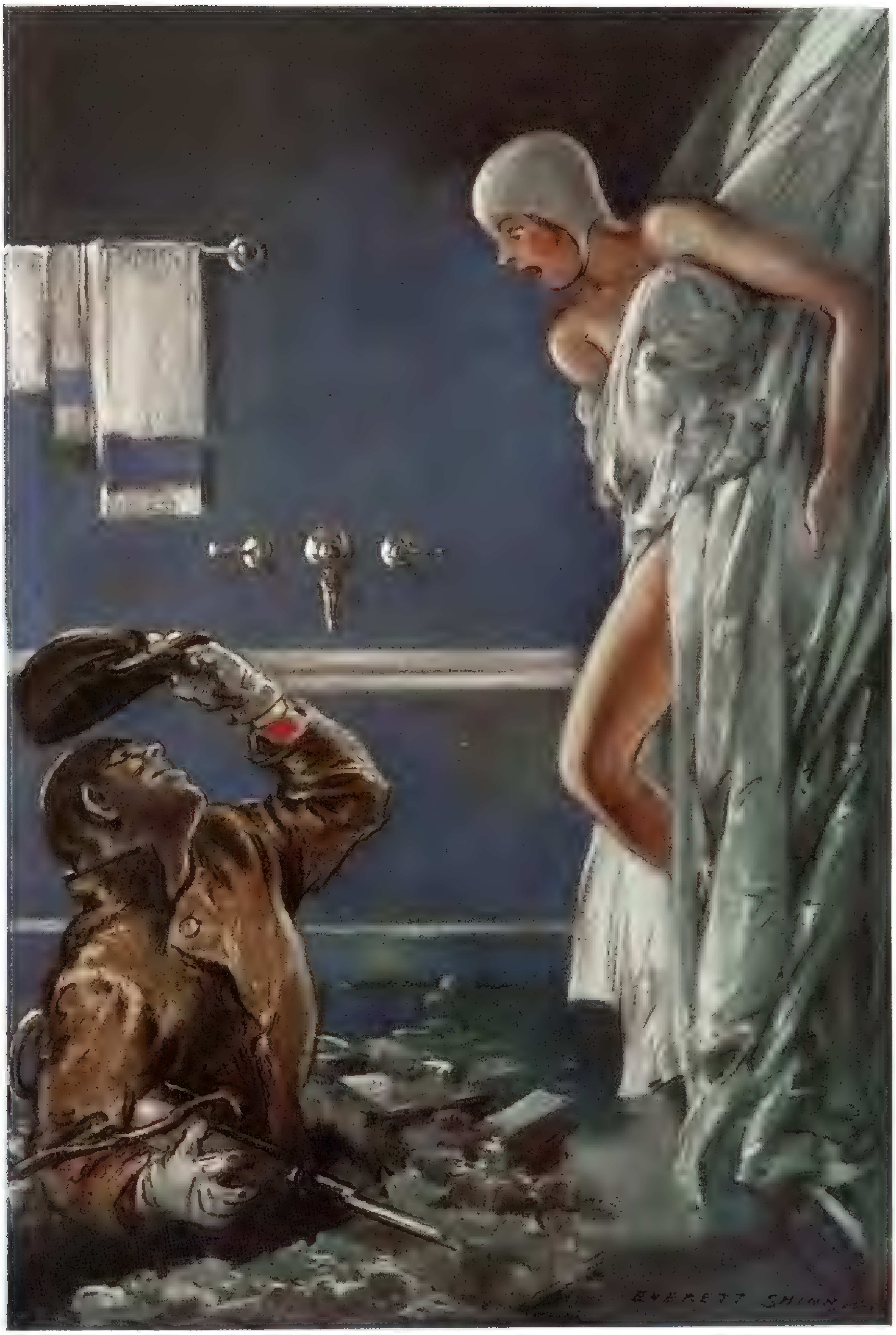
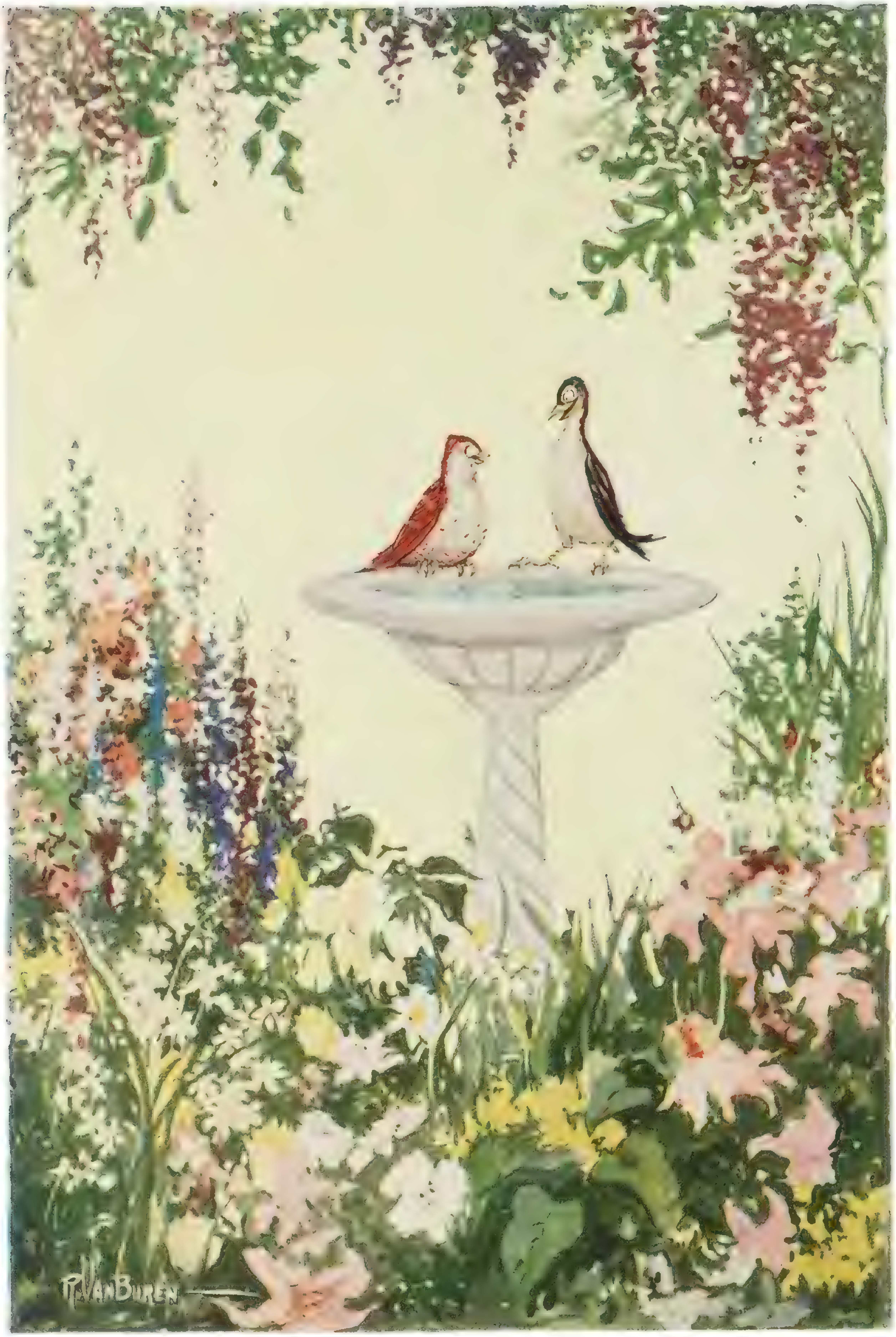

EVERETT SHINN

"I beg your pardon, Miss—I thought this was the First National Bank"



"Remember the night last summer Mrs. Courtney threw the champagne in?"

Over a Barrel

Continued from page 54

to buy the spangles and close-fitting tights I saw the burlesque queens wear.

Over in Berlin I went to a small suburban theatre, and saw a midget juggling seven balls with ease. And here I had been glowing because I could juggle five. I did not say a word to anyone, but practiced for weeks until I could juggle eight.

For the next thirteen years I toured the world many times, and was unable to speak any language but English. My pantomime and juggling were a passport everywhere.

At last I hooked up with Flo Ziegfeld, and remained in his *Follies* more years than I care to remember. Ziegfeld spent fortunes on comedians, but never liked them. Why he tolerated me for so long, I do not know.

I played with many troupers at this time, among them Joe Jackson, Bill Ritchie, Nora Bayes, Bert Williams, Frank Tinney, Leon Errol, Ed Wynn and Sam Hardy. Many of these have since gone down the long river, among them the many-sided Ziegfeld himself.

Whenever Ziegfeld had a mood, which was often, he took it out on me. One time he warned me to remove all liquor from my dressing room, forgetting how much he had in his quarters. "Do you know you can be arrested for having liquor here?" he said to me. That night, two policemen knocked loudly at the door of my dressing room. Feeling that Ziegfeld had put them on my trail, I had the prop boy hurriedly remove all the liquor that some juggler had stored within my quarters.

When I finally opened the door, I heard one of the policemen say, "Would you like to buy a couple of cases of good Scotch, Mr. Fields?"

He was the only policeman I have ever hugged.

After parting with Ziegfeld I played for some time in George White's *Scandals*. Later I appeared in *Poppy*. It was in this play that the critics discovered I had a speaking voice, though I had spoken for years in Ziegfeld shows. *Poppy* was made into a movie under the title of *Sally of the Sawdust*. I played my original role on the screen.

Nothing happened so far as my screen career was concerned, and I returned to the stage. The depression was on. I induced the producer of the show to allow me to run it on a percentage for the players, in order to keep them working. This attempt failed, and I decided to enter films.

I motored to Hollywood, and remained a year, without an offer from a film producer.

In desperation, I went to a well known producer and offered to write, direct and act in a film for nothing. Being one of those men who knew exactly what the public wanted, he refused my offer.

After being idle for eighteen months and dancing on the edge of fifty years, I received word that the Harriman Bank had failed in New York. A quarter of a million dollars, my life's savings, went with it. I had met the great banker, and had laughed at his jokes, thinking of course that by being friendly with him he would let me in on something. He did. Harriman laughed last.

I was feeling much lower than the stars, when I met Marilyn Miller. She wanted me to play a part in her next film.

It was my bad luck to reverse many film precedents. I made good in the picture. Months passed before I got another offer—for less money.

Like any other man at my age who had lost a quarter of a million, and who could look about and see theatres closing everywhere, I took the offer.

The picture was called *Million Dollar Legs*. I was not the star. The critics were kind enough to say that I "stole" the picture. No doubt wishing to punish me for such a theft, I was not given another part for some time.

At last the sky cleared. I fell in with one of the shrewdest men in films . . . Mack Sennett. I wrote, directed and acted in four short films for him. One film paid for itself three days after its release. Sennett shared my belief that a comedian should do what he thinks is funny, and not worry about the reaction of the audience. Mack is a master of comedy, and while we had the usual hectic moments of disagreement, I still consider him one of the most gifted men in the field of comedy. In fact, Sennett's gift ranges beyond comedy. He is a great satirist.

Just when it seemed as though the road was all silver and gold, and I was riding a bicycle in the last scene of a film, a truck hit me, and *broke my neck*. I heard it snap and many things went through my head. I suddenly recalled what my friend, Dr. Harry Martin, had said, that he had held his head perfectly straight with both hands when the same accident had happened to him.

So I cautioned everyone to keep away from me and immediately held my head with both hands until I reached the hospital, fifteen miles away.

When my doctor, H. J. Strathern, arrived, I still held my head. The doctor gave the nature of my accident to the newspapers in Latin. They paid no attention to it; otherwise there might have been great rejoicing had it been noised about that I had broken my neck.

When I left the hospital I had to carry my head braced, in an upward position, as if I were counting the stars. The doctor had told me that a highball would not be good for me, but I disagreed with him. So with eyes gazing at the heavens, and a highball in my hand, I bounced all the way down a long flight of stairs. I am happy to state that my head remained on my shoulders, and that I spilled no part of the precious highball.

After these small difficulties, everything became more serene and Paramount signed me to a long term contract. I have appeared in about eighteen films for this firm, the most memorable being those in which I played opposite the redoubtable star, Baby Le Roy, a sterling two-year-old actor worthy to be the descendant of Gargantua.

Once, in a film, when he playfully put my best watch in molasses, I, as playfully, booted him across the room. He did not think that scene was in the film, and I heard him mutter what sounded something like "You son of a ——" as he darted toward me. I had to run for my life.

After all the trouble his attendants had with him before each scene, Baby Le Roy would look up, and see me on the set. I was naturally the cause of all his grief, and each time he saw me he bellowed loud and long.

I had been told before I started to work with him that he had bitten his mother's thumb off. I later found this to be untrue, but imagine a two-year-old who can gather about him such a reputation!

"Why don't you give him an understudy—another baby about his own age?" I asked the director.

The director trembled as he answered, "My God—I couldn't do that, Bill, he'd eat it."

Of course, I would not want Baby Le Roy to know that I had written about him. Our paths may cross again, and I would fear to make him mad. For once Baby Le Roy is in a temper, not even Max Baer would stand a chance with him.

When the feud between Baby Le Roy and myself became serious, everybody said, "Poor Baby Le Roy," but nobody ever thought to say, "Poor Bill Fields!"

Like most men, perhaps, I have more vices than virtues. But one habit I learned, which became as much a part of my life as pantomime, that of reading. Somewhere Edward Gibbon said that he would not exchange this habit for all the wealth of India. Neither would I—until it was offered.

I was quite a young man before I learned that Shakespeare was not another juggler. When I did learn who he was I studied him, as he used many words strange to me. I bought a huge dictionary and carried it with me many times around the world. Whenever I came across a new word I went to my dictionary. It was through my own efforts and the love of reading which I acquired, that I can now look upon life with a more mellow and tolerant attitude and agree with George Meredith's *Juggling Jerry*—

> I've studied men from my topsy-turvy
> Close, and, I reckon, rather true.
> Some are fine fellows: some right scurvy:
> Most, a dash between the two.

Women and Adults Not Allowed

Continued from page 69

ambassador permission to see the collection and as a result had been severely chastised by Mussolini. Il Duce appeared to think that the morals of the American ambassador could not be impaired by seeing the exhibit. Since then the assistant director had felt strongly about Americans.

The things he had said which I didn't understand, in fact, were to the effect that the only thing Americans wanted to see in the museum was the pornography and that Americans were an indecent race anyway.

I decided to go to the top man and see the director himself. At another entrance I rode in a shaky elevator to the top floor of the museum. There I gave my name but not my purpose, and waited, wondering what the reaction of the director might be after the virulence of his underlings. If it continued in progression I could see myself arrested and cast into jail.

Finally, I was admitted to the presence of the *direttóre*, entering a large, dark, old-fashioned office. The director, seated behind an enormous desk, looked calm but skeptical, a man who kept his dignity even though the hair missing from the top of his head had to be made up on his face. He motioned for me to seat myself, and then waited for me to speak.

When I told him what I wanted, he asked: "You know, of course, that the exhibit is closed to the public by order of Il Duce himself?"

I resolved that the best course would be complete frankness mixed with a plausible amount of flattery. I said I knew the rule and admired it. I confessed my experience with the guard, the head guard, and the assistant director. I said I could tell him also that I was a writer on art. But that would not be the truth. And I had no wish to deceive him. I said I was, however, really a writer, and that no matter if I did not see the rooms I would some day write an article explaining how well Italy protected the morals not only of her own people but of the world. It would reflect the glory of Il Duce. I made it as flowery as possible, including the *direttóre* himself in some of the glory, and ended up with the suggestion that in order to carry out this purpose to the best advantage it would be necessary to see from what it was that the world was being so well protected.

The *direttóre* thought that over a long time before he replied. I had noticed he smiled at my experience with the assistant director. I have never been sure whether it was the speech, amusement over the assistant director, or that he may have had a good breakfast that morning was responsible for what he did then.

I incline first to the breakfast and then to the assistant director. At any rate he pressed a button on his desk and a museum guard appeared. "This man will show you," he said.

I rose, thanking him. He waved a deprecatory hand and said: "Guard yourself against yourself."

I was ushered by the guard along mysterious passageways until we emerged into one of the museum halls on the top floor. There, down a narrow corridor, we came to an unmarked door. This was unlocked, lights were turned on, and I stood finally in the holy sanctum.

There were two small rooms, each perhaps eighteen by fourteen feet, with a doorway between them, but no windows. The air was musty and dank. The floor was gritty and there was a thin layer of dust on the glass cases in the center of the rooms. In these were the finest, though not by any means the most telling, objects in the collection.

They were exquisitely modelled phallic amulets, ranging in size from that of a pea to the length of the little finger. The best were tiny ones, carved in semi-precious stones, whose bases were caught in gold settings. The skill of the artists who had carved the limited surfaces in other materials, in cornelian, rock crystal, onyx, jasper, agate, garnet, and lapis-lazuli, was almost miraculous. The *cocottes* of Pompeii wore these, hung on a chain about the neck as a mark of their profession. There were jewelers in the pagan empire who specialized in making them, and if these were any example, they were bits of jewelry any craftsman could be proud of. As ornaments, quite apart from their significance, nothing could be more prettily fashioned.

"*Bello, bello*," my guard said, and I agreed with him that they were beautiful.

On pedestals there were statuettes, oxidized that light, blueish-green color which hundreds of years of burial gives to bronze. The workmanship that had gone into the execution of their erotic postures well exemplified the difference between mere pornography and pornographic art; these retained a grace and an excellence of expression that used eroticism simply as a subject and went beyond its limits in execution.

Most of them were single figures, though a few were groups. Among these was "The marble satyr and goat of fine execution," a little more lively than Monaco makes it out. One of the best examples was a bronze tripod, standing several feet high, whose three legs were ichthyphallic fauns standing back to back, each with one hand on his hip, while the other was outstretched in a gesture suggesting a warning against excessive consummation of all the mysteries of love. Monaco's reference to this is: "Tripod, supported by young satyrs of surprising expression."

In other cases there were bronze and terra-cotta oil lamps fashioned in the phallic symbol. These were found mostly in the Vico Storto, a winding street in Pompeii which was the favorite haunt of the debauchees. Here the low-class courtesans held forth in their *bouges*, little rooms with an open door leading to the street. Each Venus of the Crossways, as they were called in Latin, had her name painted above her door, and at the side of the door was one of these lamps, providing the only light on the street.

Running around the walls of both of the secret rooms was a series of frescoes and mosaics, each depicting an attitude of what my accompanying guard referred to as the *matrimonio*. There were several dozens of these, some of them faint and faded after being buried for eighteen hundred years, the colors of others still astonishingly strong. The figures did not attempt to be very realistic, but leaned toward anticipating modernism, though without its grotesque effect. Their soft, pinkish finish was not only interesting but pleasing to the eye. Regarded solely as works of art, I should imagine that enthusiasts of primitives would go mad about them. I am not an enthusiast of early painting, and I have never been one to believe that the female nude, pornographic or otherwise, can be regarded without some reaction on the male nervous system, but looking at these I could also appreciate the fact that a very real talent had been involved.

Jutting out from the wall, some of them of modest dimensions, others over a yard long, and all at an angle, were about a dozen street signs of *lupanaria*, exhibited then as frankly as barber poles are to be seen on the streets of our civilization. The size of the symbol may have denoted the class of establishment it advertised; if large, it was expensive and for the upper classes; if small, it was cheap and perhaps for slaves. Or it may have been that salesmen for the signs had simply made a bigger sale at one place than another. No one knows.

The *lupanaria* also had what amounts to our present-day sandwich men, except that in place of two boards they wore the most extraordinary hats ever devised by the human imagination. There are several of these enormous headgear in the secret rooms, literally infested with long, snake-like symbols, each a phallic Head of Minerva. These were worn through the streets by men who shouted out the name and the attractions to be found at the establishments hiring them to advertise in this way.

Still a third method of publicity was delicately tinted murals and frescoes picturing lusty roosters, which were contrived in the street walls of these business concerns. The places where they were removed can be seen on the walls of several houses in Pompeii, as can the places where licentious drawings were uncovered and scratched out by the excavators.

None of the public signs of the *lupanaria* are to be confused with the signs of other business establishments, many of which included a phallus, which was supposed to bring good luck and plenty and neutralize evil influences by warding off the evil eye. Almost every bakery had this symbol above its doorway. These are mentioned often and occasionally illustrated in the art books and histories. But of the more pertinent frescoes and mosaics, the amulets and their significance (which in turn differ from the same kind of amulet attached to small bells, which composed a good-luck pendant), the phallic lamps and their use, and the phalluses of the *lupanaria*, there has never, as far as I can learn from a fairly thorough investigation of the archives, appeared in print mention or description. Monaco comes the closest to this, but his only partial and almost sterile list leaves out all these and can be read without learning at all what it represents.

The secret rooms contain over three hundred erotic representatives of Roman civilization now, the large number of them from Pompeii, and to them are slowly being added

Continued on page 142

There are two sides

A strong and capable opposition is vital to any country's political health. It is, as the men who formed this nation realized, one of the safeguards of a true democracy. The Herald Tribune has often found itself among the opposition. It has been in opposition to Republican administrations on certain questions. Today it is in sharp disagreement with many of the policies of the present administration.

Its opposition today is not based on the fact that the Herald Tribune is an independent Republican newspaper, but on the belief that certain vital principles of American government are being disregarded and flouted. Its own principles, to which it has held fast since the founding of the Tribune by Horace Greeley in 1841, hold that blind allegiance to any government or any party is the road away from democracy, toward dictatorship.

You may or may not be in agreement with the principles which the Herald Tribune upholds on its editorial page. You should know, however, what is being said and written on both sides of public questions if you are to have a true understanding of what is happening.

You will find among the Herald Tribune's featured writers men who are opposed to its own editorial policies. In its news columns you will find a complete and unbiased record of events, for you to sift and from which you may draw your own conclusions. The Herald Tribune is a complete newspaper, performing all the functions of a newspaper. It strives to present to its readers all the news and every angle of editorial opinion.

Of course this is not the only reason why so many thousands of families read the Herald Tribune. Its ten well-edited Sunday sections include comics, gravure, drama, a book review and a complete magazine in color. Among its weekday features are Mark Sullivan, Walter Lippmann, The Conning Tower, H. T. Webster's cartoon, "Mr. and Mrs." and others.

Try the Herald Tribune for a month. You will find it interesting and exciting fare. You will find that, whether or not you agree with it editorially, you will like it as a newspaper.

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune

Women and Adults Not Allowed

Continued from page 140

others as the work of excavation progresses. They strike the most persistent note to be heard in trying to learn what a Roman city of 79 A. D. was like.

Pompeii was a city of but twenty thousand inhabitants and only half of it has yet been laid bare. The contents of *le cámere segrete* well uphold the picture Latin writers give of the city as the Roman Sodom and Gomorrah. Venus herself was the patroness of the place. Roman rakes, including several emperors, came from all over Italy to celebrate the joys of the flesh, and Venus received all the sensual homage they could give her with unfailing favor. Her worship at Pompeii knew no bounds in debauches, where every new excess was hailed as another triumph of the Goddess. It was a city of pleasure par excellence in the history of the world.

Il Duce may well be alarmed at the thought of his people being allowed, promiscuously, to view the pagan contents of the secret rooms in the Naples Museum. They are not for everybody. I hereby, as promised, point the glory of his discretion in keeping them from the public of the world. But it seems a shame and only partially logical that they should be buried completely again after being rescued from such lengthy interment. The measures shutting them off seem unduly strict for those genuinely interested in learning history honestly. Discrimination is difficult and risky, but even a few mistakes would hardly make it worthwhile not to give Roman culture in its entirety to the world, especially when these examples are works of art as much as the best contents of any first-class museum are works of art, and when in spite of their subject-matter none of them is crude or necessarily offensive. The most lascivious of minds could not look at them without sensing at least a certain amount of beauty interfering with any erotic impulses aroused.

Most specially should one thing in *le cámere segrete* be placed upon public view, for it isn't often that a work of art is amusing. In one of the rooms stands a beautifully carved sarcophagus made out of a single block of pure gray marble. Some old rounder had it made to be buried in, and he must have had a good time in the grave, for, on its side, fashioned expertly, is a bacchanalian scene in bas-relief showing lusty fauns and blooming nymphs, all gloriously drunk, chasing each other, with here and there a graphic capture, around and around the tomb forever.

The Vanishing Collegian

Continued from page 66

ranks, the familiar lunatic fringe, were the ones who made themselves most conspicuous. These wore their college standing like a rose in the hair, flaunting it, soliciting admiration on the sole basis of their status as undergraduates. Being most in the public eye, these were the specimens that swayed public opinion; and just as we still think of all Frenchmen as thin short men with black hair who hop up and down, gesticulating while they talk, so did the American public, naturally forming its estimate from the type most often encountered, reach the firm conclusion that all college boys were overdressed simpletons with the manners of a rhinoceros.

Much of the opprobrium laid at his door, however, came through the sins of others. As all alumni will recall, the most extremely collegiate youths were not—and are not—undergraduates at all. They were the high school boys and the small town sheiks. Never in my four years on the campus did I see a bona fide undergraduate who could vie in splendor of apparel with the town boys who lounged pleasantly around the postoffice and the soda fountains. Their knickers were always the baggiest, their golf stockings and ties always the most brilliantly hued. In our resentment, and not without snobbery, we dubbed them "townies." These mimics existed everywhere. At Cambridge—as was shown in one of the best of John P. Marquand's splendid college stories—they were called "Harvard Square Students." There was nothing wrong with them, except possibly their choice of models to imitate, but that widespread masquerade as undergraduates by the young sheiks and schoolboys played a powerful part in moulding the popular conception of the college student.

The spectacular commercialization of athletics, unknown in the Golden Nineties, also contributed to the downfall. It brought thousands of people to the campus; it caused a great fuss over the college boys in the newspapers. This helped to spoil him, to give him an unjustified feeling of importance. And the advent of the automobile, breaking down the old protective seclusion of the campus, further be-spattered him by constantly putting him on the front page in an unfavorable light.

That, moreover, was the light in which the public preferred to see him. The buffoon-like image was so firmly fixed in the popular fancy that any sharp departure from it lost the power of conviction. We are all familiar with the deluge of moving pictures and fiction in which the college boy was characterized as a thoughtless oaf. This characterization was not an accident. My own experience in writing of campus life showed me clearly that most readers, as well as many editors, definitely prefer stories in which the undergraduates are amiably lampooned, treated as butts for comedy rather than as intelligent human beings.

It has been remarked, though never above a whisper, that jealousy was mixed with the pigments used in painting the accepted portrait of the college boy. His severest critics have been the men who got along without the higher education. If these men achieved noteworthy success, as was so often the case, their criticisms became the more intolerant. Priding themselves on being graduates of the College of Hard Knocks, these men, by their scornful attitude, gave rise to the thought that there was just a soupçon of envy in their contempt. And when *they* had sons, moreover, they always sent them to college.

It did not take the undergraduate long to realize that the very term "college boy" had become a national reproach. With this discovery began the extermination of the Jazz Age collegian, a process that was in full swing before I reached the campus twelve years ago.

Instead of the noisy eccentrics of legend, I found myself amoung young men who not only avoided the publicized caperings themselves, but who looked with cynical disapproval upon them in others. This attitude which existed by then on every large campus was so definite that it gave birth to a terminology all its own. "Running it out" was the crime of carrying anything too far, of thrusting oneself into public notice. At the University of Pennsylvania the same crime was known as "Sticking your neck out." Our most crushing rebuke was "Don't be collegiate!" It meant: "Act your age." Or: "Stop being so damned conspicuous."

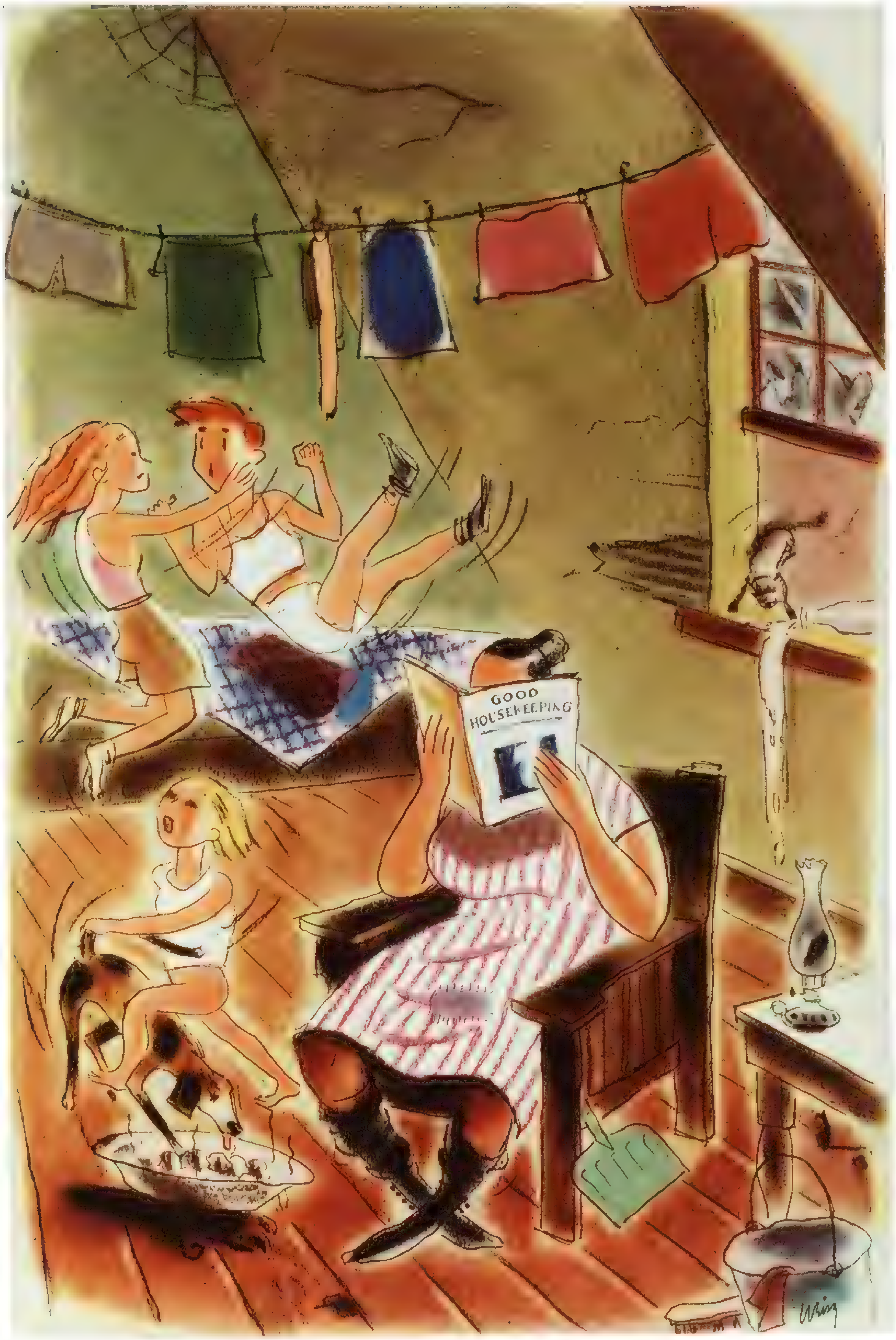
The fad had changed. Restraint had come to be the order of the day, repression of all the alleged collegiate mannerisms. No longer did you exhibit your alma mater's colors on hat band or necktie, nor publicly smoke a pipe displaying your class numerals inlaid in silver; and if you won a letter in athletics you wore the sweater inside out to hide the symbol of your prominence.

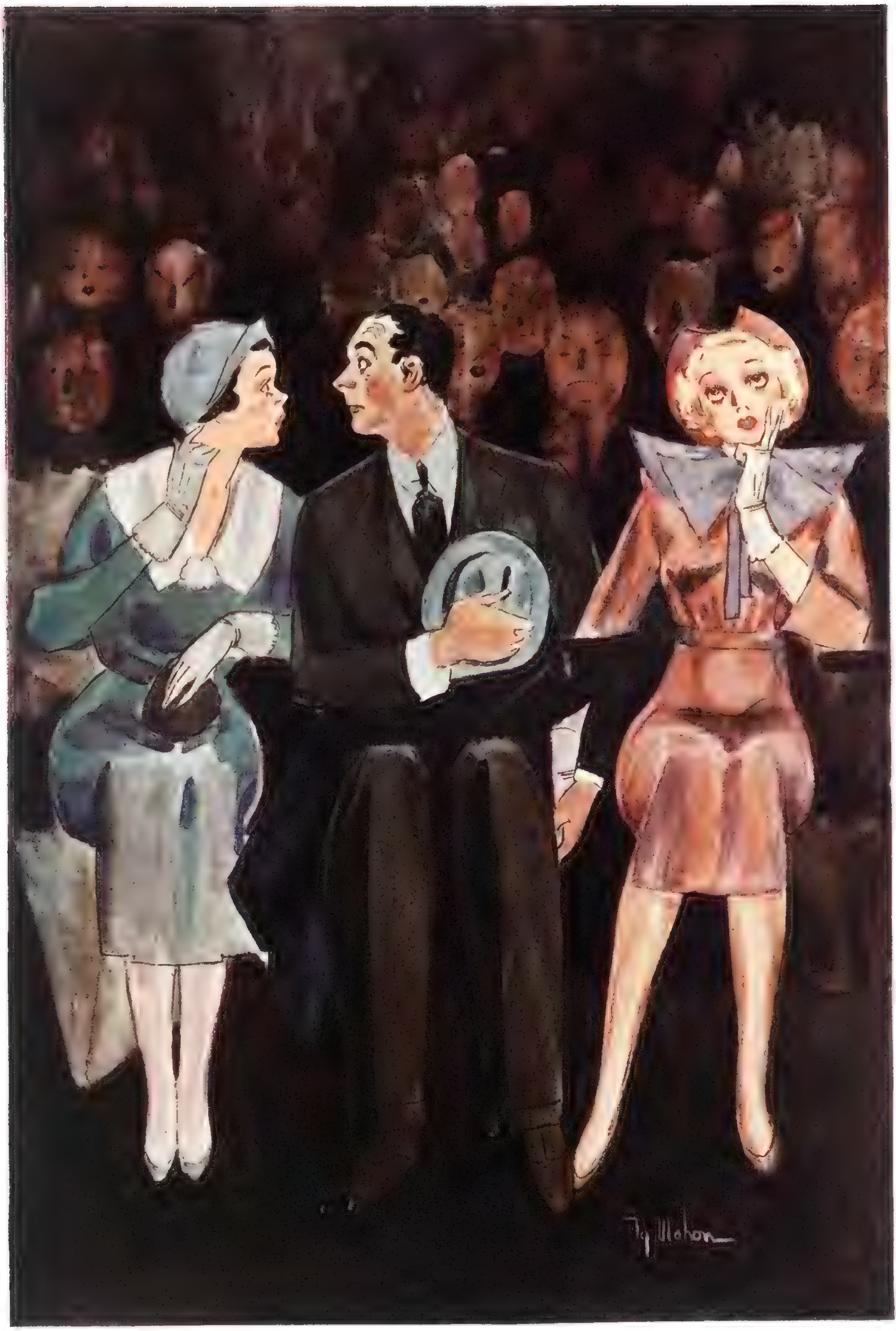
It was this swinging of the pendulum that killed that most characteristic of college customs, hazing. Only a few vestiges are left. The violence and the ludicrous antics have gone from all but the most bucolic campuses. The new undergraduate discarded hazing for the same reason that caused its growth—because it was so collegiate.

Few mourn the decay of hazing, but there are other effects of the decline of the rah-rah spirit which many earnest alumni deplore. It took away, for example, some of that love of alma mater that expressed itself in a fanatic devotion to the football team. Undergraduates still display a definite prejudice in favor of the home team, but a fellow alumnus of mine, who graduated three years after I was born, told me that this is but a shadow of the emotion displayed in the Golden Nineties.

"A defeat by Yale or Harvard," he said, "plunged the campus into a deep personal sorrow for days. Every student looked as if he were on his way to the tailor to have a mourning band sewed on his sleeve."

A stubborn disinclination to commit suicide when the home team loses has been held a sign that you are growing old. Perhaps a more accurate diagnosis would reveal that the rooter is merely growing up. And that is the process through which the modern American undergraduate has gone.


GOOD HOUSEKEEPING



"John, dear, don't you think you should pay more attention to Cousin Elizabeth?"

The Candid Cameraman

Two Million Dollars to prove whether England or Hollywood has best Russian atmosphere

by MEYER LEVIN

MOVIES

A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE MOVIES

TAKE THE FAMILY TO SEE

Treasure Island. Swell production of Stevenson's classic. Some knock-out sailing-ship shots; a prize gallery of rough-neck facial make-ups. Lionel Barrymore's scar-faced pirate a beaut. Wallace (rubber-face) Beery o. k. as Pegleg Silver. The inevitable Jackie Cooper adequate as the boy; I'd prefer a skinnier kid. Best performance, Chic Sale as Ben Gunn.

TRAIL ALONG TO SEE

The Girl From Missouri. Jean Harlow as a virtuous harlot in an afterglow of Hollywood's hot era. Jean is loud, frank, and funny. Plot: Gimme a million for my virtue, mister. Lop-sided at times, but entertaining on the whole. The swear-I'm-pure-though-platinum scenes make a swell parody of the movie clean-up.

Housewife. Accompany the wife to this one, if you want to get in good. It's the old cream-puff about dear clever wifie who really manages hubby's career from behind the scenes, waits for him when he goes off with a swelled head and a blonde (Bette Davis, so why shouldn't he?), and then saves his business through her ability to make the pet customer's pet pancakes. Trite, but has been exceptionally well handled.

TRAIL ALONG (with misgivings)

The World Moves On. Hokum epic of war, post-war, lust for power, crash, back to the old homestead. Emotional hash with spiritualistic garnish. Haven't you and I met in a previous existence? Glorifies the family, right or wrong. Franchot Tone starred in his canned topper-and-tails manner. Slipping idol.

The Cat's Paw. Harold Lloyd leaves cut-ups for comedy. Story: The hick who beats the city slickers. Very slow stock-comedy stuff for the first forty minutes, saved by a bang-up closing sequence in which all the metropolitan mugs are about to have their heads cut off in a Chinese cellar. Looks like a farewell reunion of all the yegg actors in Hollywood, who are now getting their faces lifted so they can play romantic roles.

Our Daily Bread. Synthetic back-to-the-soil epic by King Vidor. Basically splendid idea, spoiled by sentimental propaganda, and a hack treatment that employs all the ancient tear-jerking devices except the dying mother. The long sequence where the farmers work day and night to dig a two-mile ditch to irrigate their drought-dying corn is beautifully done, will make you want to jump out and grab a shovel. If the rest of the picture had this graphic honesty it would be truly great. Mostly it's "inspirational" crap. Good performances by Addison Richards and John Quallen.

One More River. Oh-so-English film from Galsworthy's last novel. Creeps and creaks, but gets to a really excellent divorce-court finale. Diana Wynyard and enough tea to launch a battleship. Innumerable shots of ladies holding hounds on the leash. And honor! honor!

BLAH

Handy Andy. Will Rogers. Still has box office appeal.

Elmer and Elsie. Again, the clever wifie who saves the day but lets hubby think he did it all with his own brawny brain. George Bancroft doing a rubber-mug "character" cross between Will Rogers and Wallace Beery.

Dames. Tortuous and trite musical with dull music, very effortful comedy, and the usual gooey back-stage plot. All the freshness has gone out of this formula. Worst sequence: a geometrical arrangement of cut-outs of Ruby Keeler's face. Five thousand flashes of that clean, vacuous, virtuous smile don't make it any the more appealing. Some good chorus numbers, but not equal to those in previous pictures. Hugh Herbert fairly funny.

The Last Gentleman. George Arliss has a relapse after Rothschild. He's back in his crochety-but-lovable-old-eccentric role. Has one fairly amusing scene when a hundred and twenty cuckoo clocks ring out during a solemn memorial service. The rest of the picture is so crammed with sentimental rubbish that it would make an author of birthday greeting cards blush with inferiority. The long finale sequence in which the dead eccentric talks to his family from a movie-within-the-movie feels like a bath of molasses.

The most fascinating opportunity for comparison ever set up in motion pictures has come about through the production of "The Scarlet Empress" and "Catherine the Great."

The comparison may prove to be about one million dollars worth odious to a certain company in Hollywood, it may prove the making (for a more general public) of Elizabeth Bergner and Sam Jaffe, and the breaking of Joseph Von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich, it may prove to some people that "art doesn't pay." To others it will only prove that art, to pay, has to be entirely successful as art.

Just how it came to pass that Mr. Alexander Korda, in England, and Mr. Joseph Von Sternberg, in Hollywood, had the same dream of imperial Russia I cannot say. Mr. Korda, with something less than a million dollars, hired the capable director, Paul Czinner, and the exotic actress, Elizabeth Bergner, and went to work. Mr. Von Sternberg got a million and a half to dress Marlene Dietrich in the part. Both hit upon the same title, "Catherine the Great," both chose to portray the same part of Catherine's life, and the ocean-separated cameras ground simultaneously, recording the story of the frightened young princess' arrival at the gorgeously barbaric Russian court, her marriage to the crack-brained Peter, her suffering, her gradual change from a meek girl to a clever self-willed woman, her intrigue with her lover to overthrow her mad husband, his assassination, and her ascendance to power as Empress of Russia.

Not only did they tell the same general story. So closely do the principal scenes run in parallel, that Czinner and Von Sternberg might have been working from the same script. The climactic dinner scene, where Peter and Catherine send insults to each other by flunkey, is a case in point.

And yet for all this amazing similarity of story, the two photoplays scarcely remind one of each other: so completely does a director dominate his creation. The story becomes negligible, the acting a detail. If you could assign Dostoievsky and Booth Tarkington to the same plot, with the same list of characters, you might expect to receive two works as diverse as these.

The English picture, if you remember, presents a direct, vivid action story of intrigue for a throne. It has a strong, mounting pace, is good entertainment, and borders on art through the excellence of many of the character portrayals, chiefly that of Elizabeth Bergner. Every spectator, when asked about "Catherine the Great," remarks first upon the startling beauty of Miss Bergner's eyes. They may be a gift of nature, but her performance was a work of art. A frightened girl was seen gaining resourcefulness in a new environment, coming to understand her poor half-mad husband, the suffering of the people, the intrigue

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The Miracle of the Ages

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his grandfather was a clergyman, Lutheran, he believes. His family was wealthy and in Society, for up to recent years he was listed in the Social Register and his picture sales have rarely buttered his bread, much less enabled him to travel all over the world, as he says he has, and meet the printers' bills for his books, pamphlets and leaflets. At the age of four it was perceived, he tells me, that he was a child prodigy. In what? I asked. In everything, he replied. He could draw, he could write, he could play the piano. At the age of ten, he was a master no one could teach him anything. He kept a journal in three languages. Nevertheless, he did submit to the process of being educated, at Dresden and Geneva, and in 1882 when he applied for admission at Cornell, he had paintings to show and when he showed them someone not specified said to him: "You're a master of art," and he thereupon became a Master of Arts, for people in those days, he tells me, didn't trouble to hand out diplomas. It was in some such way that he became a Doctor of Philosophy, while an East Indian called him Mahatma, and Mahatma he became.

While at Cornell he studied Arabic—he can still write in it, he tells me and he played the piano with the customary Eilshemius perfection. He played Schumann's Warum with such feeling that the co-eds—he said co-eds—wept. "Paderewski couldn't do that." Later, when he heard that young upstart no-account Josef Hofmann "butcher" Schumann and Mozart, he stopped going to concerts. But Art was not abandoned. He studied with Kenyon Cox at the Academy in New York and with Bougareau in Paris. He visited New England and California and after returning from Africa he opened a New York studio, after several years of which, in 1901, he visited Honolulu, Samoa, New Zealand, then Florida and, subsequently, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Spain.

He did not exhibit until 1917 and did not have a showing in Europe until 1922. It was not until 1926, when Valentine Dudensing took him up and gave him his first large one-man show that the first dent in the armor of public indifference was made.

It was not until the Spring of 1932, when Dudensing arranged another exhibition that the vogue for Eilshemius became apparent, forty of his canvases being purchased by collectors and museums, a record for the depression. Durand-Ruel gave him an exhibition in Paris and the government bought a picture from it for the Luxembourg, after which the Metropolitan, early in 1933, went and did likewise.

But the news of the Metropolitan purchase gave him little joy, for a number of reasons. One of them was that he was an invalid by that time. In July of the previous year, an automobile had picked him out and run over his left knee, since which date he has not moved from his sunless room, where I found him, angry and challenging and bitter, until I had mollified him with a statement of my mission—to write an article about him.

The gap in his teeth, his dirty, greyish beard, the wild and uncertain look in his eye make him look sinister, he who is the most harmless eccentric living today. He prepared me for the worst, however, when he shrank with an expression of horror from my extended hand. "No, no, no, no, don't touch me. I don't let anyone touch me." I apologized, and wondered what was coming next.

Later, he explained that his aversion to hand-shaking, or physical contact of any kind, dates from his youth, since when he has always tried to avoid crowds. "It's super-sensitiveness, that's what it is." I did not ask him to reconcile this strange aversion with his claim to having been the Don Juan of his time.

When I suggested that it might be possible for his servants to move him in his armchair to some rest place in the country, he gave evidence of the same sense of horror with which my extended hand had inspired him, and uttered the same "No, no, no, no."

Incredible as it sounds, he has allowed no one to touch him during the past two years, with the rare exception of the doctors who treated him after his accident. For two years then he has lived in that armchair and in the cot six inches behind it, to reach which he requires two stout canes always within reach on the table before him. His chief aversion to doctors seems to be that they have to touch you and it is entirely likely that he remains an invalid at the price of not being touched by a doctor. Having himself written thumbnail brochures on how to move the bowels, on the electricity of the body and on how to hypnotize and mesmerize people—especially women whom you wish to submit to your will, so to speak—he regards himself an authority on medicine and surgery, too. He has no doubt that the sun is bad for you and presents himself as proof of the triumph of sunlessness. There is also very little sun in his pictures.

If sometimes he talks like a dotard who doesn't know that Queen Anne is dead, there can be no getting away from the fact that the Eilshemius vogue isn't based on thin air. Henry McBride and Charles Demuth, not to mention Marcel Duchamp and Charlot, have not praised his pictures because he happens to be an amusing eccentric, nor would Dudensing have taken him up, to his undoubted profit, were his canvases all hopeless daubs, as some of them are.

There *is* something fresh and naive and unschooled and personal about his pictures. They are the kind of pictures the average un-arty American can understand and like.

There is in Eilshemius the quaintness of something that is dead—and irrecoverable. No one is going to—no one can—paint like that again. And even when it isn't a good painting, an Eilshemius cigar box cover is, at least, an historical document, worth its weight in coupons.

But personal as his paintings are, Eilshemius isn't content to be himself; he must be everybody else—only better, infinitely better.

He tells me he's been called better than Rembrandt and Vermeer. "I have the faculty," he says, "to look over the picture of an Old Master and later on use the best parts of it in my own—then am I not better than he is?" How could one say No? But I did have the temerity to ask him if there were any painters to whom he considered himself inferior. He looked startled: "Where are they? Who are they?" I pretended to be terribly nonplussed and he crowed with his triumph, and went on to tell me about his "system":

"The powers of all geniuses are located in me. When I read a book by Victor Hugo, I write like Victor Hugo; by Goethe, I write like Goethe; by Shakespeare, I write like Shakespeare. When I was sixteen I wrote poems better than Goethe's; and when I was seventeen, I wrote a one-act play, 'Zuleika,' better than Shakespeare. When I was twenty-four I wrote a three-act play in German, 'Herr von Mohr,' that was better than Goethe could have done.

"You'll find I'm the biggest philosopher-greater than Dante. I could be Dante now. My books are better than Longfellow, Poe you know, Edgar Poe—Lanier . . . He was a good fellow, Lanier. When I was young I was as good as Shakespeare and Milton, Goethe and Hugo and Lamartine." Then, after a pause: "I'm more like Lamartine. Hugo is a little too much of a he-man. I'm not much of a he-man (!) For love songs I'm the biggest man; love, not sex." Later: "I am a miracle for memory. Like Lord Byron. He had a good memory, too. I can tell you where every one of my pictures is in this room—over 500 are in this room. I know Nature better than Nature does." And as for music: "I used to call myself the American Beethoven; a little impertinent, hey?" It appears that he wrote some music for the piano and voice, but nobody cared to publish his masterpieces, whereupon he published them himself, as he published also his paper-covered lucubrations in verse, fiction and general information and philosophy. One of his verse masterpieces, issued in 1897, bears the title "All About Girls." Another work is entitled "Triple Flirtation."

He was many other things in his youth besides those already specified. He was so marvelous an actor that while playing his parts he could prompt every other performer in his. He invented a card game called "Sixers" and a piano. He was a travelling salesmen for thirty days, during which he sold nothing, but travelled. He was peeved because someone told him he couldn't be a travelling salesman and he meant to show him. He saved twenty lives in one way or another, was a swimmer and crack shot, a chess and billiard player, a fancy dancer, a reader of hands and faces, a spiritist and graphologist, a designer of jewelry, a philanthropist and "religionist" and when I thought I had got him down in all his diamond-like facets, he cried out:

"Oh, you forgot to put this down," whereupon he dictated:

"I am the greatest sonneteer in the world, in German, English, French. I wrote 1900 perfect sonnets. No one else can do that." And as I was leaving:

"The Creator makes a miracle and no one wants to understand him. I'm too big for them—that's why my friends have left me." And in that phrase, he became for a second just an ordinary deserted old man who had neglected to forge a link of affection which would bind one human being to him.

*HOME COVERAGE

has at last been X-RAYED

One whole year spent in a house-to-house search for the true facts relative to daily newspaper HOME COVERAGE in metropolitan Chicago—over 147,000 families personally interviewed—a trained and experienced corps of investigators, working under the personal direction of a nationally known market-study authority—accumulating, classifying, organizing data—statisticians, draftsmen, factual writers putting this mass of hitherto unobtained information into graphic, understandable form—that, in a word, is the story of the first survey ever attempted of metropolitan Chicago daily newspaper HOME COVERAGE.

147,360 of Chicago's 1,008,000 homes were interviewed—nearly 15%; whereas in accepted market-study practice 5% is regarded as more than sufficient to give a true picture of the whole.

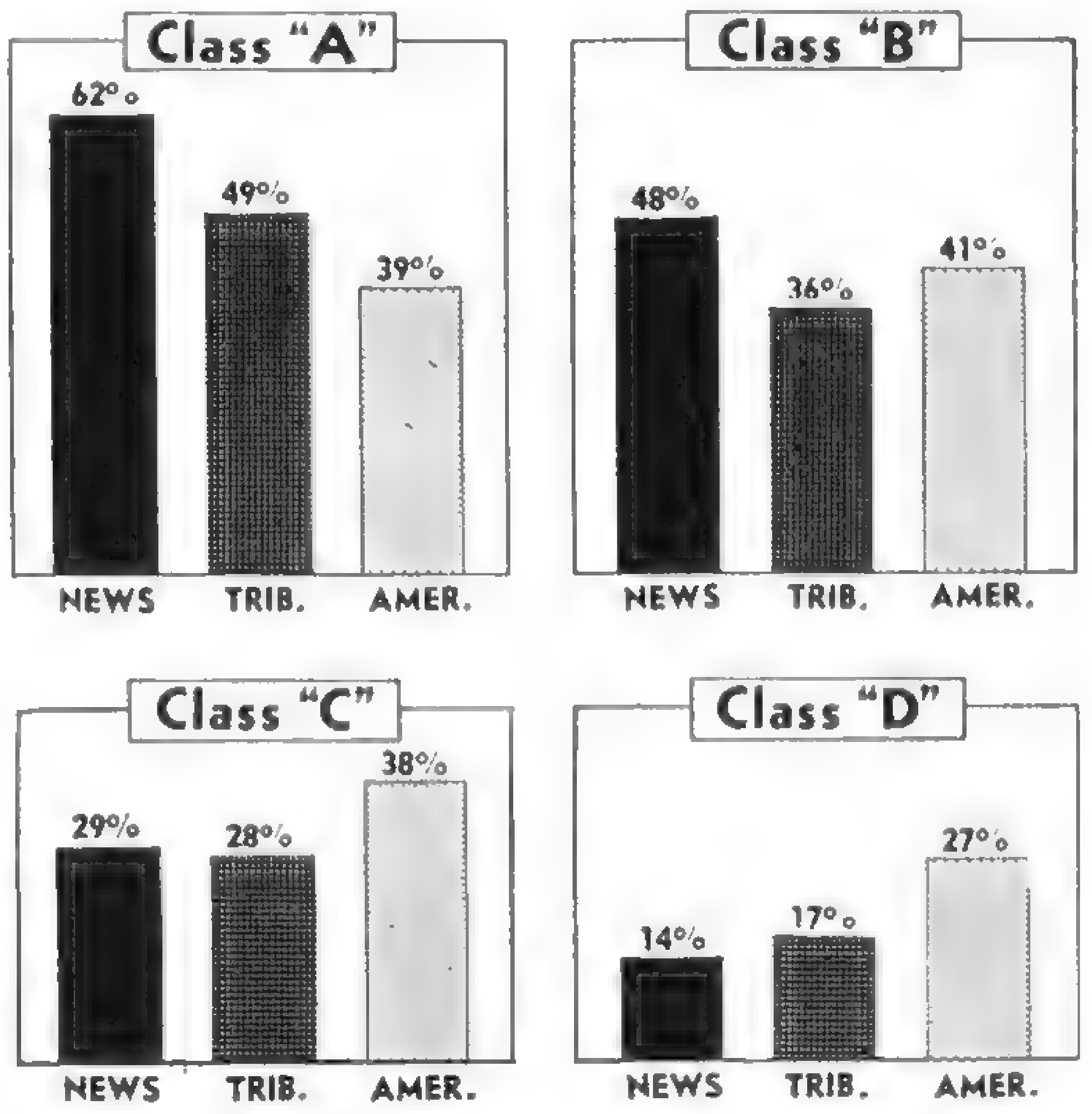
•

The work is done—the evidence in. And from what the X-ray reveals there can be but one definite conclusion: THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS GIVES THE ADVERTISER GREATER HOME COVERAGE (ESPECIALLY IN DISTRICTS WHERE BUYING POWER IS STRONGEST) THAN ANY OTHER CHICAGO DAILY NEWSPAPER.

And the corollary to this conclusion is that advertisers can reach the responsive, financially capable and worth-while homes of metropolitan Chicago more surely and at less cost through THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS than through any other Chicago daily newspaper.

CITY OF CHICAGO

Home Coverage of The Daily News, Daily Tribune, and Evening American in Rental Areas Surveyed



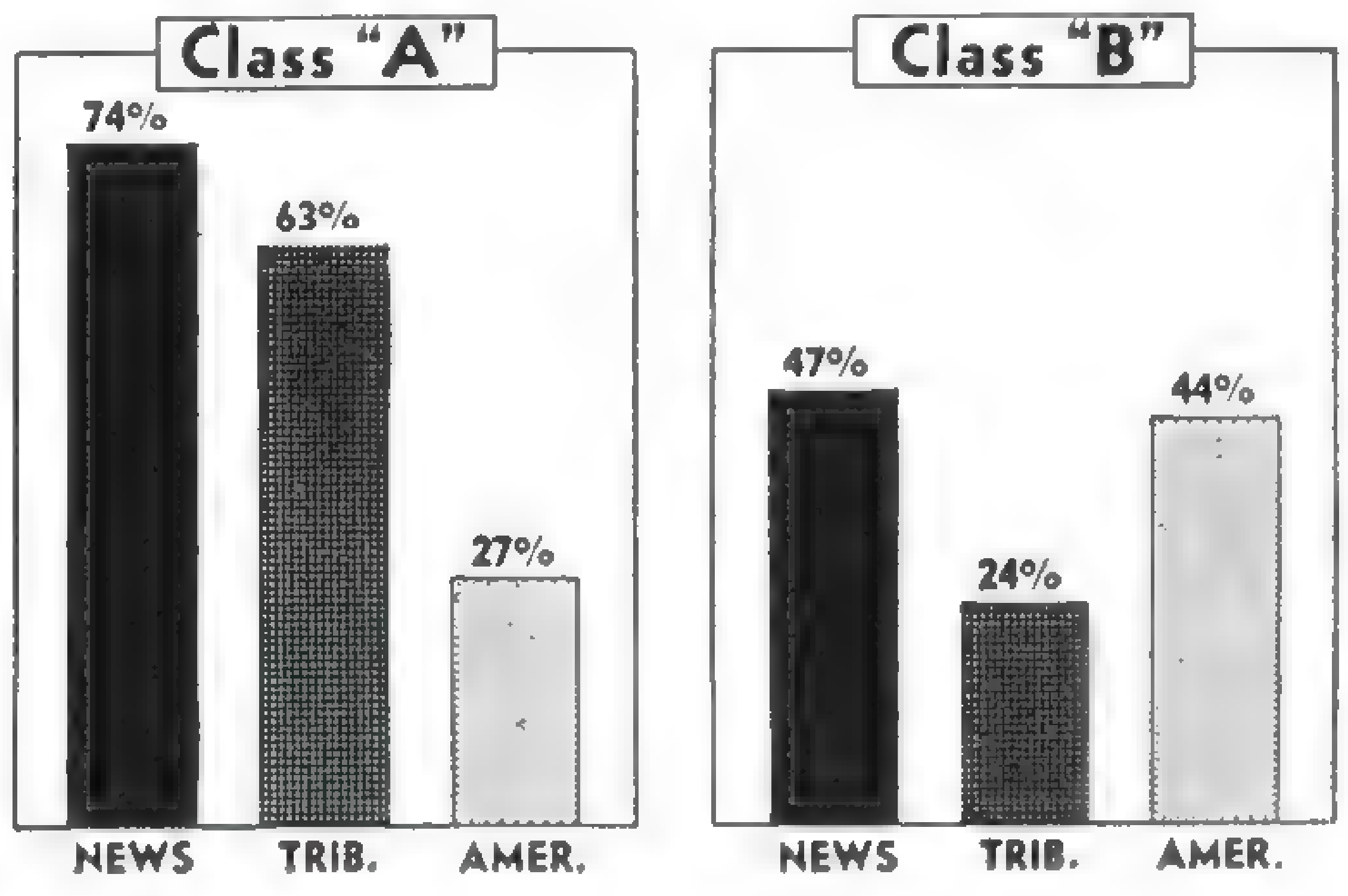
CLASS OF RENTAL AREA	FAMILIES INTERVIEWED	DAILY NEWS	DAILY TRIBUNE	EVENING AMERICAN
A	29,523..100%	18,421..62%	14,357..49%	11,562..39%
B	36,624..100%	17,760..48%	13,217..36%	15,159..41%
C	35,449..100%	10,124..29%	9,858..28%	13,568..38%
D	26,411..100%	3,644..14%	4,422..17%	7,252..27%

Rental Classifications	Median Rentals	Number of Families*
Class A	$45 and up	140,018
Class B	$34 to $44.9	267,826
Class C	$23 to $33.9	228,659
Class D	Under $23	195,708
		832,211

**Authority*: 1934 Population Census of Chicago, conducted by the Chicago Census Commission—reports now in preparation for publication by The University of Chicago Press.

SUBURBS

Home Coverage of The Daily News, Daily Tribune, and Evening American in Rental Areas Surveyed



CLASS OF RENTAL AREA	FAMILIES INTERVIEWED	DAILY NEWS	DAILY TRIBUNE	EVENING AMERICAN
A	13,220..100%	9,832..74%	8,376..63%	3,515..27%
B	6,133..100%	2,871..47%	1,450..24%	2,692..44%

**HOME COVERAGE*, by standard acceptance, means the total number of homes into which a morning newspaper regularly enters and remains during the morning; and the total number of homes into which an evening newspaper regularly enters during the afternoon or evening.*

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

-Chicago's Home Newspaper

GEORGE A. McDEVITT CO., National Advertising Representatives, NEW YORK — CHICAGO — PHILADELPHIA — DETROIT — SAN FRANCISCO

The Little Japanese

Continued from page 79

"Because he was a Belgian!" Barnavaux replied, simply. "You would have expected him to shout: 'Vive la France!' That is what is termed esprit de corps. In the Legion, one thinks of the Legion first, because it is a corps of astonishing toughs. Then of one's own country afterward, if one has time."

But that is not what I was about to say— he resumed —What if a soldier dies? What if a soldier marches? That is his trade. But at the moment when Delebecque opened the gate, at the moment when he was yelling at the top of his lungs, at the moment when a careful looting of Buddha's pagoda started according to custom, and the looting of other dwellings not belonging to Buddha, not to mention the inevitable women business, I heard another outcry, a sort of savage howl, ringing in two chests like a gong.

It was uttered by the two Japanese, the two kids, the two grooms, the two little, funny guys. Oh! They were no longer comical! They had thrown themselves on the ground, and they did not worry about their tunics, their pants and their fancy caps.

They rolled in the mud of the rice-field, gripped that mud with both hands and flung it to the sky, and they were saying as a matter of fact, I did not understand what they were saying, but they repeated it later to the Englishmen of the Legion, in English—because they were not ashamed of their rage. Far from it!

They were crying out to their gods against the cowardice of yellow men, and felt themselves dishonored. In the bitterness of their rage, they added: "It will change, it will change!"

Then I understood the dream they hid, those little men, and I grew afraid. It has changed already, changed greatly. And I think of all that when I see one of them, of all that and all that will come. For we are not finished with them.

The train had reached the Place de la Bastille. The Japanese leaped to the platform; we followed him. I admired the cut of his garments, the perfect droop of the trousers on the shoes, so rarely beheld. Do not laugh: I know how difficult it is to acquire those small details of dress when one belongs to a different civilization. Those who have worn the Moslem *fez* can tell you how long it takes to learn to "select" the correct headgear, to place it as it should be worn. But that Japanese was in perfect taste!

At the top of the stairway, a beautiful girl awaited him. I saw in her eyes that she was his. She was a blonde, with the velvety complexion of very light girls. She was not a lady, she came out of a shop; but she was desirable, ardent, and loved with all her soul this dry and disdainful alien with the slanting eyes, this Oriental, this yellow man! And he barely looked at her. He had preserved this principle of Old Japan: Not to pay tender heed to things of the flesh, to remain above feminine weakness. I felt a sentiment, disagreeable and violent, a sort of enlarged jealousy, impersonal, but which wrenched my heart.

"There it is," Barnavaux said, very pale, spitting out a cigarette stub, "there it is! The conquest has started! They're stealing our women." Behind the blonde girl's back, he shouted: "Joro!"

That is not a compliment for women, in Japanese. Barnavaux had picked up the word in the dives of Saigon. She did not understand, but the Japanese creased his lids, gestured, then contained himself and led the girl away through the crowd. She was all his. Merely the voluptuous shiver of her rounded body proclaimed her love.

I said somewhat sadly: "No reason to be angry, Barnavaux. When we go to Japan, we also pick up little girls."

"But—" Barnavaux answered, naively: "—that is not the same thing: We—we are white men!"

Scotch Among the Artists

Continued from page 33

Taylor asked him if he weren't Irish.

"I am," he said.

"I saw it, for you have Irish eyes."

"My father was an English sea captain," said Frank, "and fell in love with a Welsh girl, and married her. Then he was ordered to Galway, and I was born there. A good choice, I've always thought. I see no reason why any of my people should have come from England."

"Don't you like the English?"

"No, the damned Anglo-Saxons don't even know how to kiss. Where would they be for whisky without the Scotch and the Irish?"

On that note he tucked the rest of Old *Hermitage* under his arm and went home in a happy mood, dispatching an autographed set of his Oscar Wilde books to his hostess as further proof of how he had enjoyed that afternoon.

In his last years the old boy's memory was pretty well shot. In fact his mind died several years before his body, but he never forgot where his liquor was.

On one occasion we dined at the Jetée Casino—at one time the best place to eat on the Riviera. The Jetée is a Casino jutting out into the sea and is, I suppose, the worst-looking piece of architecture in all Europe. You can see it from anywhere in Nice—except from inside the place itself. In fact that's one of the great advantages of going there to eat.

After handing out the routine stuff and finding Harris anything but mellow, the head waiter brought out some Napoleon Brandy. Harris tried it, licked his ample chops and dug in his tight white pants for a *mille* to pay for it. I was glad to get stuck for the dinner. It was nothing compared to the cost of the Brandy.

It's part of the folk-lore of the literati that Harris, for his sins, died in poverty. I don't know how that got abroad. It's true he was forever sending four alarms for financial succor and plagued me no end when I was writing the Shaw biography so that another installment would bring us another royalty advance, but I never saw him strapped for food or drink. To the end he lived well by any standards I'm familiar with.

The summer before he died we migrated from Nice to Vittel in the Vosges Mountains. The Harrises made the trek of a thousand kilometers in a taxi! The Scullys travelled by day coach, *deuxième classe*. We were going to do a lot of work on the Shaw biography, and take the Vittel cure between paragraphs. That was easy enough to do as the cure consisted of three slices of water for breakfast—and no breakfast.

A White Russian secretary of Harris's had been there the summer before, so we let her pick the hotel. She picked one on the wrong side of the tracks where the manure cars backed up every dawning. The hotel also supported the most ear-splitting gong ever I heard outside an old-fashioned fire house.

We arrived by train one day and the Harrises chug-chugged in their taxi the next day in pouring rain. Frank had scarcely got in the rooms when he began ringing for service. He was cold and refused to remove his overcoat till he got a drink. The *femme de chambre* not being fast enough in her service, got her *derrière* pinched by the first Casanova of his time. Being a gal in her forties it probably wasn't a new sensation to her but she leaped like a *vierge* for all that. She sent a waiter back with the demanded cognac and soda.

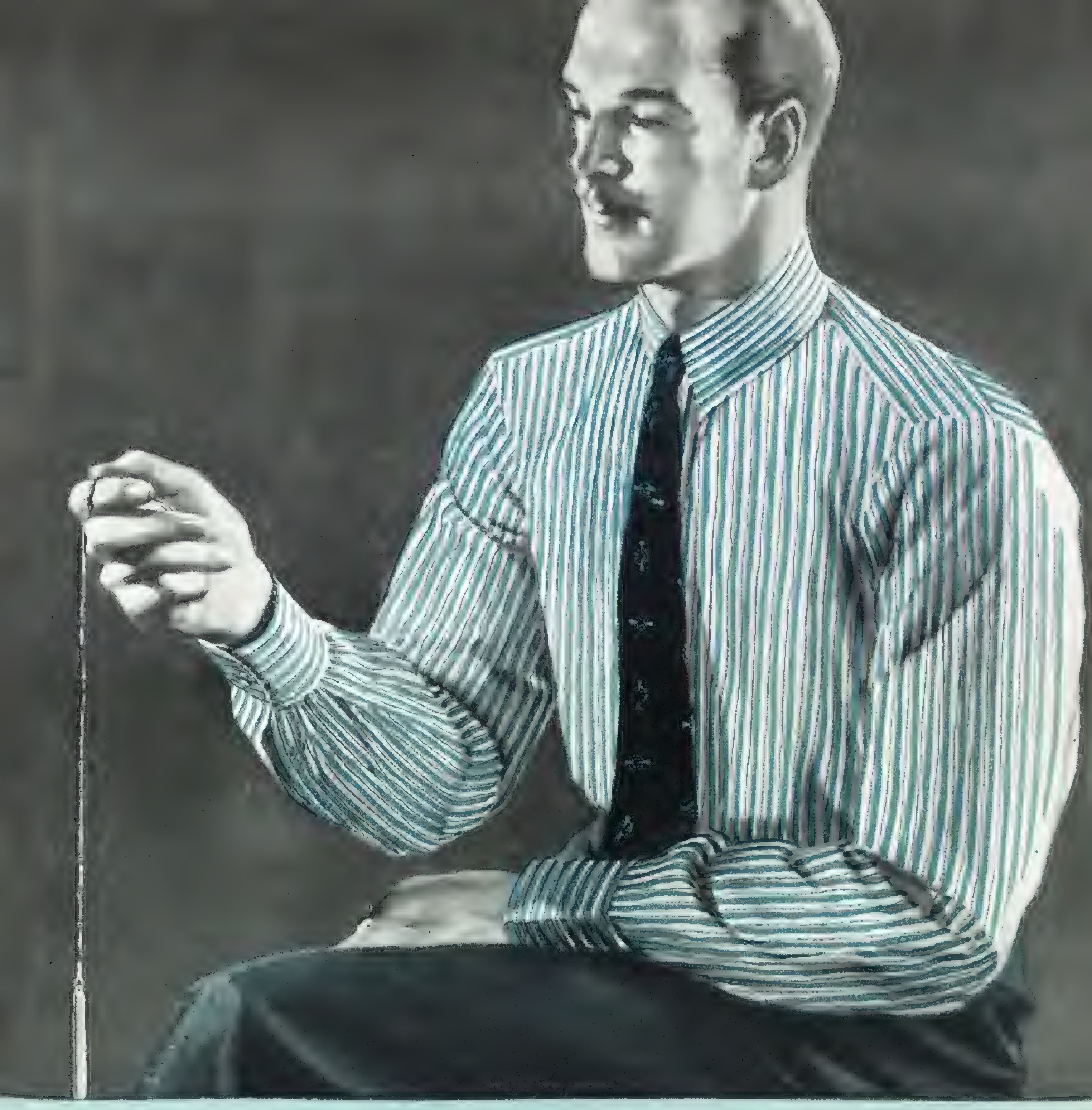
For the next five days Harris shivered, and pinched all the bottoms within reach as he called for his cure-all. Not finding scorching hooch and overcoats any help against the frigid rain, he decided to scram back to the sunny Riviera. The rest of us stayed on but he had called the turn, for it rained steadily for six weeks. There was nothing for us to do but work, leaving him free to loaf at his favorite sidewalk cafés, six hundred miles away from the soggy scene of our labors.

He had a lot of brutal bronchitis, but he had suffered from that for thirty years. His stomach was supposed to have been ruined from a trip to the interior of Africa in his youth, but he handled that nicely by using a stomach pump each night before going to bed. By this treatment he was free to eat and drink whatever he liked. He finished off his meals with coffee and cream, into which went five lumps of sugar and lots of brandy.

On his seventy-fifth birthday he had a party. He drank anything and everything. Suddenly his ruddy face went green. He ran for the bathroom. Five minutes later he returned to the party ruddy and smiling again. A cat couldn't make a quicker recovery.

It was no fault of his that his last drink wasn't a sacramental wine. Sensing the end, he okayed his wife's sending for Monseigneur Barry Doyle who lived twenty miles away at Menton. He was all set to embrace the Holy Church after a life-time of pagan revels. The Monseigneur was sick himself and couldn't get over to Nice till the next day. Harris died waiting.

Shaw would probably answer this by saying Harris died of drink. But anybody "panting up to seventy-five," in Samuel Johnson's phrase, could hardly be used as a case-history for the archives of the W. C. T. U.



Do You Blame the Shirt Manufacturer When Your Shirts Shrink?

When your shirt comes back from the laundry with choking collar and sleeves shrunk out of sight, your shirt manufacturer has used partially shrunk fabric. Your shirts can't help becoming uncomfortable misfits after washing when fabrics are not shrunk or only partially shrunk.

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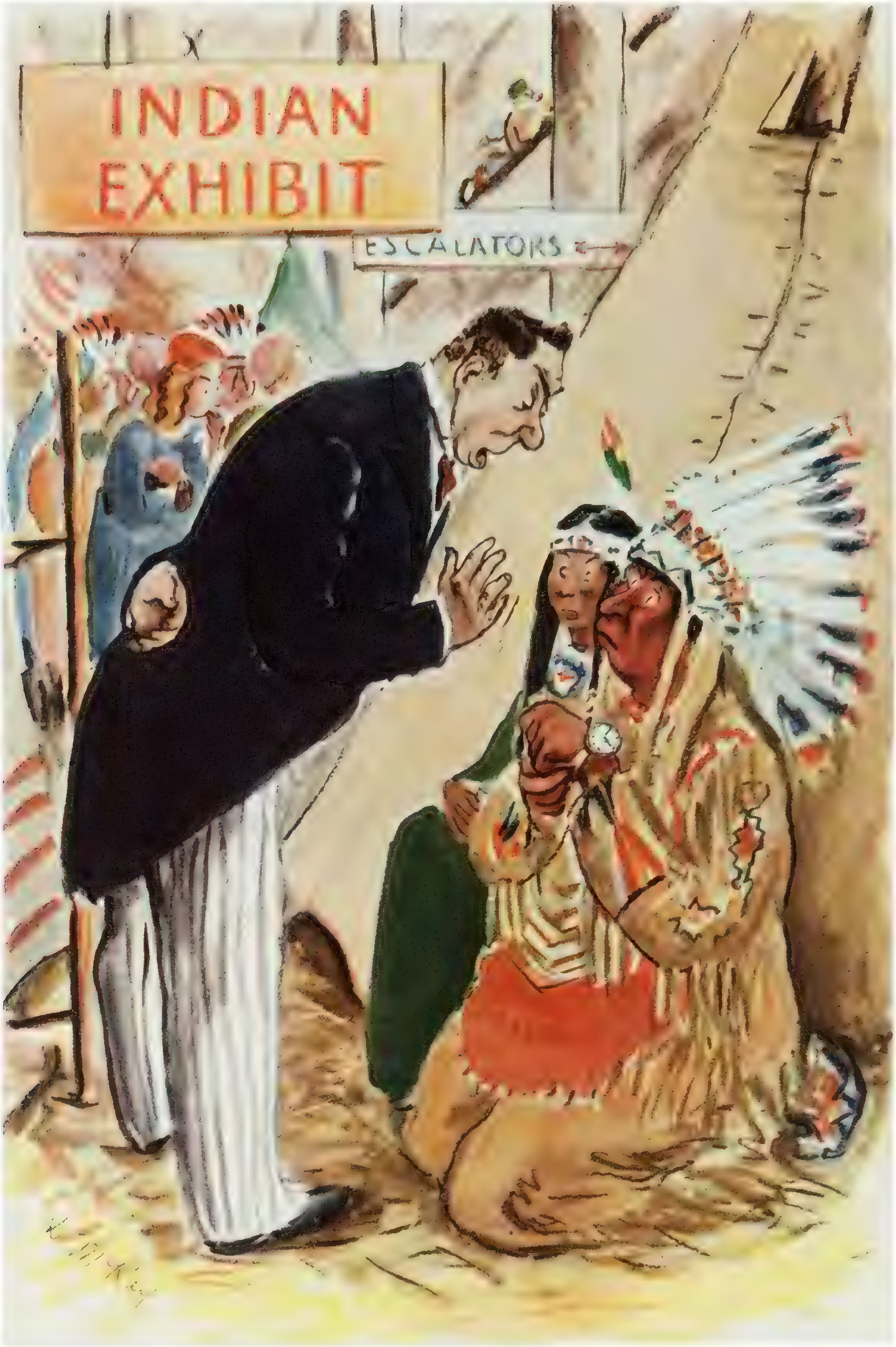
INDIAN EXHIBIT
ESCALATORS

"Nix——Looks too American"

The Listening Post

Considering the season's musical offerings on the important basis of their degree of showmanship

by SIGMUND SPAETH

• MUSIC •

If you want to find out what people really think about music, it is not a bad idea to attend one of the New York Stadium concerts during the summer. This audience is about as far as possible from the dutiful or the faddist or the snobbish, and hypocrisy is not a part of its make-up.

The Stadium listeners come because they actually want to, and because they get a lot for their money. The fascination of sitting outdoors, informally, may have something to do with it, but it is impossible to argue that those concrete seats are particularly comfortable, even when softened up by a straw cushion.

During the past summer the Stadium concerts had their troubles, like every other activity in show business, and these troubles were only partially overcome. It was thought that grand opera might be a drawing-card, and a fund of $50,000 was asked for to defray the extra expenses. But outdoor opera, sung by competent singers and conducted by the experienced Alexander Smallens, failed to rouse any unusual enthusiasm, and its biggest audience was less than one-third the capacity of the Stadium. The actual figures were about 4900, at the second performance of "Aida," which came on a Saturday night.

In contrast to this showing, the ballet programs arranged by Fokine sold out the place several times over, and thousands were turned away, after a total of 15,000 had been squeezed in each time. So it seems once more that America's musical public wants to be entertained, and that it considers colorful dancing better entertainment than grandiloquent opera.

In the past such capacity crowds were attracted only by the appearance of George Gershwin and by Beethoven's ninth symphony. This year the symphony drew between seven and eight thousand, about half its usual record, and Gershwin did not appear at all, being busy with a musical setting of "Porgy," so the sponsors of the Stadium concerts ought to be very grateful to Mr. Fokine and his dancers.

It is easy enough to explain the drawing power of Mr. Gershwin, for his music is honestly popular, even though some of the critics hate to admit it. The appeal of Beethoven's ninth may have been equally honest, although one suspects a touch of megalomania in the psychology of the listeners. Don't forget also that in hearing a symphony orchestra, a large chorus and four soloists, all at once, they were getting the biggest possible return for their money, in volume and perhaps in quality as well.

Dancing acts had previously made fine attendance records at the Stadium, particularly those of the Isadora Duncan pupils, including the solo performances of Anna Duncan, who is now breaking into the movies. But nobody really thought that the Russian ballet, as represented by Fokine's troupe, would score such a sensational success.

People had almost forgotten that Fokine was still around New York. He was once recognized as the teacher of Pavlowa and other stars and as chiefly responsible for the repertoire of the Diaghileff Ballet. He had appeared on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House with his wife, Vera, a good but not great dancer. But the day of his toe-pointing classics, and even the colorful fantasies of the Russian school, was supposed to be pretty well over.

So this return to sudden eminence was a real triumph for the Russian master, all the more so because he had no spectacular individual performers like those of the past, but depended entirely upon a well-drilled ensemble. Fokine scored immediately with "Scheherazade," which once featured the great Nijinsky, and followed it with "Les Sylphides," which is merely a succession of classic figures, to the music of Chopin. The orchestra was conducted first by Howard Barlow and later by Ernst Hoffman.

After proving his point with these good old war-horses, Fokine dragged out the surefire "Bolero" of Ravel, and added the "Prince Igor" dances for a companion piece. The Bolero was not as exciting as when Roxy put it on in Radio City, with his climax of drums extending right into the audience, but the crowd liked it. So the spirit of entertainment came once more to the rescue of the Stadium, and saved what might otherwise have proved a disastrous season.

Outside of the ballet and the opera, three straight symphonic conductors appeared in Mr. Lewisohn's athletic field during the summer, although one of them, José Iturbi, is still regarded somewhat as a pianist in disguise, as Gabrilowitsch was for so many years. Iturbi made his greatest hit when playing a concerto and conducting from the piano. It was not only the old story of getting more for your money, but an interesting stunt in itself. The Spanish pianist-conductor drew an audience of over ten thousand for his final concert, and thus became the only serious rival to the Fokine shows.

The other two conductors lagged far behind this record. Eugene Ormandy attracted about 4700 customers with an all-Russian program, and Willem van Hoogstraten, once the idol of the Stadium, accounted for one hundred less at his opening appearance, playing Beethoven and Brahms, after which he never again reached the same numerical level.

So it would seem that standards and tastes in music are changing, and that movies and radio are forcing even the most popular type of concert to take serious stock of showmanship and entertainment values before risking a financial deficit. The coming indoor season may reveal some startling innovations, in place of the old cut-and-dried recitals, running through songs or instrumental pieces in chronological order, without benefit of staging or build-up of any kind. It may even bring some showmanship into orchestral concerts, since the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York has openly admitted, by its campaign for funds, that it cannot fill Carnegie Hall without the aid of a high-priced, prima donna conductor, or a popular soloist, or both.

Carnegie Hall itself is trying an interesting experiment with a new series of children's entertainments, to be given on Saturday mornings. They can hardly be called concerts, for they will include a regular circus show and some other things not usually seen on that austere stage. Yet they will contain their share of good music, and the chances are that they will be more successful than many of the rather laborious efforts to give sugar-coated education to our young.

Various performers are on the horizon with something honestly entertaining to offer, yet with the realization that until recently their programs would have filled the orthodox concert-goer with horror. There is a virtuoso of the saxophone, for instance, named Cecil Leeson, who has already thrilled some New York and Boston audiences, after a series of triumphs on the Pacific Coast. He plays in a truly musicianly fashion, with lovely tone and a quite astonishing technique. Nevertheless it is a saxophone that he plays, and that instrument has hitherto been almost a stranger to concert performances.

There is also that hilarious burlesquer of prima donnas, Vandy Cape, who was making them laugh on a showboat during the summer, and now threatens to turn up on

Continued on page 173

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I Am a Male Nurse

Continued from page 48

I looked around the lawn. There under the big tree where I had left him stood Burke, waving his big hand at me and smiling.

"Johnson!" he called. "I'm going! Is that fair?"

With that he started off like a stampeding buffalo. I stood there gaping and beginning to laugh. Then I took after him.

For the first hundred yards, I was laughing so hard that he opened up a good lead on me. Finally I settled down to some serious running. He led me down through a little dale and up a wooded slope. We tore through underbrush and jumped a stream. I pounded across a rustic bridge. For a minute I lost sight of him as he rounded a little elbow of woodland. Then I saw him again laboring up through a pasture. I caught up to him here and threw him with a flying tackle. He went down like an upset haycart, making the ground tremble. The wind went out of him. I sat on his back, panting, until he promised to return quietly. Then we walked back side by side, laughing ourselves so breathless that we both slumped weakly on to a bench when we were on the grounds again.

The laughs in the job were one of the few advantages. There are plenty of drawbacks. Because you have got to be about everything in this business. You have to be strong-arm-man, father-confessor, policeman, companion, valet, chambermaid, detective, and even bill-collector. It took me two years once to collect two days' pay from an officer of the largest bank in the world. I finally had to argue my way, for the hundredth time, into the door of his sanctum, level a finger at him and holler, as he purpled: "There's the man that owes me two days' pay!" I got it.

And you have to get used to having people begin to smile knowingly when they hear you are a nurse—or laugh out loud at you, or wave a handkerchief. And you have to take kicks in the belly and insults and flung bottles. And you have to use reason with a patient who is doing his best to wrap a chair around your ears. You have to resist bribes from thirst-crazed alcoholics. You have to smell out hidden stores of liquor and fight to take it away. You have to stay on the job when you have been fired. And you have to save patients from their relatives and testify in law-suits. And you have to take wallops to the heart, as I did once—a real wallop I won't soon forget.

Johnny Ruggles was a young naval officer, wealthy and popular, who had suffered a severe nervous breakdown. His father had retired from the board of a large corporation to engineer his son back to health. I was assigned to Johnny after he had been treated by eminent alienists for five years. His strong suicidal tendencies had nearly disappeared and he was on the road to recovery. We came to be mighty close friends. He was still a little erratic but he was improving fast and we hit it off fine. It wasn't work with Johnny. It was fun.

The time came when Johnny was deemed ready to become readjusted to normal society. He began to spend week-ends with friends and devote a great deal of time to tennis. I went with him and had the time of my life.

Johnny was crazy about newspaper work and he thrived on publicity. He shared with me and most other young fellows a delight in seeing his own name in print; and he used to devour the accounts of his own tennis triumphs. He finally landed a job as reporter and seemed completely happy. He divided his time between tennis, at which he excelled, and his job. And the cure was complete.

I was mighty sad when it was decided that I was to take a three weeks' vacation, letting Johnny go along on his own. He had entered a tennis tournament and he was looking forward with a good deal of anticipation—not only to victory but to the headlines it would mean for him in newspapers all over the country. He was sure to win. Everyone thought so—including me and Johnny.

The next day, a hundred miles away, I looked in the evening papers and found—to my dismay—that Johnny had been eliminated in the preliminary round. I felt the bottom drop out of my heart. Lord only knew what this would do to Johnny. I didn't sleep that night; and when the phone call came I knew before I lifted the receiver what it was. Long distance. Johnny had disappeared.

I hustled back to the city. I knew all Johnny's haunts. Mr. Ruggles had hired detectives and I supplemented their endeavors with a search of my own. I ran down reports of amnesia victims, crank rumors, and anonymous tips. I viewed bodies and looked at photos. I interviewed hotel clerks, cops, porters, cab-drivers, and station agents.

I ran down a clue in a village thirty miles away. A man in a lunchroom told of a young fellow who came into his place late one night and ordered coffee which he never drank. He described him. It was Johnny. I get sick when I think how close I was. But there was no further trace.

I remember how I used to see Mr. Ruggles in those days—every morning out pacing the lawn to see the letter-carrier far down the street. All day long by the phone, leaping when it rang, smoking innumerable cigarettes, never smiling, trying in vain to interest himself in work. He used to meet me when I dragged my weary feet in at all hours of the morning. I wouldn't look at him as I shook my head.

As I write this I can vision Johnny himself as he must have been while we were seeking him. In a forest not fifty miles from his home—two miles from any house—he sat under a tree. There was a chain fastened around his neck with a padlock; and the other end of the chain was padlocked to the tree. The padlock keys lay some twenty feet away among little checkerberry leaves. I wonder how many times he tried to reach them. I wonder how soon he decided it wasn't any use. The chain was about twelve feet long; and not even the longest twig Johnny could find could quite reach the key ring. I wonder if he lay down and tried to reach them with his feet. I suppose he called for help. There wasn't anyone to hear.

He must have heard the train whistle far away. Maybe sometimes he heard a hunter's rifle. Maybe he shouted then and waited.

Continued on page 154

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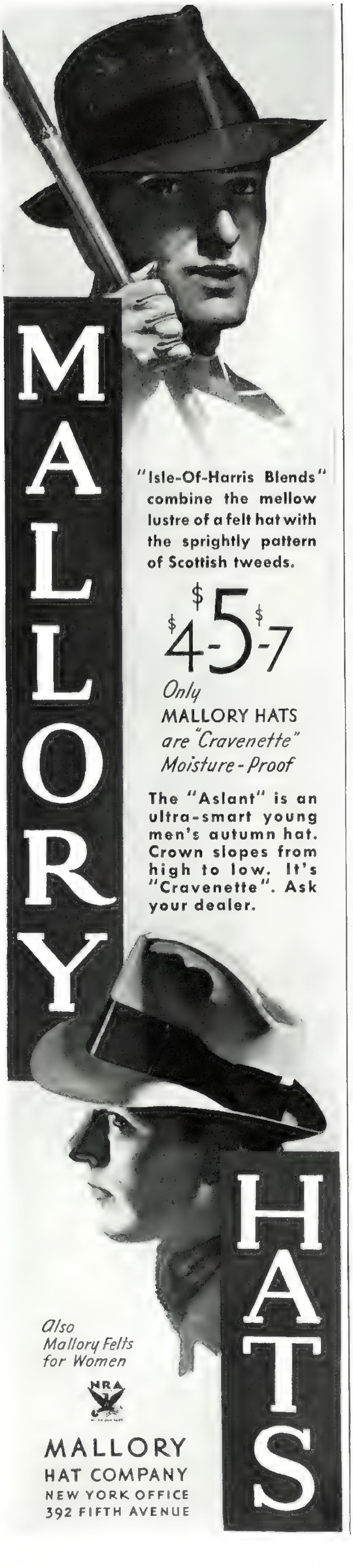

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I Am a Male Nurse

Continued from page 152

holding his breath, for any answering call.

Probably the first night he lay there very quietly and slept, close to the tree. Perhaps the next day he picked a few of the little red berries and spit them out. He might have tried to coax a bird close or hit a squirrel. He must have sucked the dew from the tiny leaves, just tantalizing his growing thirst.

He must have struggled against the chain. He must have bruised his neck and torn his fingers before he decided just to wait. It must have been on the third or fourth day, when thirst and hunger and insect bites had nearly crazed him, that he began to walk. There was a path worn deep all around the tree where he had walked - around and around and around. At night he must have dropped from sheer exhaustion. When it rained and his swollen mouth and tongue would not suck in the rain or swallow, perhaps he lay on his back and funneled his hands so that a few drops trickled into his burning mouth. In the day, the keys must have glinted in the sun. It must have been awful to see the keys right there—barely a quarter inch out of reach. He must have strained and raged against the chain until it choked him. One of his shoes was not far from the keys. I wonder if he threw it at them. I wonder why.

The time must have come when even the weight of the chain was too much for him to stand under. By that time he would have lost count of the days and probably his fevered brain wasn't suffering any more. He probably dreamed about his father. I wonder if he ever thought of me. It was funny to think I had been only a few miles away one night, frantically searching for any trace he might have left while he was just sitting here with the nightbirds making noises all around him.

It was about the twelfth day that his delirious muttering ceased and he died. He died lying out on the path he had made, with the chain stretched as far as it would go. He was on his back and if it was night the last thing he saw was the stars. And he must have been glad to die finally and not suffer any more.

Two hunters found his body months later and thought he had been murdered. But when Mr. Ruggles read the newspaper story he knew without looking at the body that it was Johnny. Johnny had said once that he would kill himself that way—chained like a dog to a tree.

But I knew he hadn't meant to kill himself. I knew he had been thinking of the newspaper headlines it would make. I knew that Johnny meant to live and enjoy those headlines. It just didn't work out as he thought. He threw those keys just a little too far. And it just happened that no hunters came near until too late.

I liked Johnny a whole lot and his father was one of the finest men I ever knew. I was no good for a long time after we heard of Johnny's death. I had had some tough experiences; but nothing ever hit me as hard as this. For a while I wanted to quit nursing for good. But I didn't.

I guess I never will.

Notes on a Hangman

Continued from page 41

seventy-five for the negro yesterday, were to have lasted him till the next job. There was nothing he could do: it would get in the papers.

He says:

"I don' know if capital punishmen' stops crime but I think if dere wasn' no capital punishmen' dere wouldn' be no respec' fer de law. It puts fear in 'em. But it don' put no fear in some of 'em. But if I had my way dey'd have a hangin' in a public place, out in de open, so everybody could come fer a look. Dat'd put more fear in 'em dan havin' a hangin' in a place all private."

December 24, 1932: The house on Dante street was dark but the door was open and I felt my way through the kitchen and up the stairs to his room. There was a light coming under the door and I knocked and hollered "Hey, Mister Meyer."

He hollered "Hey, open de door."

He rolled over in bed to see me and said "Well, hey dere."

His face was white and soft and broken with wrinkles and I asked him "You been sick, old man?"

"Have I?" he said. All week wit' de flu."

I said "Why didn't you let me know, or let Tom know?"

"How?" he asked.

I said "Couldn't someone phone us?"

"Sure," he said. "Who?"

"Here's Christmas," I said, giving him a package wrapped with red tissuepaper and bright red ribbons.

Putting it under his pillow, he said Thanks and sat up in his long underwear. Throwing aside the cotton blankets, he slid his barefeet over the side of the bed, but he quickly pulled the blankets round his shoulders and slipped his feet into his shoes: the room was cold: the oil lamp on an empty orange crate beside the bed was like a match in an icebox.

"I tell you what I would like," he said, rolling a cigarette. "I would like t'ree pennies."

I gave him three pennies and he laid them in a row beside four pennies in a row on the orangecrate.

I said "You can't do much with seven cents."

"I'm satisfied of dat," he said. "But tomorra I kin ride de streetcars down to de prison fer a fine big dinner."

His hands shook with the cold trying to roll the cigarette. He lit it. Looking at the floor, sucking at the cigarette, he said "I been thinkin' dat Dorothy all week. I don' believe in hurtin' no woman. I never hurt no woman in my life. Never. But I'd like to git *her* by de collar. Jus' oncet."

He was shaking with the cold and I said "Why don't you get back in bed and get under the blankets?"

"I'll be all right," he said.

He dropped the cigarette in the cuspidor under the bed and asked "What time is it?"

"About eight."

"What bring you up?"

"I thought I'd bring the ties for Christmas."

Continued on page 156

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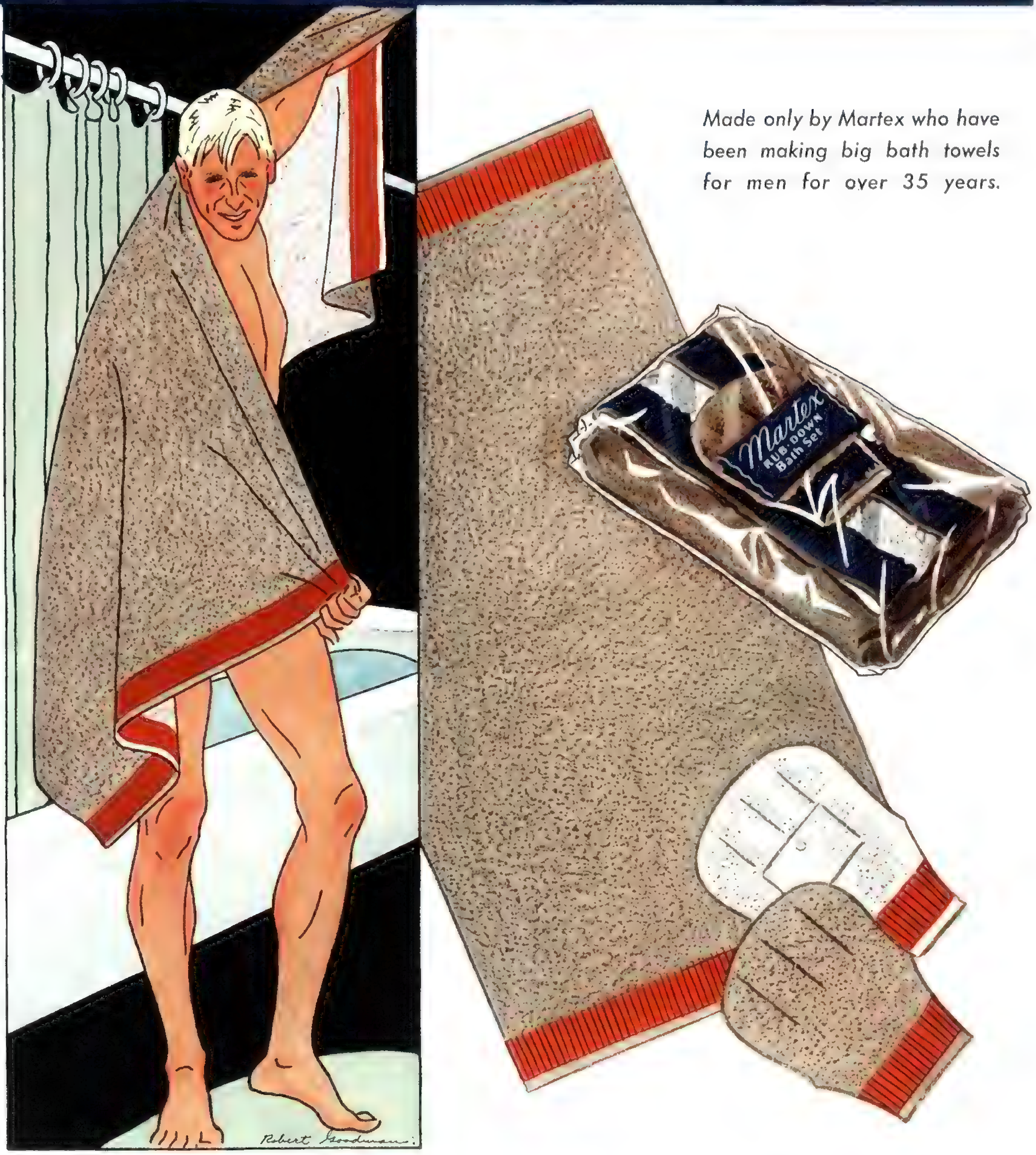

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Notes on a Hangman

Continued from page 154

"O, it's ties?" he said. "Dey mus' be putty. I won' fergit it."

He rolled another cigarette.

"I been thinkin' of dat nigger in Baton Rouge all week," he said. "Dat oughta be a hundred dollars n expenses bot' ways. Dat's one nigger I'm bound to git. De supreme court turned 'im down."

I said "Which nigger is that?"

"You didn' see it?" he said, giving me a newspaper clipping that was on the orange crate. I read it and gave it back to him.

"I don' need it. Keep it," he said. "You kin add it in de story."

I said "I'll remember it."

"Me, too," he said. "I know it by heart."

He got the negro in Baton Rouge in February, 1933.

Not good: he ran and looked and had to run back and pull the negro up in the air to keep his feet off the ground.

He put the money in the bank after paying debts. In March the bank closed when all the banks closed.

Spring, 1933: His money is gone but he says: "I'm good fer another twen'y years maybe if I quit fightin' de booze."

July 21, 1933: Three negro murderers: seventy-five dollars each.

The money was gone in a month: debts to pay; a week with a young widow; a bad check from a friend who borrowed twenty-five dollars.

Autumn, 1933: A hungry season.

December 15, 1933: Murderer Kenneth Neu, joyous and paretic at twenty-six, five minutes before the jury brought in a verdict of guilty with death, sat in the courtroom making faces at the little man who had pushed up front to look at him. Tricksy giggled. A deputy told Neu who the little man was. Neu bowed, smiled, zipped a finger over his neck for a Yes Yes.

Tricksy shook Yes Yes Yes.

He was put out of the court but in the corridor he told everyone "De jedge seen me n Neu makin' googoo eyes at each other n he didn' like it."

January 1, 1934: I saw Neu in death row: there was a story going round that he had thrown a book at a minister.

I said "I suppose I ought to wish you a happy new year but that's silly in this place."

"O, not at all," he said. "It will be happy. I'll make it happy."

He said he had thrown a book at the minister and had punched his cellmate on the mouth.

Then he said "How's the old hangman?"

"Pretty rocky," I told him. "No money. Nothing to do."

"Well, tell him this for me," Neu said. "Tell him that I hope he has a very happy new year. Tell him that if in any way I can make him happy during this coming year, at any time, I'll be very glad to do so."

When I told Tricksy that, he said "I wish it was tomorra."

Winter, 1934: It is still a hungry season: a nickel here, a dime there. Very little whisky, a little beer.

He is getting old: he could jump a fence at sixty-nine; at seventy-one he likes to sit on the bed and roll cigarettes and on the warm days to sit in the sun. Fretted by the high blood pressure he does nothing: he has two boxes of carpenter's tools and is a good carpenter and could earn money that way but does nothing.

Spring will be better: there will be two ginneys in the Spring.

May 18: The two, Dallao and Capaci: the worst day.

Dallao went in a rush but the drop was too much: it tore his head three-quarters off, cut jugular and carotid. A witness fainted. Tricksy ran down and looked and saw and had time to adjust the rope for Capaci and did, or says he did, but gave him the same drop: a repetition.

No party: a few friends and beer.

May 21: Two separate bills were introduced in the legislature to substitute the electric chair for hanging; the Item editorialized against hanging, suggested the chair or lethal gas; a priest suggested the guillotine.

The criticism keeps him in his room.

May 23-28: Editorials; District Attorney Eugene Stanley suggested the chair; a doctor suggested cyanide in a condemned man's coffee; the New Orleans Federation of Women's Clubs opposed capital punishment.

May 28: He says:

"I give 'em too big a drop. I can' deny dat. But what de hell dif-rence do it make? Dey didn't suffer none. All dis crap in de papers, all dis sympat'y: one say chop de heads off, one say de 'lectric chair, one say gas 'em, n one say poison 'em. But me, I say gimme de rope. Me, if it was lef' to me, I'd *pull* deir heads off."

June 1: He is sick. He is so sick he can not catch his breath. He lies in bed all day and part of the night trying to breathe. A neighbor looks in. It is a matter of not breathing at all or getting a doctor. The doctor's examination shows asthma, heart disease, a cold, and high blood pressure. The doctor orders rest and quiet for thirty days, and no whisky.

A big whisky drunk, days and nights.

June 15-19: Loosed by the whisky the cardiac asthma and the blood pressure are so vicious that he can not eat, can not breathe, can not walk except in a totter. On the nineteenth he says out of his swollen face "O, Jesus, git me outa here, git me down de hospital. I be dead in one more night in dis place."

At the hospital he says he is a carpenter because I tell him that if he says he is the hangman he will be a sideshow in the ward.

June 20: On the dangerously ill list, but with the breathing relieved, he thinks he will be out in two or three days. The skin on his arms looks too big for him, he is so thin.

June 21: When I go to see him in the afternoon he says angrily "What's Tom waitin' fer?"

I say "Where?"

He says "He didn' go off?"

I say "Say it again?"

He says "You n 'im was outside talkin' a good while."

"No," I say. "That's wrong."

"Don' tell me," he says. "I could hear yuz talkin'."

His eyes are shiny, not with a bright shine, with a deep cloudy shine.

"Dis afternoon," he says, pointing to a bed at the far end of the ward where a fat

Continued on page 158

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Notes on a Hangman

Continued from page 156

woman is fanning a white-faced man whose eyes are closed, "dat dago had some dago men n women visitin' n de women see me n come walkin' down here by de bed n dey look at me n one of 'em say 'Dat's 'im,' n dey go back n tell de dagoes n dey come n look n say 'Dat's de son of a bitch,' n dey go back to de bed n dey git more booze n beer n dey come back n look at me again n one of 'em say 'Le's go git a gun n shoot de son of a bitch,' n dey run out n one of 'em come back wit' a gun n den de other n dey come back n stand lookin' n I make out my eyes closed n one say 'Le's shoot de son of a bitch right now,' n dey git more booze n de cops git 'em by de brew'ry shootin' de gun off."

I say "How do you know the cops got them?"

He says "In de mornin' papers."

At eleven-thirty I go back: he's roaring. The ward is in darkness, or almost: the light from the hall shows the fifteen beds and the heads in the beds, but not the faces.

Propped up in bed in the corner in the dark and lashed to the prop with a chest and shoulder harness, his feet tied to the bed, tearing at the harness with his hands, he's roaring "O, Jesus, I be moidered in a minute."

I stand beside him and he says "Gimme de knife, Tom, till I cut dese strings."

He tears at the harness and the orderly comes and pulls the sheet back over his bare legs but he throws the sheet away and rips at the harness.

The orderly says "He yer father?"

"No," I say.

"He been terrible," the orderly says. "He been runnin' around holl'rin' Fire, Police. He been holl'rin' Fire, Moider, Police."

Tricksy yells "De dagoes gona moider me in de bed. You better gimme a gun. Gimme a club."

The doctor comes, a young interne, and feels the pulse but Tricksy feels in the dark for the doctor's hand and whispers "Where's de knife, Tom?"

"What knife?" the doctor asks.

"Till I cut dese goddamn strings."

The doctor puts the pocket light on Tricksy's face: the light pins him stiff, the eyes wide open, looking up. Then he yells "What de hell's de idea of dis?"

He rips at the harness again and says "When I git dis off I don' care how many dagoes. Gimme a knife."

Is this the finish, doc? I say. And you can't tell, the doctor says. These cardiac psychosis cases, the ones with the high blood pressure get . . . But Tricksy is saying Jesus, dis ain' fair. And the doctor continues They get irrational, they think people are trying to hurt them, they're afraid they'll die and . . . But Tricksy is saying Dey send me a goddamn pries'. To hell wit 'im. I wish to Chris' I could boin de skin off 'im. Me gittin' moidered. If I can' git some police pertection. Cut dese goddamn strings. And I say Do they ever pull out of it, doc, when it gets this far? And O, sometimes, the doctor says. And Tricksy is saying I kin slip de gun under de pilla n den I kin pop it at 'em.

June 22: He is quieter and a little better but he says "We *had* some hell around here las' night."

I say "*You* had some hell."

"I been hearin' hints," he whispers, closing his right eye shrewdly.

"What kind?" I ask.

Digging his head deep in the pillow so no one except me can see him wink, he says "Dey keep lettin' de dagoes in n I can' git no police pertection n I ain' gona stay in dis joint n I holler Police n I couldn' git a goddamn one."

I tell him "You hollered so goddamn much everybody in the hospital knows you're the hangman."

"Well, den good," he says. "Dat's a boost."

June 24: His head is clear and he is up and around in a wheel chair.

"I gotta git outa dis joint," he says. "I can' git no strent in dis joint. De eats dey give you. Dey don' put no salt in de grits. I goin' home tomorra. You take me home?"

"Sure," I say. "If you feel all right."

"O, I feel awful good," he says. "I have a constitootion like de elephint in de park."

June 25: He deserts the hospital.

Very good days begin, eating and taking digitalis and keeping cool under a willow tree.

June 27: The House of Representatives passed the electric chair bill, 68 to 19, and sent it to the Senate.

July 4: The Senate passed the bill, 27 to 3, and sent it to the governor for his signature.

Nevertheless, with flesh padding his skin again, he says "I git dat nigger Willie Walton on de twen'y-sevent' of dis mont', chair or no chair. I think I grow a great big moostache, like dis, fer dat nigger. I ain' had a moostache in a long time." But he knows the future will be something to think about when the governor signs the bill, so on the eleventh he writes to R. L. Himes, general manager of the state penitentiary at Baton Rouge:

Dear Sir

I see true the Papers that they install electric chair and if you Have no one to handle it I make aplication for the Position because I ben handling all the Execusin for 15 or 18 years analso whent to difrents Parts of State. I also handlet the Ade Labuf Case If you have no one Picket out for the Job I will be Ever so mutch Oblige If you would let me no as soon as Posable

Yours Truly
Henry Meyer

Corrected and typed, the letter was mailed on the afternoon of the twelfth but that same afternoon, or night, while the letter was on the way, Governor Oscar K. Allen vetoed the electric chair bill, writing across it, according to the newspapers, "It is with considerable regret that I veto this bill, but I do so in the belief it is for the best interest of the state."

"O, Jesus," Tricksy says, reading that the next morning. "Bus'ness gona pick up now. I'm gona have a hell of a good time now."

July 27: He has a hell of a good time with Willie Walton: perfect. But the exertion leaves him trembling. But that makes it a dog, an alligator, a woman, thirty-seven men.

Neu is next.

The Love of a Jinx

Continued from page 42

wasn't drinking. Gambling, yes, he was gambling all the time, and his luck was as bad as ever. He'd bet you about what day tomorrow would be.

Give us that steel-stringed guitar in here, Professor. Let's hear those Halsted Street Hawaiians singing their sad songs.

A couple of stories drifted in about Frieda, a couple, and then no more. Somebody said that she and her new friend had parted. Somebody else heard that she'd broken her leg, working out with a new act on the Pantages circuit. Maybe Tommy heard this gossip, maybe he didn't.

Now, carnival business, as everybody knows, seems to be on the way out. But Tommy kept going, season after season. He was a sullen, sulky, heavy-mouthed sort of fellow by this time.

No carnival was doing too well, you understand. Everything went wrong with them. Broken ferris wheels, roller-coaster accidents, arrests in towns that had been fixed, klems, riots, cyclones, everything.

People began to whisper that Tommy was a jinx, a Jonah. Certainly he looked it, with his hard mouth and his burnt-out eyes. He was let out of a show or two, when it wasn't his fault. Still and all, he stayed in the carnival business. He'd do anything, anything at all, work as a punk again, set up apparatus, be the First Murderer, shill for the games, any old thing.

Now, look. In Danville, Illinois, Tommy Burgess picked up a pearl horseshoe stickpin that probably cost thirty-nine cents when it was new. That day, he put a bet on a nine-to-one shot at Havre de Grace, and the horse won, just for instance.

That started him. Two months later he knocked off a parlay, a three-horse parlay, for eleven thousand three hundred and thirty dollars. At the end of that season, Tommy Burgess, playing them always right on the nose, had accumulated twenty-seven thousand dollars cash money.

All right, Professor! Now let's have those there Hawaiians render "On the Beach at Waikiki" or that number about the Hula girl, with the cunning little giggle.

Figure this, if you don't think Tommy Burgess had changed: he didn't play the string out till his luck turned sour. No. He worked that winter, and in February he bought a half interest in a carnival. It wasn't much, even as carnivals go, and he put in a good tough summer, picked up another scar or two of battle, but he made it go.

Tommy Burgess was forty-two when his break came. After two years, he made a wise move, strictly for business reasons. He threw out the grifters and he cleaned up his show, at least a little. That season he didn't do quite so well, and his partner made him a proposition which he didn't think Tommy could meet. Tommy fooled him. He bought the carnival.

The Thomas Burgess Shows did all right, too, considering the times. Everybody forgot that Tommy was a jinx. People said that he was a right guy, a square shooter, no glass-crash, but a baby who'd been through it himself, and who'd give you a break.

In one of his infrequent public statements, Tommy is alleged to have said that he didn't mind a jinx. In the course of the next few years, Tommy Burgess gathered about him

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Viva Cuba!
J. de Bayes

Long live that noble Cocktail...

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½ jigger Bacardi
½ jigger Noilly Prat French Vermouth
1 dash of Grenadine
Stir with ice, twist orange peel on top
If you prefer it dry — omit the Grenadine

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The Love of a Jinx

Continued from page 159

as fine a collection of hoodoos as has ever been assembled outside of the island of Haiti. Hard luck was their middle-name. One of them is supposed to have caused the Johnstown Flood. Throwing a hat on a bed was just child's play to any of them.

Still, he prospered. He was doing fine. His people swore by him.

Now, if you please, Professor, a little more music. Something sort of majestic and triumphal, on your accordion.

All right. That takes it to 1929. 1929 was not what you might call a good year for the carnivals. No, it was not. It was a sad time, a time when ten cents was beginning to be money again.

Tommy knew more grief than most. They slapped him in all directions. Minnesota was terrible. North Dakota was worse. Illinois was plenty bad. He figured on making a play in Kentucky, but he found himself tied up in a liability suit that cost him plenty to settle. Some seats collapsed on him, in Des Moines. In Moline, his elephant died. The "Garden of Allah" show was pinched in Cairo.

And then it began to rain.

On the twenty-second of August, the Thomas Burgess Shows were playing in Ava, Illinois, over near the river. And was it raining! A punk named Johnny Brown breezed in. It's a pity nobody ever kept a case-book on this Johnny Brown. He had more troubles than Job, but he had his own remedy for them, and though it was early in the day, he'd been easing his pain.

Johnny found Tommy Burgess in the cook-house and reached in his pocket for his bottle of corn.

"Join me, Boss?" he said.

"Nah!" said Tommy, and gave him a look. "Well. What's eatin' yah?"

"I'm quittin', Boss. Quittin' the outfit."

"Yeah?" said Tommy, his tone as full of silky menace as a tomcat's paw.

"Yeah," said Johnny. "It's like this." He took a drink and made a face. "All my life, I been a jinx. I'm the guy who's gumming the works around this lot. Too many things have happened—I'm the one. You're too good a guy, see? So I'm saying so-long. I red-lighted too many shows. I red-lighted too many shows. Get me?"

"Yeah?" said Tommy Burgess. "Yeah?" His big long arm shot out and swept Johnny's bottle of corn smashing and crashing off the table. "Yah!" he said. "Get back on the job! Get back on the job! I'll crown yah! The jinx, huh? The jinx? You, you punk, who do you think you are? There's your jinx! It's lyin' on the deck. You louse! You got bad luck, huh? You yellah stiff!"

The veins were standing out on his head.

"O. K., Boss. O. K."

"You get back to your work. Bad luck, bad luck! Nuts! Nuts! Get a little guts into yah! I licked them before. I'll lick them again. You're the fourth guy been in to see me in two weeks. What kept you? The next guy comes in, I'll knock him for a gool. You're a lot of rats—you wanta make something out of it?"

"N-not on your life. Excuse me, Boss."

That's all right, too. However, on the 20th of September, in the town of Joplin, Missouri, a fire started on the lot. The Thomas Burgess Shows burned up. Every stick, every tent, every wagon.

Tommy didn't shell out to the last dime, to get his stranded troupers back to civilization. Maybe he would have, maybe not. The fact was that he didn't have a dime.

He went to Chicago. He couldn't get anything to do, in Chi. It wasn't easy, then. He did what the rest of the boys do, when they land in Chi without a cent. He touched his friends, what few friends he had, and he threw his feet on Michigan Boulevard, where the competition has always been brisk among the panhandlers.

So, he's living in a flop-house on South Clark Street, when he has the price. He looks sixty years old, all down and out, and like the end of the ninth round. The name of this flea-bag is the Delahorn Hotel.

Into this joint, one nice rainy day, comes a dame, a dame who walks with a limp, and who looks to be about thirty-five or so, and no blot on the landscape either. She asks for Tommy Burgess at the desk. They shrug their shoulders. Maybe he'll be in, maybe not.

Tommy Burgess comes walking in, planks down his thirty-five cents and shuffles toward the stairs. But the dame is waiting for him. She runs after him, limp and all, and grabs hold of his arm. "Tommy," she says.

"My Gawd!" says Tommy, before he even turns around. "Frieda!"

"Tommy, Tommy," she says, and she's holding his arm, and shaking, and looking up at him. "Tommy. I saw it in the Billboard how your show burnt down. I come in from Newark. I figured you'd hit for Chi. I run into Joe Nolan. He told me."

"We can't talk here. Let's go," he says.

He walks her out into the rain, walks her for blocks and blocks. He doesn't want to tell her he hasn't got a nickel.

He takes her over to the Union Station. She's hanging on to his arm, keeping up the best she can. He's noticed her being lame. He can't say anything about that, because he knows how she got it. They sit in the Union Station.

"Tommy. I—I want to proposition you," she says.

"Yeah?" says Tommy.

"Tommy, will you—will you take me back? Huh? Will you?"

He's quiet a long time. He doesn't look at her. He says, "I will, when I get on my feet."

"I don't wanna wait—I mean, I—I can stake you. I got a bakery, in Newark."

"You got a what?"

"A bakery. I can sell it. I got a few chips, anyhow."

He looks at her. "No. Don't you sell it. I'll get a break again. Don't you worry."

"Tommy, I—Listen. Listen, honey. I never had a day's good luck since I left you. Never a day. I—I broke my leg. I went to Erie, Pa., I lived out, as a servant girl, I—I couldn't stand—anybody—after you. That's the truth. My husband was O. K., but he was Dutch."

"Your husband? Whenja get your divorce?"

"Oh, I never bothered. He wasn't nobody, Tommy. He wasn't show people. The bakery is doing good, Tommy. It's awful nice, to smell the bread, and rolls baking."

"I—I can't do this," says Tommy.

"Listen. Never one day's good luck, never one day's good fun—Listen. You gonna blame a twenty-two-year-old kid for being cuckoo? Huh? Listen. Give me a break. Give me my luck back again."

"Ah Judas!" says Tommy, and fingers a pearl horseshoe pin in his frayed tie. "Now, uh. Now, listen. Could I—could a guy learn this here bakery business? I'm off the liquor, that is, I was off of it, until—until a coupla months ago. And I ain't made a bet in, let's see, seven years."

"You could learn any racket in the world, Tommy. The bakery will be duck soup for you. Hey! Why don't you—why don't you ask me somethin'? I—I learned my lesson."

"Ah, shut up," says Tommy.

She's a smart dame, this Frieda. She never tells him how she reads a write-up about him in the Billboard, after his show burns up, that he's got a reputation as a jinx, and that he's known to be a sucker for a hard-luck story, and that he's an all-right fellow, too, and that the boys in the business pity him in his misfortune.

Only, with Frieda, it doesn't seem to be pity. She loves him better than the bakery business, even. They're doing right well, in Newark.

And now, Professor, if you'll favor us with a xylophone selection, as the customers file out.

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 145

of court politicians; we saw Catherine reaching the point of action through pity for others as well as for herself. The actress expressed a woman's growth, her finding a way of life. The direction of the picture was more than adequate; it permitted the character study to be told in terms of clear, swift action.

Now we come to Von Sternberg's job. Here something more was attempted. So terrific was his conception, and so profound his aim, that one is tempted to say that the million dollars was well wasted. Von Sternberg tried to bring the subjective reality of Catherine's experience to his audience. He employed impressionism, expressionism, every art-mode. Some, he used clumsily. At times his picture has the flavor of "Alice in Wonderland." At other times it touches the fantastic "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." In its few realized moments, as in the wedding scene, crowded with icons, Byzantine portraits, candles, faces, turgid with processional movement, blurred with lace, candles, veils, pierced with frenzied mystic ecstasy by the ascending choral chant, "The Scarlet Empress" may be called great. But alas, the huge candles, the profusion of gargoyles, the oppressive faces, the booted feet weigh down the photoplay beyond the point of audience endurance.

The background emerges and swallows the actors. Only Sam Jaffe's brilliant madman survives, glaring out of the gilded scene. Compared to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who portrayed the mad prince in the English picture, Jaffe is an acetylene torch against a match flame. He combines the happy idiotic grin of Harpo Marx with the sinister power of Dr. Caligari. Touch of genius: The mad prince, with an immense brace and drill, boring peep-holes through the thick log walls of the palace.

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ALLIGATOR

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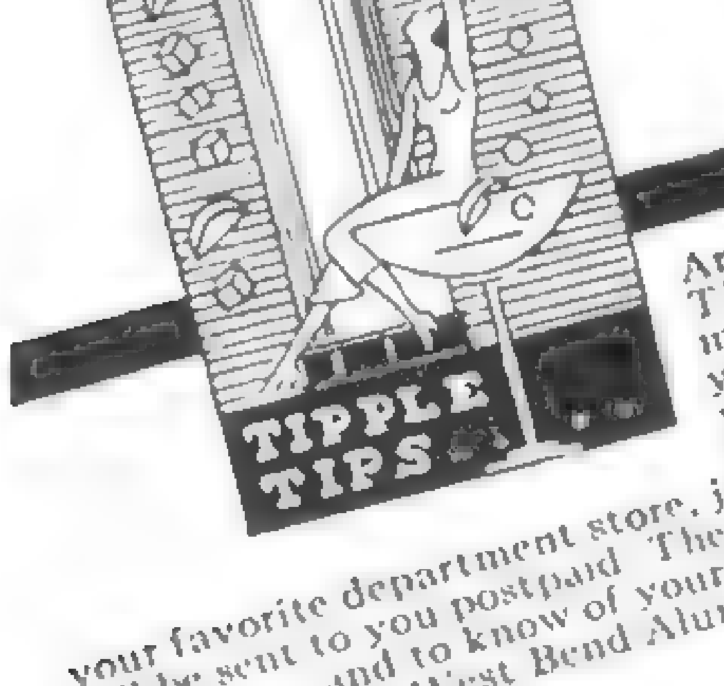

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The Candid Cameraman

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Von Sternberg's creation is much nearer to the Russian court of that period. The massive walls completely covered with jigsaws of holy Byzantine art, the effect of vastness and yet of crowding, the abruptness and yet the sluggishness of the characters, attained through use of long close-ups and brusque movement, create an atmosphere as dense as the walls themselves. But with typical surfeit, Von Sternberg cluttered the sets with expressionistic gargoyles; these stunted and twist-bearded statues are used as candle-bearers about the beds, as bannister supports on the stairways; as chair-backs, they leer ghoulishly over the heads of the ministers. At first they increase the wanted effect of strange horror, but lavishly as they are used they become too symbolic of the cluttered effect of the photoplay.

The action of the story is lost in this maze of veiled close-ups, of Marlene seen through meshes and screens, of people listening, people waiting. The instance of the dinner table scene may serve again. In the English picture it is the climax of a series of insults which Catherine has borne from Peter, the feast itself crackles with their animosity. The plot against Peter is already under way; this dinner decides Catherine. In the Von Sternberg epic this scene is introduced by a slow panorama of the table: meats savagely half-eaten, strewn bones, the skeleton of a monkey, a swine-head. The drama between the characters is submerged. Human insults seem only too natural to this bestial environment. There is no sense of climax.

The final sequence seemed forced by sheer director's virtuosity, hurled upon the screen in a frantic effort to outdo himself. A white-uniformed troop of conspirators riding white horses into the palace, up the vast stairway, to the very throne. Never have hooves sounded so thunderous, they trample upon the very nerves of the spectators. Catherine flings herself from her steed; she is Empress. It is here that the irrepressible Clark Rodenbach, whose humor can survive even a Von Sternberg epic, said, "A whore and a horse on the throne."

Von Sternberg's magnificent failure will be charged against art, which he misuses; partly, it will reflect upon Marlene Dietrich. Unjustly. I have never been very much impressed with her work, but in the early part of this picture she was fully as good as Bergner. Their characterizations were alike: the same breathy little voice, the same round astonished eyes. She did not create the sense of character growth that Bergner achieved in the later parts of the story, but this could scarcely be Dietrich's fault; she was all that her director wanted her to be. And in one scene, where she walks before the officers of her pet regiment, giving each of them as a person and all of them as a group that lingering backward glance, that glimmer of the attainable, Dietrich is the visible definition of feminine allure.

Decision: The English picture is superior, by almost every measurable standard, especially that of the box office. For once, it is a case of too much art in Hollywood. If Von Sternberg had had a little more discrimination, and much less money, he might have produced a masterpiece.

A handful of entertaining numbers, some of them more than entertaining, reaches us just under the deadline:

British Agent: The newest Leslie Howard release is a worthy successor to "Of Human Bondage"; it is difficult to think of a photoplay in which melodramatic action has been more successfully built around an essentially intellectual personality. If you found "Of Human Bondage" level as a desert, with only a tightening emotional line for excitement, you'll have to admit that "British Agent" is like a jagged mountain. Story: A young British consul is commissioned "unofficial official representative" to the as yet unrecognized Soviet government. His object is to delay Russia's peace with Germany, so as to keep the German army busy on the Russian front. When the Soviet refuses to postpone peace, he intrigues in a counter-revolution. Meanwhile he has fallen in love with Lenin's secretary (Kay Francis), part of whose duty is to spy upon her lover, betray him. The unique element in the treatment of the love-against-patriotism theme is that the characters are for once given awareness of their helplessness against the historic current of events; their pain is in their constant measuring of their ethics against their patriotism, their patriotism against their love. Leslie Howard's tense portrayal of the high-strung diplomat is quite perfect. As in "Of Human Bondage" he is almost too fortunate in the choice of a co-star. Kay Francis, like Bette Davis, nearly steals the show.

The political movement of the film is puzzling. Sympathy must be maintained for the Englishman, yet his every move is a blunder, his connivance against the struggling Soviet is, though a war measure, quite shady. The moral seems to be that action is the highest good. Lenin and Trotzky are portrayed in the film. The historical scenes of the revolution have a real flavor.

Belle of the Nineties: At last the Mae West opus is released to a palpitant public. This is the epic of a New Orleans gambling joint, first called "It Ain't No Sin," and the first considerable victim of the moral-squad. It's swathed in blankets. I think Mae was about due to become dull anyway; many of the cracks in this one seemed to me to be at least as aged as the lady who utters them. I think she might be wise to try a lovely grandma role in her next picture. The twisting lip and the twitching hip are just a bit too routine.

Much of the "Belle" consists of close-ups of Mae singing her might-have-been-naughty songs. I was reminded of the fat lady entertainers in Greek coffee-houses. They stand on the platform hour after hour, intoning their ditties, their "dance" consisting of a queer forward and sideward thrust of the neck, a wriggle of the hips. Americans, always puzzled at what the Greeks see in that type of entertainer, wonder at the raucous laughter that issues from the Greeks at the close of each pungent verse. See Mae West, and you'll realize that we've caught something from the Greeks. Can it be that there is Mediterranean blood in this Nordic land?

Please credit us with the coining of that phrase, "hour-glass figure"—which the advertising staff of Paramount has adopted for Mae.

Crime Without Passion: This is the photoplay with which Hecht and MacArthur are to upset the movie world, move Hollywood to Long Island, prove pictures can be made for $25 in three days with no stars, no writers, no directors, only those bright boys-that-never-grow-up, Ben and Charlie, plus perhaps a camera man. Ben and Charlie appear in one of the scenes, as reporters.

The product is an excellent melodrama adorned with a lot of phoney psychological frills that were characteristic of Hecht's early fiction, and an abstract expressionistic prologue that is just short enough to leave all the booking agents gasping with admiration. On the whole, the tone of the picture is hard, hateful; it fights its audience all the way along. Brilliant suspense-construction disguises a stale situation, swell acting covers stock characters, but nothing takes the taste off a shoddy trick ending. A dancer is supposedly murdered. The killer goes to her cabaret as if expecting her to appear as usual, thus furthering his alibi. At this point one of the audience kidded, "Bet she really does come on in her act," a device considered beneath the startling resources of Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur. But alas, she did.

Claude Rains does a stunning caricature of the nasty, conceited type of successful criminal lawyer; Margot, the dancer, has a beautiful murmur quality in her voice that brings an honest note into hackneyed emotional scenes.

Jedge Priest: Will Rogers knocks me over and makes a good picture. Decidedly entertaining, clean, sweet, and full of Southern patriotism. Will is far from the fat, perspiring Jedge of the Irvin Cobb stories, but catches the spirit of the character admirably. And maybe this Rogers picture seems better because he is not so eternally in front of the camera. There is a capital courtroom scene, in which Juror No. 12 steals the show with a series of around-the-corner, under-the-table, side-arm and back-bend spittoon shots. The satisfying kaplunk of his spit-ball as it lands in the cuspidor invites cheers.

You Belong to Me: New child actor, David Jack Holt, son of the Western papa. Very cute. Lee Tracy, in the same piece, has a shoddy part. Suggestion: David Jack Holt should be co-starred with Shirley Temple, who seems to draw nothing but stories in which somebody steals a necklace and hides it among her toys. A straight kid story with these two babes as brother and sister, or as kids playing grown-up, should be a bell-ringer. Then they could really grow up and have a Hollywood wedding!

The Fountain: A beautiful rendering of Charles Morgan's philosophic novel of love. You will be astonished at the extent to which the director, John Crowell, has dared to trust himself in the use of words rather than action to explain emotion. Ann Harding is superb. Paul Lukas, as the wounded husband, turns in brilliant arm-chair performances. The picture is fine, in the best sense of the word.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Stunning photoplay of the love-life of the Browning poets, Elizabeth and Robert. Norma Shearer and March splendid, but eclipsed by Charles Laughton, whose portrayal of the tyrannous, hypocritical father of the girl is comparable only to his own previous performances. It's tops.

"SCRAM!"
SAID THE DUCHESS...

Until I Learned This Sure,
Easy Way to Fascinate Her

ALL my life I had wanted to make a duchess . . . notice me. At last my opportunity had come! Was I in a dither!

But somehow I couldn't get into Her Grace's graces. I couldn't even get into her lap! "Scram-mez-vous" she would say, in her charmingly modulated accent, whenever I tried to whisper a sweet nothing in her ear. (If you *think* it was nothing, you're crazy— but let's get on here.)

Then one day my best friend told me! It was because I was a mug. Hadn't been anywhere. Hadn't seen anything. Didn't know anything. Did I say he was a friend? YES— because then he told me how to know EVERYTHING a young man-about-town should know.

Acting on his advice I rushed out and bought a copy of Esquire. Even after reading that first copy, I noticed an amazing improvement. I could converse easily on modern art and letters. I could tell the difference between a Chateau Lafitte 1926 and a Red Ink 1932. I knew how to distinguish Savile Row tailoring from Sears-Roebuck. I even knew a couple of head-waiters.

From that day on, the duchess's manner toward me changed. I can truthfully say that had it not been for Esquire I would still be the simple hill-billy that my wife, the ex-duchess, first knew. You, too, can be a brilliant wit and beau this easy way. You never before bought so much delightful entertainment for so little.

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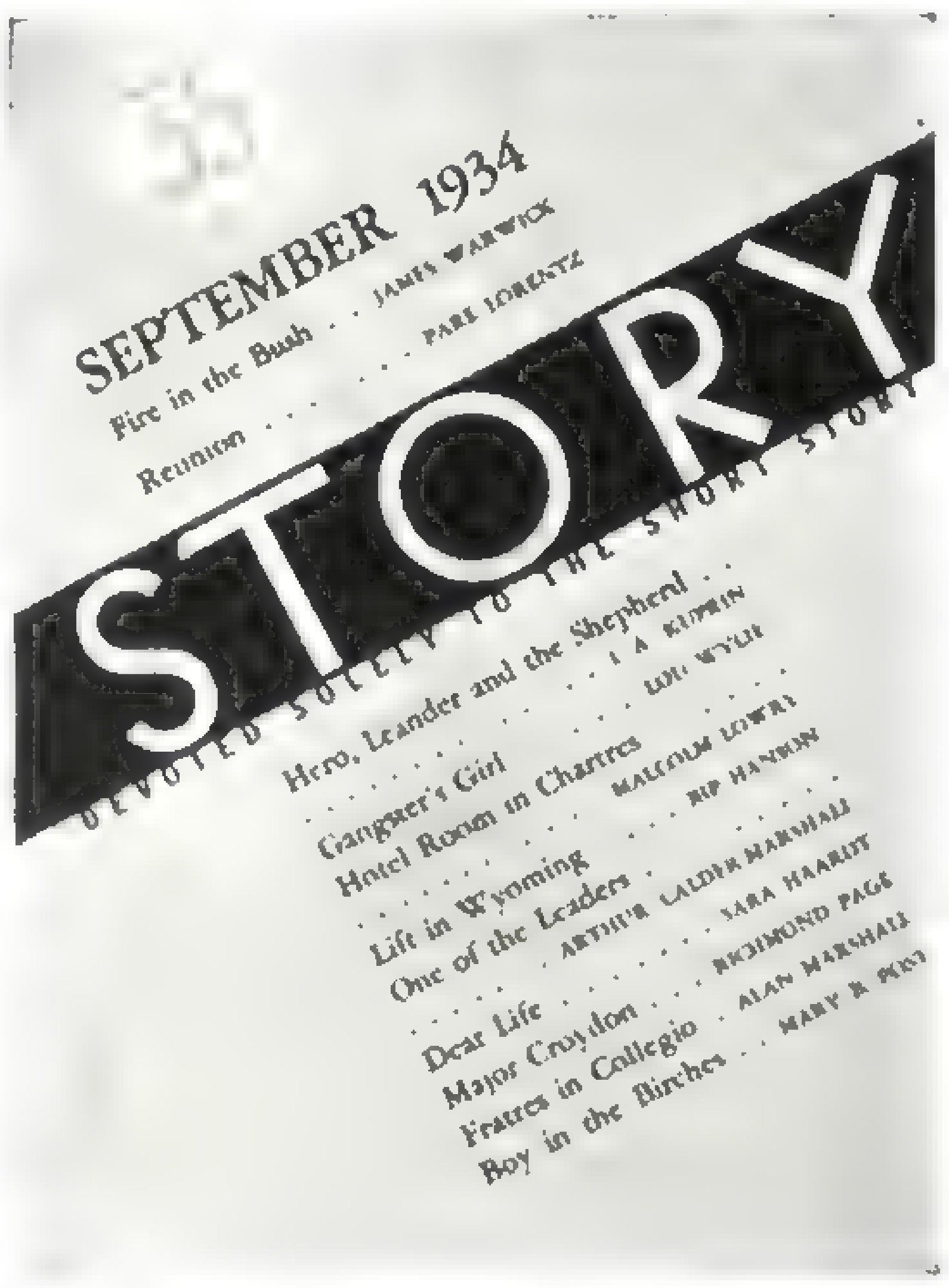
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Eyes Off the Ball

Continued from page 52

venture to say that ninety-nine per cent of the 50,000 frantic spectators failed to see that not one Minnesota tackler laid a hand on Pug during his entire jaunt. They did not for a moment notice that ten other Northwestern players, each letter-perfect in his part, had made the thrilling spectacle possible.

A week before the Minnesota game, Amos and Andy asked to visit the Purple dressing rooms between halves to see at first hand what actually happened there. And of course they *would* select the Minnesota game.

Minnesota all but annihilated us in the first quarter, scoring fourteen points behind the bull charges of their stalwart pair, Manders and Munn. We finally managed to ring up a touchdown to leave a 14-7 setting against us on the scoreboard when the half ended.

Following the boys out of the dressing room, Amos and Andy were late to their seats, and they knew they were late. Rentner's run was a breeze compared to their charge up the ramps. They had no more than gained their objective, breathless and perspiring, than Pug was off on his 98-yard lope.

As Rentner thundered across the last marker, Gosden leaped to his feet. He battered in Correll's hat as he yelled: "Now what do you think of the fight talk I gave between halves!"

Here's another instance in the same game. When we finally went ahead of Minnesota 20 to 14, 100,000 eyes in the stands were glued on Jakey Sullivan. He took a lateral pass from Fencl after the latter had received a forward toss from Olson. Then Jakey dashed 50 yards to the goal line.

On this play, Fencl received a perfect pass from Olson, came back and "shook hands" as he turned the ball over to Sullivan, then proceeded to lay down two would-be tacklers.

To a coach, these details of play that when correctly executed form the perfect whole of an offensive move and mean touchdowns, are the impressive thing. They are just a sample of thrills which enormous football crowds pass up by persisting in keeping an eye on the ball-carrier—and the ball.

Every play as conceived by a coach means, when executed perfectly and at the proper time, a touchdown. A lack of perfect team play or a bit of faulty generalship will demonstrate that I am right. For the play will fizzle.

Break the game into its various parts and you find the same astonishing failure to appreciate all that is happening. In the kicking department, most of the spectators see only the kicker, the man who propels the ball on its long and graceful journey down the field.

Action apparently hidden from the man in the stand is the work of the kicker in booting a spiral this time, an end-over-end ball the next, and the action of offensive halfbacks in blocking or turning into a harmless aside, the charges of the defense. Or there are details worth watching in the well-conceived plan of the defense to get in there and answer the sideline plea of "Block that Kick."

When a kick is blocked, the plan to accomplish this is worked out without credit from the stands. The block usually is put down to chance or charged against the slowness of the kicker.

It's the same when the safety man makes a dazzling return of the kick. Blockers who have protected him work in the dark so far as the 100,000 eyes of the spectators are concerned. But sometimes these blockers do their stuff all the way from the line of scrimmage back to the point where the ball is caught. Their mission is to delay the onrush until their own safety man can gather in the ball, pick up his heels, and go.

When forward passes are completed, only the passer and receiver are credited. No one else comes in for the applause. But there are nine other men involved in the success of the play. There are men who defend the forward passer and keep him from being hurried in his toss. There are decoys who draw defenders out of position so that the star receiver can make the catch. Then these decoys form hurriedly in the receiver's interference. Their subsequent blocking is every bit as vital to the play as the work of the two boys on its throwing and receiving ends.

One thing is peculiar in all this. If the necessary elements are present and the play is successful, usually there is little comment on the important factors which made it possible. But let some unfortunate player falter in his assignment and his presence is felt in a loud and noisy way.

If a play is not executed perfectly, it is a dud. If it does coordinate perfectly and succeeds, one player, in the mind of the football audience of today, is a star.

If what I have pointed out is true of offense, it is even more true of the spectator's attitude toward the defensive side in football. The thing to remember is that the few people who understand a football game keep their eyes on the line play as well as on the backfield. It is in team coordination where the battle really is fought and won.

Perfect timing, clean blocking must always be the measure of a team's aggressive force. Hard charging and deadly tackling, likewise must be the measure of a team's defensive strength.

Down at the bottom of the heap when a power smash fails by inches to make the necessary yardage, can be found an unsung guard who got the jump on his opponent, spoiled the offensive timing, perhaps saved a ball game for his alma mater.

He climbs back to his position, when a dozen or so huskies have removed their cleats from the middle of his spine, wipes the dust from his eyes and prepares to go to grips again with the man across from him.

That guard is only a number so far as the cheers of the crowd are concerned. It is just possible that he culls a small measure of satisfaction in knowing that over on the sidelines is a coach who appreciates who really set old Siwash's right halfback on his haunches and kept the goal line clean.

The point I would like to make is that such feats should not be understood only by the coaches. They should be known to the thousands who wind through leafy, frost-tinted thoroughfares each fall to some stadium, there to thrill to the grand old game of football.

Until the spectator who pays for the spectacle of the game understands many of the things I have pointed out, ten football players must perform virtually unnoticed. And one great star will blaze in the light of public acclaim.

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CROMPTON CORDUROYS

Call Me Up

Continued from page 45

seriously. Of course, that's the trouble with propaganda dramas, isn't it?"

She laughed.

"Of course, of course," he said, baffled. "Oh . . ."

The warmth of her answering voice reassured him.

"I'm saying yes to everything you're thinking. But now, goodbye."

"Goodbye . . ."

"I'm an idiot," he told himself as he stepped out of the phone booth.

But he was sure that Elsa understood. She must know how anxious he was to see her again.

She must be just as anxious to see him. But God knew when they would be able to manage it.

He did not know how he finished the afternoon's work. He was not there. He was recalling Elsa and every second of last night's adventure with her.

He thought of each incident separately, with relish, and then put the moments together to form a complete memory, as if he were a workman in mosaic constructing a love scene.

It really had happened, he told himself, it really had happened. And the Elsa of last night was someone he had met for the first time.

Was he just a convenience to Elsa? Somebody whose services she needed at the moment? No, she could not have been so sweet, he decided, if she did not really love him.

He wanted to call her once more that afternoon, but restrained himself.

The evening brought peace, his wife, and dinner. His wife looked lovely that night, and the dinner was unusually good.

He compared his wife to Elsa, large and abundant; his wife, dainty and fine, with the activity of a small field animal.

Everything in Elsa brought out the different beauty of his wife, everything in his wife accentuated Elsa's loveliness.

Did Elsa talk to her friends as she talked to him? Was she ever alone in the darkness with them?

She had been so remote to him over the telephone that he was anxious to reassure himself that last night had been real. He had been so awkward and stupid over the telephone, he realized.

Before, when speaking to her, he had bantered and joked. But she would understand.

"Jack," said his wife, teasingly, "you're not keeping anything from me, are you?"

"No," he said, "what makes you say that? I told you I saw Elsa last night."

"Of course, I approve of Elsa," she said quickly, "she's the nicest girl you know. But you look so gloomy. Didn't you have a good time?"

"Oh, it was all right."

"Jack," she said, "I think marriage has spoiled you. You just don't know how to get along with other women. You should have dates more often, though I might become jealous if you had too many with the same girl."

He hardly heard her. If only this was last night and he was again with Elsa.

But it was not last night, and he was seeing his wife again. He wondered what Elsa was doing at the moment.

He hoped she was home with her mother, and not having dinner with some man. Though he knew he had no right to feel that way.

"What'll we do tonight?" asked his wife.

"Whatever you say," he replied. "I feel like staying in . . ."

His wife went to see a movie. He started to read a book.

His hand crept to the dial of the telephone, but he took it away. The book that had been so interesting when started was meaningless now. The words didn't belong together. His hand went back to the telephone.

"No," said Elsa, "I can't see you tonight. Anyway, it's so soon . . . I don't know about tomorrow. Don't sound so foolish and tragic. Nothing's happened. Oh, I don't mean that. I mean we're both all right . . ."

In the morning he felt vaguely ill-at-ease. He fought with the desire to call up Elsa for the next few days, which were telescoped into one blank time.

He felt disorganized, without appetite or reason for existence.

Then he called her up. She was busy, but he made a lunch date with her for the following day.

"I only have an hour," she said, glancing at her wrist watch and smiling. She was stranger to him than ever before. He didn't know what to tell her.

He wanted to be in the darkness with her. This was only representative of the girl he knew.

"I'm sorry," she said, as if in response to a question. And she took his hand and stroked it.

"But, you know, we mustn't see each other so often. There is your wife . . . There is my family . . . We can't do anything that would hurt either of them, or hurt us in relation to them. You must understand that even if I see much of other men, I don't care for them as I do for you. They're not so important, but it's easier to see them, no wives or things . . ."

"Not so important," he repeated to himself.

That's why she preferred to see them. But they must be more important to her in other ways.

"But I thought," he said, "that you knew just how things were. I mean they're not really so bad, just inconvenient. I thought you would try and make it so that you'd see me whenever I could manage. I thought I was that important to you . . ."

She smiled.

"Of course, you're important, darling. But I don't want you to go out of your way and imperil your own life for me. It's all been so sweet, you see, a perfect memory . . ."

"But I don't want it to be only a memory. I'm not a flower to be pressed into your memory book. I want you more than ever! It's swell to see you. Though I feel that I am not seeing all of you. I don't know . . ."

"I haven't changed," she said. "Any change is in your own head. Not in mine. You're being needlessly tragic. That's all."

She smiled. He didn't know why he hated that smile and had a sudden impulse to

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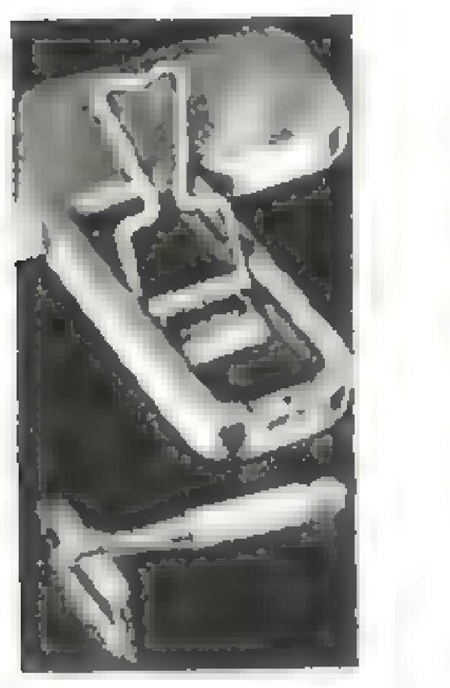

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ROLLS RAZOR

punch her in the mouth. That smile pushed him away from her.

"But let's not talk in this silly way," she continued, "I only have a half-hour left . . ."

"Let's make a date for some night soon," he pleaded.

"There you go," she angrily said. "That is why you never really have a good time. You're always thinking of the next time. You're like somebody never listening in for more than a few seconds to one radio station, but always tuning in to other stations. You never get a complete song that way. I thought this lunch would be fun."

"All right, little philosopher," he laughed. "Do save the last half of 1944 for me, won't you?"

That lunch gave Elsa back to him, with a twinge of uneasiness, and a desire to re-establish himself with her.

He could only do this by being alone with her once more. He wanted something more than her friendly voice. He wanted her to admit that she felt for him as he felt for her.

She was able to see him again for lunch soon. They were facing each other in a narrow booth, with Chop Suey smells and a discordant music surrounding them.

"Look here," she said, "I'll be frank with you, Jack. You asked for it.

"You're a sweet boy, but you frighten me; you're too serious. After all, I can't, or shouldn't, mean so much to you. You have a wife. It isn't fair to either of us to mean too much to the other, is it? I thought you were civilized. You know I'll see you when I get the chance. But we shouldn't hurt other people . . ."

"Damn," he shouted, "doesn't this mean anything to you?"

"Of course, of course," she soothed, "it means very much to me, but so do other things. And it means altogether too much to you, I didn't think you'd take it so seriously. I wish I could think that I, as a person, meant too much . . . It would be very flattering . . . But I think you're bursting with emotion, and I happen to be a rather convenient, and perhaps, attractive, outlet . . ."

"Oh, get logical, get logical," he said, then kissed her.

"That's nice, isn't it?" she said. "Why get metaphysical?"

After he left her he decided never to call her up again. He would test her. She would have to telephone him.

He had been an idiot to give himself completely away. If he had been casual, things would have been different. He had frightened her.

A week passed, and he called her, determined to be casual.

"I am sorry," she said, "but you must believe me. I'm so busy this week. Call me next Monday night, won't you? I'll know my free times then. It will be so sweet to see you, really, really. Goodbye, darling . . ." He felt her relief in that "goodbye."

"To hell with her," he told himself, in an access of fury, "I won't call her Monday night. Who does she think she is? If only I could be alone with her again everything would be straightened out. I'm making a nuisance of myself, and some fellow who doesn't give a damn is probably . . . Oh, hell!"

He called her up on Monday night.

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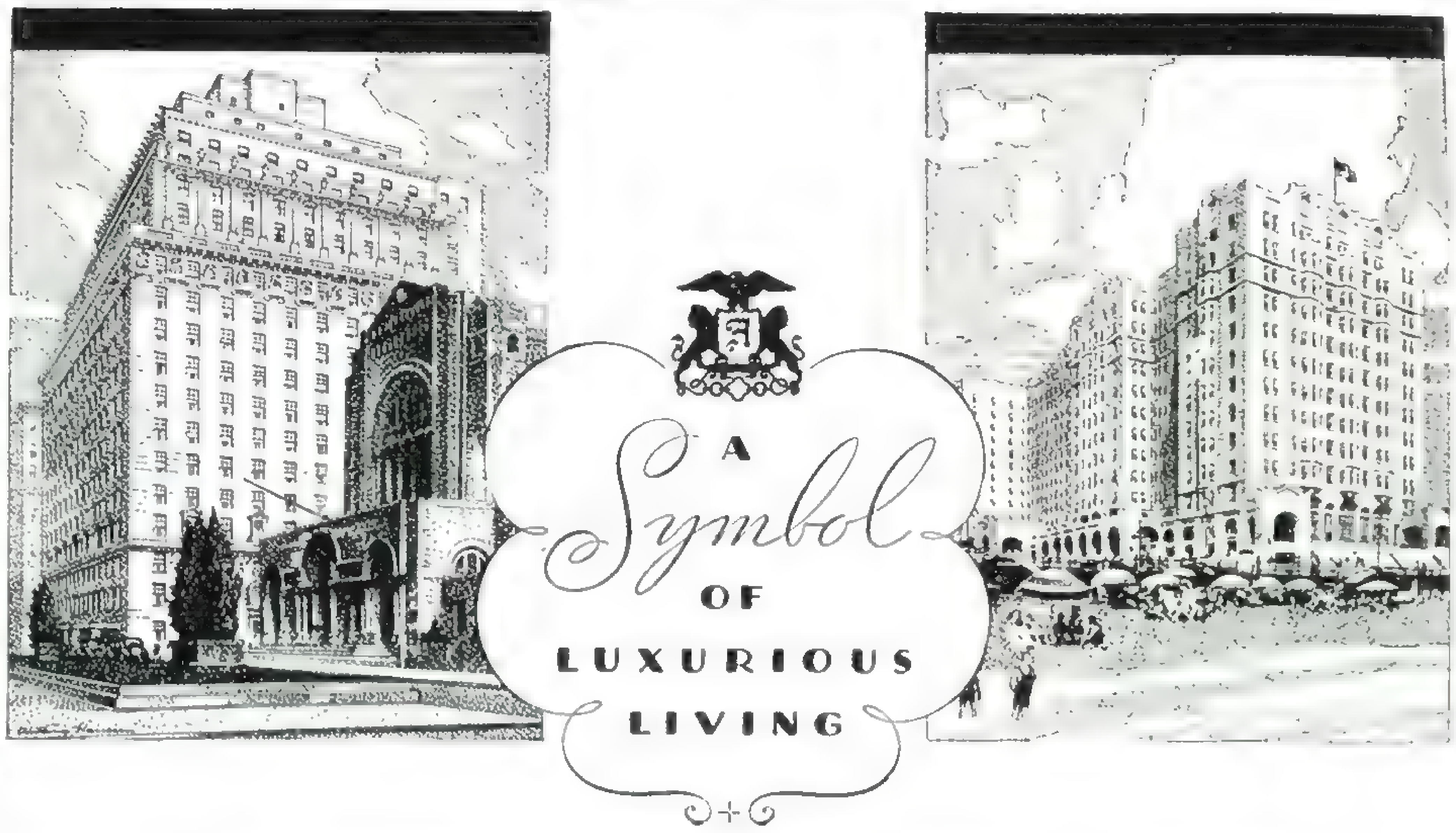
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Father of the Air Mail

Continued from page 85

will probably supplant pigeons in many naval and air maneuvers, but they will still be invaluable to the army. Considering the fact that pigeons, like all birds, are extremely gun shy—an automobile back-fire will frighten the park birds who hear it a hundred times a day—the war work of the army birds was even more phenomenal than that of their naval brothers. Carried into the thick of the action in tanks under constant bombardment, it is amazing that any of them ever flew through that hail of shrapnel alive. Indeed, in view of the bird's pacific nature, it is quite as astonishing that any of them were able to fly at all under such terrifying conditions. But fly they did, in spite of machine gunners, artillery, gas and every obstacle, with a determination which left the human heroes behind.

The American troops first used their Homers during the Aisne-Marne drive when 72 birds were released during the action without the loss of a single message. And during our part of the Meuse-Argonne engagement, 442 pigeons were released from the front and 403 messages were safely delivered. Not a single one fell into enemy hands. This performance was made all the more remarkable by the fact that the birds, which normally require about ten days' training in strange territory, had received only five days' drill over this new terrain.

Chief among the American aces who survived the war were Cuisy Bill, who lost a leg at Verdun but who nevertheless came in with his message, the tube dangling from the stump by a thread; and Cher Ami, the bird who carried the information leading to the rescue of the famous Lost Battalion. Both of these heroes died just a few years ago in the retirement they enjoyed as pets of a devoted Signal Corps unit.

Our military interest in pigeons didn't end with the Armistice: it practically began there on a wide scale. On both coasts and in Hawaii, army and navy pigeoneers are endlessly breeding, training and experimenting with Homers so that there will be no lack of experienced birds if another emergency arises. The upshot of this intelligent labor has been the development of an entirely new and remarkable variety, the night flying pigeon. A good many old-timers probably say that this is impossible because it is certainly "agin the nature" of the bird. The ordinary Homer, even of the finest breed, will indignantly settle down on the ground and wait for morning if you throw him up after dark, for night flying is often fatal to the few pigeons who attempt it. Nevertheless, the Signal Corps in New Jersey and the Naval unit in Hawaii have both pursued the art of selective breeding over more than two years of patient and often discouraging trials to the point where a successful night flyer has been cultivated who can better the "blind flying" technique of the air mail pilots. At present these birds are practical only from a stationary loft and further work will be necessary to adapt them to the mobile loft so widely used in military operations.

The distinction is important in view of the bird's function. The virtue of the homing pigeon, as everybody knows, is its superlative development of that instinct which enables all animals to return home from distant points. Cats and dogs and horses all have it to a degree which makes humans seem imbecile in comparison, but none of these can compare with the Homer. Five hundred mile pigeon races are too common in this country to warrant much mention and considerable money changes hands on them, and on numerous occasions these birds wing their way home after being released 1,000 miles away. In the light of bird migrations, this may not seem a great distance. But remember that "home" to the trained pigeon is not some forest or tropical river of the migratory bird, but one specific loft at one specific house on one specific street. In other words, he flies to a street number, not to a county or a state: and at the rate of about 50 m. p. h.

Phenomenal as he is in this respect, however, even the best pigeon is apt to get muddled if you continue to change his home address every few days as they do of necessity in military operations. Consequently, army birds are specially trained from mobile lofts, hence they are the past masters of this sometimes difficult art of getting home safely. With the new race of night flyers this training is begun at dusk when the birds are very young. The "squeakers" are not allowed out of the dimly-lit loft during the daytime, and as the flights progress, they are gradually made later in the evening and longer in distance until finally the birds are doing their routine fifty miles or more in the pitch dark.

In the training of all Homers, food plays a vital role, and when young birds are being broken in, they are always thrown up just before feeding time. The distances are short, measured in yards rather than in miles or fractions, and it doesn't require any coaxing to get them back to the place where the food is. Fully developed birds can fly at a speed of from thirty to forty-five miles an hour over long distances and have a "non-stop cruising radius" of about 13 hours. This is sufficient to take a Homer from Philadelphia to Atlanta.

But speed and distance flights, with messages or for sport, are only one phase of pigeoneering. We have not only racing and mail pilots in the air service but stunt flyers as well, and the same categories apply to pigeons. While the Homer is easily the most romantic of his tribe, the Tumbler is undoubtedly the most dramatic. He, too, has his practical value, for it is the Tumbler who is reputed to have taught pioneer aviators how to loop and perform other maneuvers which they contrived not as stunts but in obedience to the law of self-preservation. These feathered acrobats are quite accomplished, the Outside Tumblers being generally classified as Singles, Doubles and Rollers. The Single makes one giant loop only in flight; the Double, two; the Rollers fly to a dizzy height before they start their act and then come earthward in a series of sickening whirls which leaves the Innocent Bystander groggy. It goes without saying that not a few of these more daring performers smash up fatally when they fail to stop tumbling at a safe distance.

Obviously, the Flying Homer, important as he is, represents only one angle of the pigeon fancy. To be sure, apart from war, racing is a very active sport all over the country, claiming thousands of enthusiasts with much money at stake. But many other thousands breed birds with no thought of racing them: not only the Tumblers but numerous other varieties. Jacobins and Fantails, for instance, are bred exclusively for their exotic plumage and are great favorites with those who enjoy unique pets. The first reminds you of an aristocratic lady on her way to the opera, hatless and her face virtually concealed in a luxurious fur collar; the second seems like a toe dancer taking a bow with her ballet skirt caressing her shoulders. These and many other species are winning great popularity as "garden birds" for estates and suburban homes, in which field they compete with the Archangels and Satinettes, bred purely for color; the Trumpeters, for voice; the Magpies and Turbits, essentially for shape; and, of course, those old favorites, the Pouters and Pigmy Pouters who, with the Tumblers and Flying Homers, are liked for their habits. There are, too, many Oriental varieties that are bizarre and ornamental, for of the 650 species of pigeon known, half are the odd fruit pigeons of the East.

In the light of these various sporting and utilitarian functions, it is easy to see why pigeons still top the pet population of the country, not only because of their universal appeal but also because they meet many restrictions imposed by the space and economic requirements of civilization. A glance over the tops of New York residences will disclose hundreds of flocks in all sections of the city being exercised from roof lofts, many of them in the most congested areas where neither the ubiquitous cat nor dog are able to thrive. On the other hand, a casual examination of the entry lists in the shows and races will reveal just as great a ratio of fanciers from the rural and even the exclusive suburban districts where space is no obstacle to any kind of pet. Probably no other hobby shows such a vast social range among its experts, for the pigeon has something to offer everybody from bootblack to king. This is apparent in the price range itself; you can buy birds for 25 cents apiece or $1,000 for a champion Tumbler cock or $1,300 for a Racing Homer as did two different fanciers just a few years back.

Obviously, the pigeon's span from Noah to Arliss is not quite as extreme as it appears. Indeed, according to the Arabic legend, no span from that original source could be too great, for Noah left his mark on this bird which will prevail until the end of time. If you know your Bible, you will recall that on the dove's second flight it returned with red mud on its feet, indicating that the flood was subsiding and that it had alighted on dry land. The Arabs say that Noah, in gratitude, prayed that thenceforth the dove be honored by the retention of those symbolic red feet—and you can see that the prayer was answered!

But whether or not Noah mentioned it at the time, the pigeon was also permitted to retain a much more vital feature, its extraordinary ability to serve mankind in a field more diversified than that approached by any other animal. Whether his predestined career is to be frivolous or serious, military or culinary, Mr. Columbidae seems to pass all the tests *summa cum laude*.

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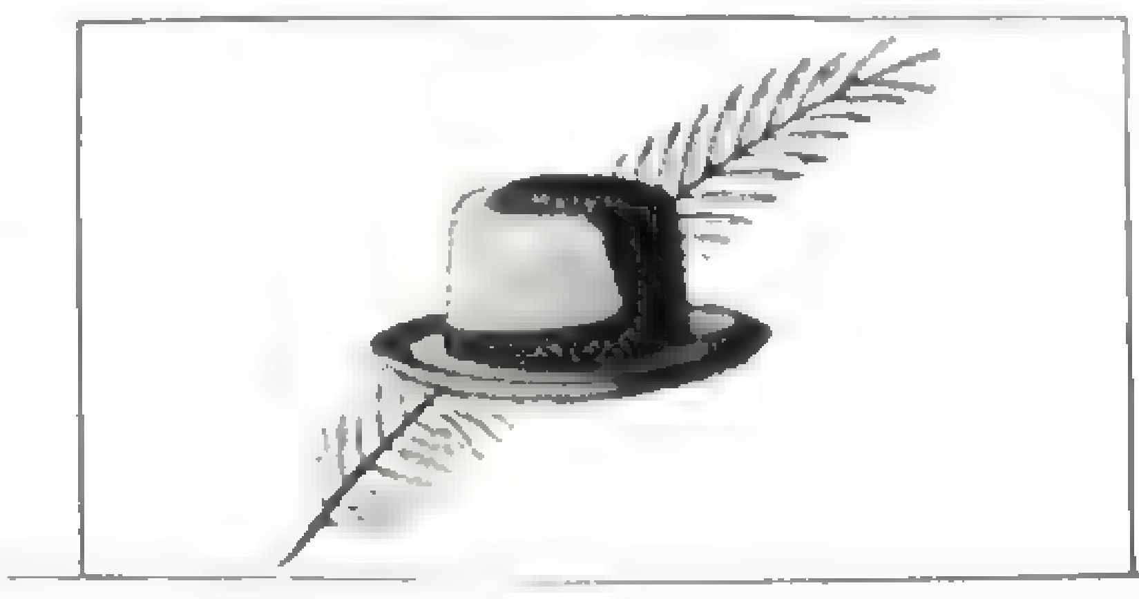

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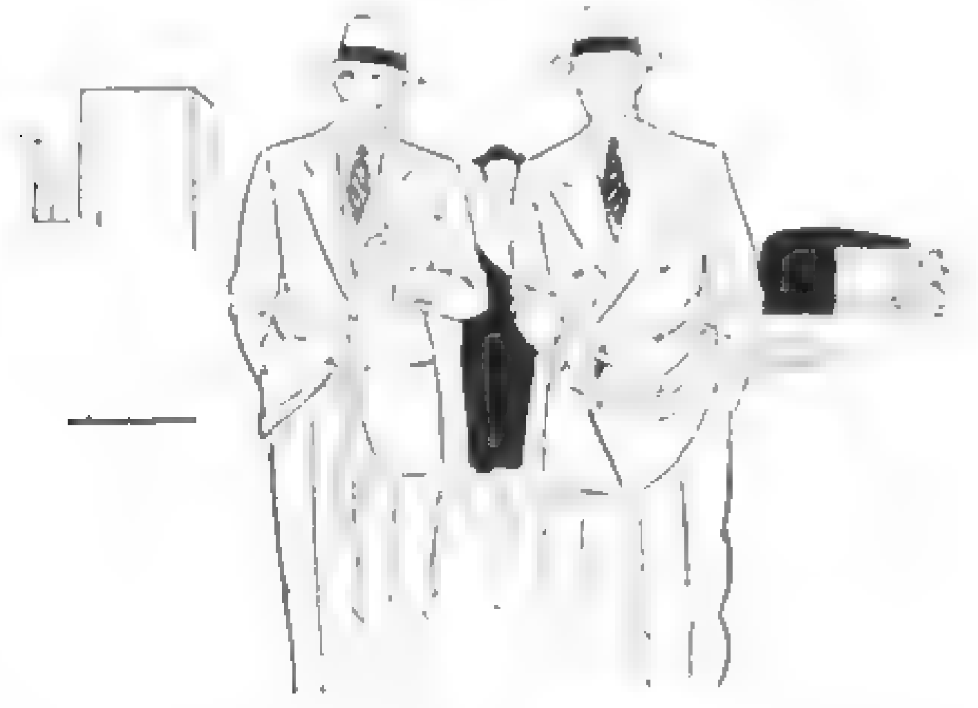

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 14A

SOBER THOUGHT AT SEVENTEEN

I became acquainted with your magazine about a half year ago, and since then I have not missed an issue. After reading your publication this length of time, I have formed certain opinions of it, which I believe are mature and free from bias and the desire to be merely smart.

Firstly, I think that ESQUIRE has great potentialities. Once it overcomes its pubescent tendency to scoff at important things and emphasize trivialities, it may become a truly worthwhile magazine, a magazine for *Men*, not quasi-literary dilettantes. I am not speaking in a moralistic or post-Babbitty vein, but rather from the viewpoint of an intelligent, rational human, who, although he enjoys humour and pointed irony, also desires to cognize more fully the full values and significances of events and personalities. I realize that a great deal of today's attitudes need deflating, and that many of our criteria are pharisaical, yet I feel that ESQUIRE is overly concerned not with *what* it says, but *how* it says it.

A dozen or so years ago, there was an analogous trend in publications, formulated by the Mencken-Nathan-Boyd tribe. They succeeded in capturing the American adolescent fancy for a short while, but rapidly faded on the literary horizon, when men like Lewis, Dreiser, et al., began a serious purging of the American scene. ESQUIRE should attempt to acquire more meat and substance, and less spice and condiment. Also, there seems to be too much attention being given to "name" writers, whose worst pieces invariably appear between smooth magazine covers. Your fiction, especially, is greatly inferior to the rest of your content.

However, the physical make-up of your publication is very attractive. Your departments are capably handled, and your fashion plates, although a trifle outré, are tolerable. Cartoons and other pictorial work are pleasing.

In sum, I feel that ESQUIRE might, and probably will be, a much improved magazine, not only physically, but in temperament and outlook, for a magazine has a temperament as definitely as has an individual.

If your magazine *is* for men, and not for effeminated eunuchs, you will attempt to deal with certain fundamental problems that concern men, problems social, ethical, and mental.

Knowledge of the correct tie to wear with a tail coat is certainly useful, but it doesn't aid us in becoming finer and more humane persons; it does not aid us in learning to grapple with the divers conditions which the times impose upon us.

When ESQUIRE realizes that *cleverness* is not synonymous with *intelligence*, then we may be at the dawn of a new magazine era. God knows, we have need for a magazine that is perspicacious and fearless, attractive, and catholic in taste. I sincerely hope that some day ESQUIRE will fill those demands.

An interested critic,
Chicago, Ill. SYDNEY JUSTIN HARRIS, ESQ.
(17 years old and a senior in high school.)

AND HOW WE CAN TAKE IT!

I'm one of those fellows who buy ESQUIRE at the newsstand. I can take it or leave it alone. But how I can take it!

Each month I say, "no more," then the next month I see an article I would like to read, and buy again. But that article is something like a flower growing in a dung heap. I have to wade through manure to get it.

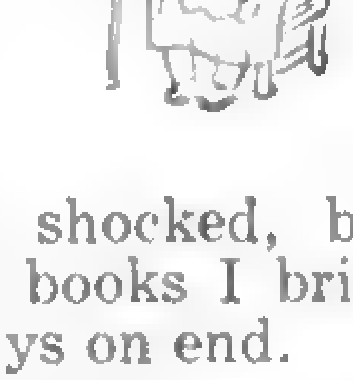
Is it necessary to be dirty to make your circulation grow? As plays, movies, and magazines are learning that dirt doesn't pay, you start in. You know, too much manure can kill even an orchid.

You don't have to be a shrinking violet nor a pansy, but neither is it necessary to be a stinkweed.

Yours truly,
Providence, R. I. P. M. JAQUES

SHOULD PARENTS BE TOLD?

Cheers for Mr. Edwin Balmer, and for his courage in taking a stand against "this new candor."



It's bad enough when an author uses dirty words when they really fit the story, but when he just sort of sticks 'em in, to show he's not afraid to use 'em, THAT is too much.

As a member of the younger generation, I'm not profoundly shocked, but sometimes mamma *will* read the books I bring home, and then she's upset for days on end.

Yours for soaping up the authors,
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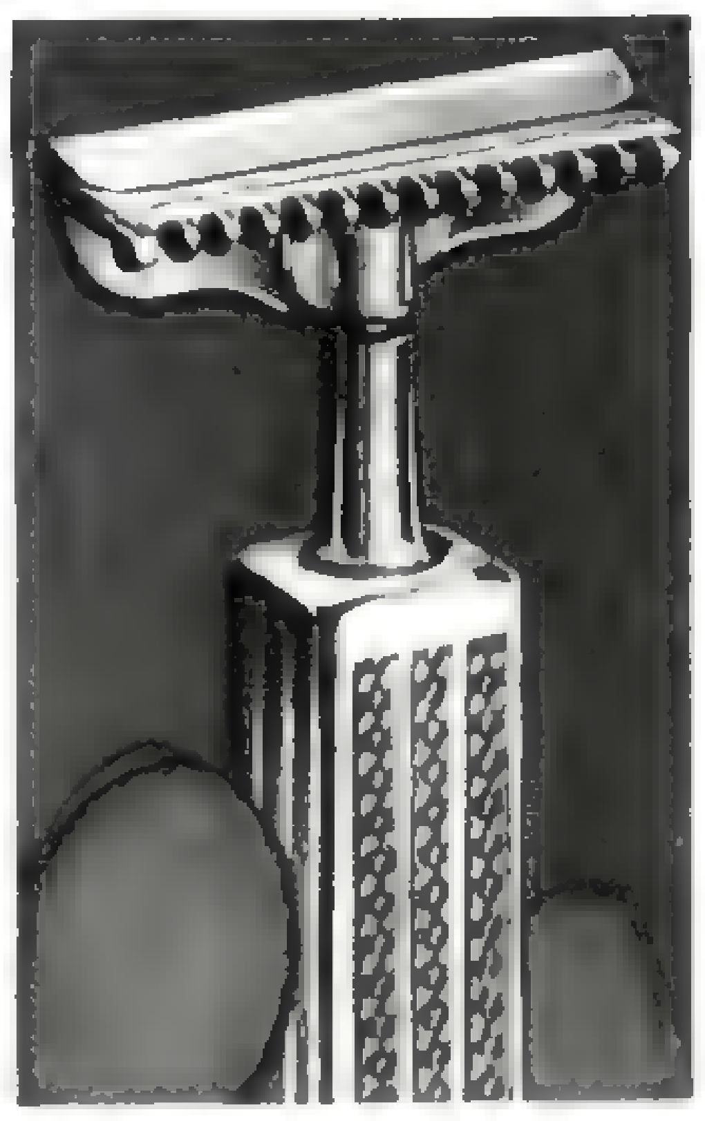

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Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Continued from page 136

gible, and has faded from my memory. Moonbeam means no harm; it simply shivers, dodges, and makes strange noises, even on movie sets, whither it automatically accompanies Mrs. Pat. This day was an utter failure for the unfortunate animalcule, due to the outraged sensibilities of the three baffled, conventional resident dogs.

Picture now Moonbeam's owner, keeping an anxious eye upon her badgered property, but unable to withstand the temptation to swing into a typical monologue, the result of my mischievous suggestion that she get Shaw to write a play in which she might triumphantly return to the stage. My attempted interruptions simply spurred her on. At the end, I excused myself, and rushed for my room, where I recorded the speech on paper, practically verbatim:

"Theater?", she cried. "Nonsense! Not while these dear sillies pay me four thousand a week for talkies . . . At least, I think it's four thousand—I never can quite remember. Dear, lovely people—so cordial, so generous and at times so difficult! There was one quite influential gentleman, married to a star. He kept at me and kept at me for my opinion of his wife's acting. What could I say? I evaded valiantly, but he would insist. So at last I said, 'She's marvelous—simply marvelous! The number of ways she finds to do her hair! But do ask her not to paw her men so—ladies really don't.' . . . Moonbeam, my white angel of innocence, don't listen to the conversation of those nasty, sophisticated dogs! I've kept you untarnished, even in Hollywood—those worldly beasts shall not corrupt you! . . . Shaw, indeed! Frivolous, clever mountebank. No warmth or sincerity, ever. *What* did you say, Poet? Word-music and idealism? Darling, are you mad? The man never wrote a line that will live. 'Candida' and 'Saint Joan'? For the ages? Poet, you *are* insane. No, I haven't read 'Candida' nor seen it for a long time, and I don't care to. Amusing quips, that's all there is to Shaw. When I asked his permission to publish those reams of his letters to me, do you know what he wrote back? 'Dear Stella: I refuse to play the horse to your Lady Godiva.' . . . Poet, help! Do you see what those vile mongrels are doing? One is attracting Moonbeam's attention, while the other two sneak about, dash in, and nip the poor creature's little bottom! Away, you outrageous curs! . . . Oh, thank you, Poet. Come to its muzzer, my wee canine flower! . . . Ah, yes. Bottoms. Did you see my first picture—the wonderful lighting I got? I was supporting a darling little star—her head came just to my waist. Naturally, the director lighted her face beautifully. I soon caught the trick. Whenever I appeared in a scene with her, I edged near her and turned my back to the camera. Darlings, I've never had such exquisite lighting—on my hinderparts! . . . Have you seen my latest? My poor face is appalling! I look like an old waffle-iron! . . . Moonbeam! Blast you, my precious! I *knew* they frightened you —" Quick exit.

Later, I found a copy of "Candida," and inveigled her into reading the last four pages. She began reluctantly but at the end, she choked a bit, with a sort of surprised awe. "It *has* beauty! It *has* poetry!", she muttered. "I can't understand!"

I'm sure she should bring that voice and that startling personality back to the living theater. Especially to the road. For there is a road again, reawakened, anxious for flesh-and-blood drama. Look at the recent record of Katharine Cornell, Eva LeGallienne, and "The Green Pastures," now readying for its fourth year. The coming season will see tours also of Helen Hayes, Walter Huston, the Abbey Theater Players, two companies of "Tobacco Road," Cohan in "Ah Wilderness," and a dozen other first-class troupes.

Perhaps it is the spread of the summer theater epidemic which has given new impetus to theatergoing. Experimental no longer, the clover circuit seems to have succeeded, through expert professionalism, where the amateurishness of the "Little Theater movement" failed. From the top of Maine to the Mason-Dixon line, and Westward as far as Ohio, the off-season theatrical map is spotted with a beneficial rash. The projects are increasingly solvent; some are making big profits. In addition, some fifteen of the tried-out plays have been found suitable for New York production, while scores of them have been sent down the drain at small expense, forestalling large losses on hopeless Rialto ventures. The cows and chickens have not sacrificed their comfort in vain.

I hope next summer will see the tide sweep to the Coast. Central City, St. Louis, Denver have given the customary dog-day delight to patrons. Players of the highest rank can afford to appear, without the slightest damage to prestige. Margaret Sullavan revives "Coquette" splendidly. Maude Adams creeps from the shadows, shrinks into the heavily-curtained corners of her limousine, rehearses behind locked doors, swathed, despite 90-degree heat, in sables, and gives a "Twelfth Night" which is amusing and interesting—although for her to act the relatively unimportant role of Maria, and play that jovial, bawdy servingwench as a fragile combination of Lady Babbie and Leonora—well, neither do I . . .

What's that? "Curtain going up?" Sorry. Hail to the new Broadway season. May the Lord prosper it, and protect it from censors!

In Vino Meritas

Continued from page 35

parently cost her much. "Will you wait in the reception room," she said rather than asked.

Dr. Chauncey went in and sat down. The door opposite opened into the hall. A colonial staircase was visible at the far end. Up this the maid picked her way.

"Mr. Onsnapf is not at home," the maid said, reappearing, "but Mrs. Onsnapf will take any message."

"I'd like to see Mrs. Onsnapf for a moment if you please," Dr. Chauncey said.

The maid went out.

Dr. Chauncey waited. He waited a rather long time and was getting somewhat impatient.

Finally a rustle of silk on the stairs made him look up. Mrs. Onsnapf was descending. She was descending like a full-rigged ship coming down a trade wind. An enormous woman, rigidly corseted, her hair ratted into a pompadour that encircled the top of her head with a hard irrelevancy.

She hesitated with one hand on the newel post. She listened. Out on the drive the squeal of brakes brought a distant but answering protest from Oscar. Mrs. Onsnapf's mouth settled itself into one hard line. She tapped her foot and waited.

The front door flew open.

"Wilbur!" Mrs. Onsnapf commanded in a Roman Centurion's voice. And then suddenly,—"Wilbur Onsnapf!!!"

The doctor started from his chair. He caught one sight of Mr. Onsnapf loping across the hall, and the sight made his heart sink. A long black beard bristled about his chest. One arm encircled a mass of flowers. The little man stopped suddenly in the middle of the hall, his back to the doctor.

"AND TO HELL WITH BURGUNDY!" he shouted in an attempt at thunder.

"Take off that beard!" Mrs. Onsnapf commanded.

Mr. Onsnapf swept off his hat as though it had a plume in it. "I thank you. And again I thank you."

"*Will* you take off that absurd beard!" Mrs. Onsnapf took a threatening step toward the little man.

"And then—and then STRIKE HOME!—" Mr. Onsnapf quoted. "On, on, my hearties. FOR GOD AND GASCONY!"

The doctor made a grab at him and missed. Mr. Onsnapf leapt forward, bending almost double. Mrs. Onsnapf let out one roar of terror as his head hit her tightly laced stomach. One roar was all. Her breath went out in a final choking gasp and she fell heavily backwards to the floor.

"Picadors, my muleta!" Mr. Onsnapf commanded, vaulting lightly over the banister and strutting his way up the stairs.

Dr. Chauncey, with fear in his heart, bent over Mrs. Onsnapf. She was all right, bar the corset. That would have to be removed so she could breathe properly.

"What *is* the matter now? Such turmoil! I can't get a wink of sleep!" Oscar came out into the hall. "No one ever thinks that an invalid—Oh!" He caught sight of Mrs. Onsnapf on the floor. "Oh, Clarissa! What has happened? Clarissa, speak to me!" He bent over his sister, trying to raise her head, and pat her hands at the same time. "Speak to me, Clarissa! Oh, I can't stand much more of this!"

"Damn the torpedoes! "Give 'em hell!" Mr. Onsnapf's voice boomed through his beard from the top of the stairs. Dr. Chauncey looked up just in time to see a large Satsuma vase come hurtling down. It missed Oscar's left ear by inches and shattered magnificently on the polished floor.

"Try that in your root-beer, you lousy land-lubber!" Mr. Onsnapf shouted.

Oscar put one hand to his heart, with the other he supported himself by the banister. He looked up. "Why, Wilbur! Whatever are you doing?"

Onsnapf struck an attitude. "Aha!" he jeered. "He asks our business. Musketeers! Porthos, Aramis, the sneaking sycophant would know our occupation!"

Oscar took a step back. "Why, Wilbur Onsnapf! Stop acting that way! Stop this minute."

"Athos, list to yon snake in sheep's clothing!"

"Wilbur, you stop! Stop right now, or I'll walk out of this house, and never set foot in it again! Do you hear! You know perfectly well all the doctors say—"

"Out! Out damned spot!" Onsnapf at the top of the stairs glared down at Oscar. Then he started to descend, landing on each step with both feet, and punctuating his progress with admonitions muttered through the beard.

"Begone, knave!" He jumped to the next step.

"Get thee hence, rogue!" Down another.

"Avaunt, thou slimy toad, Egad!——Zooks!" Another.

"Away! Flee! Thou putrid odor!"

And Oscar fled. With a little squeal he rushed at the front door, tore it open, and disappeared down the drive.

Onsnapf rested against the banister, gazing over. "Oh, Tiber, father Tiber to whom the Romans pray—" he began.

"Don't jump," Dr. Chauncey warned.

"Who quoth what?" Mr. Onsnapf said, looking around.

"Come down here!" the doctor commanded.

"Never, while Life shall last, shall we forsake our posts!" Onsnapf admonished his command.

Dr. Chauncey hesitated. He'd had experience with all types of mental aberration. Indirection, he knew, was necessary in cases of this kind.

"Those flowers, Mr. Onsnapf," he said calmly. "What do you want those flowers for?"

Mr. Onsnapf looked vacantly at the wrecked mass he still held in his arm. He didn't say anything.

"By the way," the doctor went on, "what sort of flowers are those?"

"Zenias," said Mr. Onsnapf promptly. "Rosemary for remembrance and zenias for the parlour carpet.—All of them, by Zooks!" he added, "every damned one of them!—S'Blood!" he tacked on the end.

Apparently an impasse. Dr. Chauncey took another tack. "Go and find the maid, will you, Onsnapf, there's a good fellow. Your wife's just coming around."

The little figure behind the terrific beard drew itself up. "Godstooth, Sire, but I'm your man, dash your eyes!"

"Then go and get the maid," Dr. Chauncey said.

Mrs. Onsnapf sat up. "What—what happened?" she inquired generally. Then her eyes focused on the doctor. "Oh!—Where is he? Where's Wilbur? Is he—is he mad, Doctor?"

Dr. Chauncey weighed the question. "Not mad, Mrs. Onsnapf, but extremely upset."

"Will he—will he be violent like that again?"

"I'm afraid so. Unless, of course, he's humored in everything. Everything, Mrs. Onsnapf." Dr. Chauncey tried to sound heavily ominous.

Mrs. Onsnapf took a long breath. "Well!" she said at length, "I'll just speak to Oscar about this. Something will have to be done."

"Oscar is gone, Mrs. Onsnapf, driven out, banished! And it is my professional advice that he should never be allowed to return. Never! Or else," he waited until Mrs. Onsnapf looked squarely at him, "or else, I'll not be responsible for any death in the family."

"Oh, doctor!" It didn't occur to her to ask whose death Oscar's return might cause.

From upstairs came a scrambling and scratching like a migration of mice. Across the head of stairs fled the horse-faced maid, breathless, emitting little yipps of panic.

Then, Onsnapf, scurrying after her, waving his beard. "Zounds, my pretty puss. I would have at thee, my comely wench!—Egad! Odds lifelings!—Zooks!"

Suddenly he stopped short, and sat down on the top step. He dropped his head into his hands, and moaned gently.

"Is it—is it safe to go up there?" Mrs. Onsnapf inquired nervously.

"I think so,—we'll go together," Dr. Chauncey told her.

Mrs. Onsnapf bent over her husband. "Wilbur?—Do you know

Continued on page 170

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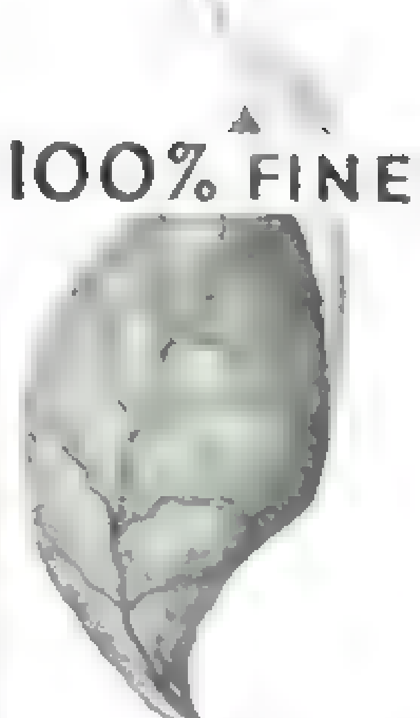

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In Vino Meritas

Continued from page 169

me, Wilbur? . . . It's Clarissa."

The little man raised his head. Behind the great beard peered two eyes which had lost much of their fire.

They were tired eyes. But on catching sight of his wife, he rallied,—rallied for a moment. He straightened up, raising the ravished bunch of zenias like a symbolic torch.

"If this," he said, his voice sounding distant and hollow, "if this be treason,—make the most of it!" And he rolled backwards full length on the floor.

"Get him to bed," Dr. Chauncey ordered. "Is there a phone in the bed-room? I'll get my nurse out immediately."

Mr. Onsnapf allowed himself to be led into his own room. He was muttering feebly— "—whatever gods—bludgeonings of fate bloody—unbowed— "

Dr. Chauncey got Miss Edwards on the wire. "I want you to come right out and take this case. Yes, Mr. Onsnapf.—Yes, and I want him to wake up with that beard on in the morning. Is that clear?—Yes, vastly important. Just a moment, Miss Edwards," the doctor turned from the phone. "What *is* it, Mrs. Onsnapf?—No! No, don't force him to do *anything*. If he feels he must 'take Moscow in the morning', then *let* him keep his drawers on! He must be humored, in everything!" He spoke into the mouthpiece. "Is that clear, Miss Edwards?"

"Quite clear, doctor. I'll be right out," Miss Edwards said, and hung up. She didn't want a case now. She had a date for that night.

"Damn!" she said aloud.

"Why, damn?" Dr. Daniels asked, coming out of his office.

"I've got to go out and take care of little Mr. Onsnapf, that's why."

"What's the matter with Onsnapf? He was hitting on all eight when I left him," Dr. Daniels reassured her.

"Well, he isn't now!" Miss Edwards was quite bitter about the whole thing. "Probably that *beard*—"

"Oh, he liked the beard once he got used to it. It was a swell one. Made him look like Casanova's uncle. Only he pretty near fainted when that girl tried to pick him up. Guess nobody ever noticed the little fella much before."

"Picked him up! Who picked him up?"

"Oh, I don't know, some flusie. We were coming out of the costumer's when she ups to him and says, 'Hi, Beaver, what's on for tonight?' And the poor little worm went all of a heap. He actually got green in the gills and his knees began to give way. So I took him into the clinic and gave him a shot of brandy."

"A shot of brandy! Onsnapf!"

"Sure. It perked him up in fine style.—So I gave him another."

"Another! Good Lord!—Was he,—was he all right?"

"All right? He was better 'n that. When I said good-bye, he shoved his beard out the cab window and growled 'Were-wolf, to you, Sir'. That's how all right he was.—Why? Is anything *really* the matter?"

"Matter!" Miss Edwards grabbed the phone. "Dr. Chauncey thinks it's mental! He'll—" Miss Edwards hesitated. She thought of Mr. Onsnapf. She thought of Dr. Chauncey's admonitions about humoring him. Something had wrought a miracle, that was plain. Miss Edwards put the phone down. "Well, it is, after all, isn't it—the poor little man," she murmured to herself. And then, aloud, "Oh, Dr. Daniels, by any chance have you any brandy in your case? I'm afraid mine is exhausted."

A Man from Vienna

Continued from page 29

him. "This is an American newspaperman named Brown. He works for me. Tonight, coming home, he slipped on the wet pavement and hurt himself. You understand?"

The doctor looked me straight in the eye. "An American named Brown? He slipped on the pavement?" He was quiet for a moment. "Get me a pan of boiling water. Get me three clean sheets. Get me a large piece of ice. Then get the hell out of here and let me go to work."

"You're a good man, doctor," I mumbled.

"I'm a good doctor, man," he said calmly. "Hurry with that boiling water."

He relented about not letting me help him. He needed help. I sterilized instruments for him. I cut the sheets into bandages. Johann was mercifully unconscious all this while.

Between giving me orders the doctor talked to himself softly: "Should be a hospital case . . . a bad concussion . . . looks like a fracture . . . might be . . . hm . . . Head wound infected . . . I should cut into that mess . . . It's an awful chance . . . I must . . . I must . . . Here, son, get me those rubber gloves. . . Toss them into that water."

His deft fingers moved like lightning. He picked up a small cruel-looking knife. He placed the knife just back of Johann's ear. Johann seemed to come to for a moment. He let out a long sigh of sheer agony. I felt sick and ran into the bathroom to vomit. I felt weak and I poured myself a half tumblerful of brandy. I didn't feel much better. I walked back unsteadily. The doctor was pulling off his rubber gloves.

"Can you lend me an umbrella?" he asked.

"An umbrella?"

"Yes," he said testily. 'It's raining like hell outside and I'm going home. I want to borrow an umbrella. Is that unreasonable?"

"I'll get you an umbrella." I got him an umbrella.

"Your friend Brown may be all right. Then again, he may not. He has had a bad beating—I beg your pardon—he has had a bad fall. I'll call in the morning. My God, it's morning now. It's five o'clock. I'll be in about nine."

"Thank you, doctor."

"Never mind," he said dryly. "I'll send you a bill at the end of the month."

He gave me a few instructions and left. I still felt sick and I felt a bit worse as I watched Johann. He looked quite young and I wondered at the many things he had gone through during the thirty-two or thirty-three years of his life. It all seemed so unnecessary. This good-looking young man lying there dying, maybe, and why? Because some stormtroopers just as sincere as he had beaten him terribly. God knows what he had done to deserve the beating. Undoubtedly, they, according to their lights, were right in beating him.

Suddenly I was conscious that Johann was mumbling and the words seemed to hang in the air by themselves. It made me nervous and I went and got a bottle of brandy. When I came back he was still mumbling. Now understand this—I didn't want to listen to him. Remember that. I got up and walked to the window. A dirty murky gray dawn was ushering in another day and the rain, exhausted, was beginning to stop. But his mutterings followed me.

I went back to the bedside. "Take it easy, big boy," I whispered. "You're okay now."

Then suddenly he laughed, and I felt as though someone had taken a knife and severed all of my muscles so that I couldn't move. It was ghastly.

"I can ruin Germany tomorrow if I want to," he cried loudly. "Only I know the secret . . . But I will never tell. I love Germany too much to make the world laugh at her. Oh, Hitler, come back to us . . . why did you leave us . . . what horrible sin did I commit in putting that man in your place . . . he looks like you but he is insane. Hitler!"

I sat frozen. I had stopped feeling now. I was thinking. What did these demented ravings mean? I sat still for a minute while a thought staggering in its enormity took possession of me. I was thinking—not feeling now. I ran into the next room for a pencil and paper.

Johann would lapse off into long spells of silence and then would begin muttering again. It was as though he held a horrible secret which for years he had locked in his conscious mind. But now his conscious mind was drugged with agony and that secret was struggling to escape from his subconscious mind.

"Erich Diesel, you must do this . . . Erich Diesel, you are the hope of Germany . . ." Now his words were clear. He talked for nearly an hour, and I sat there writing down every word. Parts of his story were sheer hysterics. He relived that day, November 9, 1923, when Hitler, Ludendorff and Goering walked into the fusillade of bullets. Now he was screaming in terror; now he was whimpering like a child. Now he was commanding "You can't do this, Erich. You are betraying our dead leader."

Then the doctor arrived. He said that Johann seemed a bit better but that he couldn't tell yet. His condition was certainly critical.

"Doctor, is there any chance of his dying before he recovers consciousness?" I must have stared at him with a mad look in my eye because he glanced at me sharply. "Of course; there is every chance," he said. "You best get some sleep, son; you don't look so good yourself."

"He can't die without recovering consciousness for just five minutes." I grabbed the doctor's arm fiercely.

"Why not?"

"He has a story to tell, doctor." I guess I was almost screaming now. "He has the greatest story to tell since war was declared. Bigger than the Titanic story. Bigger than the sinking of the Lusitania. I must speak to him for five minutes before he dies."

"Is this a human being who is critically ill," the doctor said coldly, pointing at Johann's still form, "or is it a story?"

"It is a story, you fool." I was shaking him now. "It is the story of the ages. For God's sake understand, doctor. He ceased being a human being when he said things in his delirium that make me believe he has the biggest story of the century locked up in his mind. I know the story now, but I must have proof. You have to bring him back to consciousness. I'll give you anything. I'll pay you anything."

"I can't bring him back," the doctor said. "Maybe nature can. He has the worst concussion I ever saw. He has a fracture, and should be in a hospital."

"I'll shoot anyone who tries to remove him from this room. He is mine, doctor. He is my story." Actually the doctor backed away.

"Is any story worth a man's life?" he asked.

"This story is worth twenty thousand lives, doctor. And only three people know it. This man lying there, one other and myself."

The doctor gave me three pills. "Take these in water and they'll put you to sleep. You need it badly. I'll be back this afternoon."

He left. I threw the pills under the bed. Me sleep? My God, with this in my hands just dying to be written? I sat alongside Johann all that day—all the next night—and I took down every word he said. Finally I had it all. I went into another room and typed it all out. Now I had only to wait until

Continued on page 172

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A Man from Vienna

Continued from page 171

Johann regained consciousness.

I looked at what I had written and found it good. I was thinking in headlines. Barry Faris, the best news editor I ever worked for, used to say, "Think in headlines but don't give me a story that won't stand up. Don't give me a story you can't prove."

I waited. I waited without sleep, sipping brandy and coffee to keep me awake. I had to be awake when Johann recovered consciousness. Just five minutes with him and I'd have a story that would stand up.

Then suddenly he awoke. One moment he lay there helpless, inanimate, hardly human. The next his eyes were open and staring at me in bewilderment.

I was trembling and there was a roaring in my ears. I listened closely—but heard only his slow breathing. There was a new note to it now. Instead of being jerky and labored it was slow and rather faint. I watched him and panic arose in my breast. And as I watched—it stopped. It just suddenly stopped. I looked at Johann Hardtl with unbelieving eyes. Oh, but he couldn't be dead! His eyes were wide open. They looked into mine, and did I imagine it or was there a mocking gleam in them?

"Wake up, Johann!" I called sharply. There was no answer. "Wake up, you fool!" I screamed. "Wake up. You have no right to cheat me like this. Wake up." I was sobbing now. "This belongs to the world. You can't die."

Then a mist began to form, and through the mist I saw or thought I saw Johann Hardtl sit up and point to me with his right hand. I saw four fingers of that right hand point at me—the thumb was missing. I saw the livid red of that scar on his cheek burn through the mist. Then he laughed and laughed, and I lunged toward him.

It was bright daylight when I awoke. The doctor was bending over me and I saw an anxious look in his eyes.

"What has happened, doctor?" I asked, and it was an effort to speak. I felt so weak.

"Just a little crack-up you had, son," he said. "Too much work—not enough sleep—too much coffee and—maybe—just a bit too much brandy. You've had what fools call a 'nervous breakdown.' You've been in a bad way for five days."

"Five days!" I cried. "What of my friend—Brown?"

He hesitated for a moment that seemed eternity. Was he going to tell me that there had never been a "Brown," and that his whole story had been the product of a feverish mind? No, thank God!

"Brown was buried two days ago," the doctor said. "Now, you get some sleep."

"And doctor, I had some notes with me—some notes for a story I was going to write. Did you see them?"

"Yes," he said calmly, "I saw them and I burned them. Forget that story, son."

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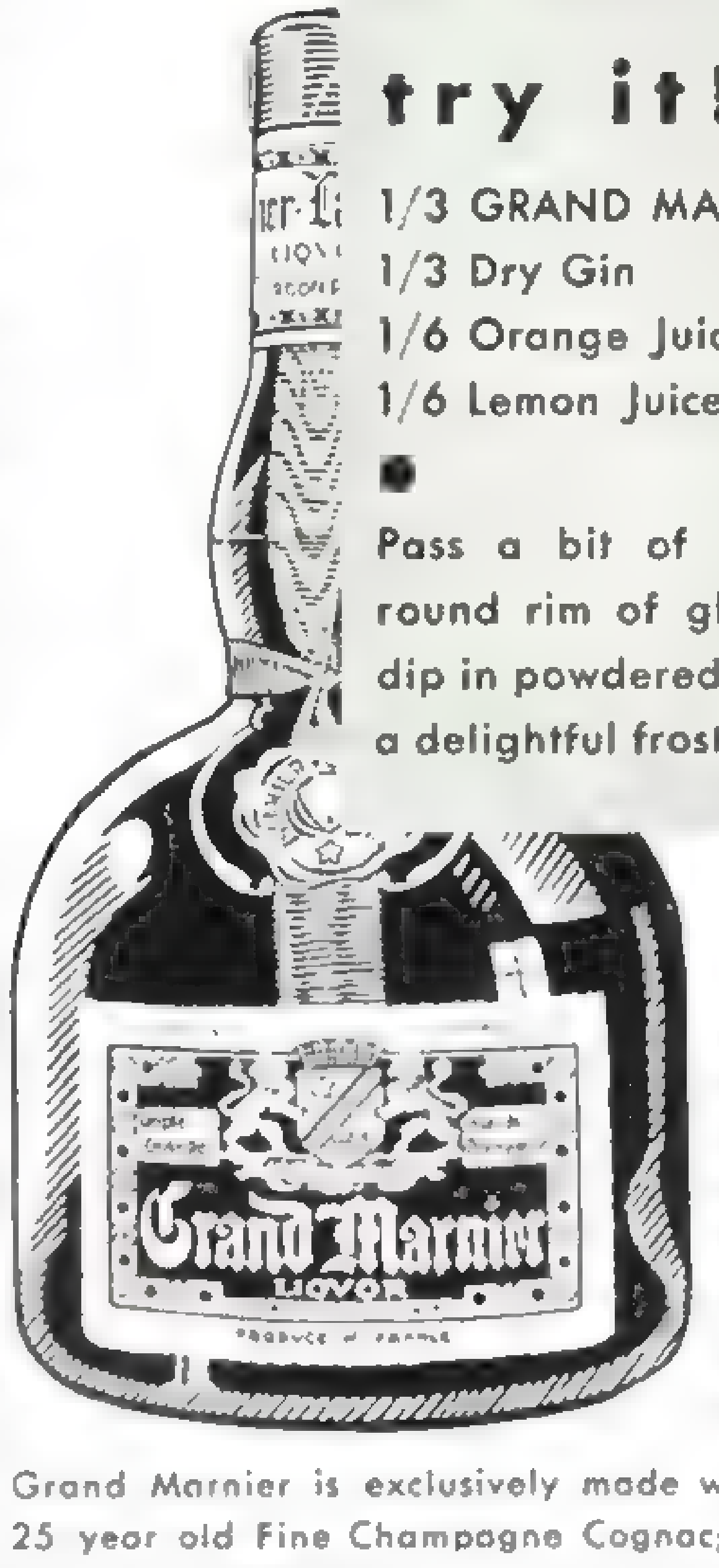

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The Listening Post

Continued from page 151

Broadway. She has a fine voice, but prefers to use it in delicate mockery of her more serious sisters.

Somehow her listeners, and particularly the men, seem to like her numbers even better than the feats of a coloratura singer.

There are the Lockharts, Gene (of "Ah, Wilderness") and Kathleen, who can satirize anything under the sun, and are both disturbingly good musicians.

Mr. Lockhart wrote the words of "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise" and teaches stage deportment at the Juilliard School of Music, so he has his serious moments.

There is Geoffrey O'Hara, composer of "K-k-k-katy," "The Wreck of the Julie Plante" and "There Is No Death" (what variety!), long a favorite with men's clubs, and able to give a good musical show to any type of audience.

There is Carl Sandburg, who sings our native folk-music to his own accompaniments on a guitar, which he tunes to suit himself, talking about his material between numbers, in utterly fascinating style. And there is Jack Niles, who does similar things with mountain and negro music, using the piano and an appealing tenor voice.

Formerly his partner was Marion Kerby, who still carries on by herself, specializing in shouts and "exaltations."

There is Larry Adler, a young man just out of his teens who, if I can believe Chicago friends, carries "a young symphony in his hip pocket" in the form of a common garden variety harmonica with which, they tell me, he is able to produce an almost orchestral effect. New York is expected to get acquainted with him this winter.

Such performers as Frank Luther and Carson Robison, with their colorful presentation of cowboy and "hill-billy" material, should be included in this list, and there are plenty of others, all offering something a little away from the beaten track, and all fairly sure to please any listener that is not predisposed to hypocrisy.

Can it be that our diminutive musical public, representing less than one per cent of the population, is growing tired of keeping up a pose that has supported the whole profession for so many years, and is beginning secretly to envy those free souls who can enjoy themselves whole-heartedly, regardless of traditions or the etiquette of the concert hall? Has the time come when great music will be tolerated only at the hands of great artists, or perhaps pursued in private by the sincere amateur, entirely for his or her own satisfaction?

There might be advantages in such a millennium. At least it would give us a fresh start, with all the past record of insincerity and faddism and musical snobbery wiped out forever.

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 128

life—mathematics—for a business career and made a financial but unsatisfying success at it. And he makes vital and cogent drama out of the numerous other dissatisfactions that arise out of this inner discontent. And then toward the close Mr. Samuel blows up completely. The end leaves you gasping, it is so anticlimactic, silly and unreal. It turns out toward the end that the hero so carefully built up as a man of superior gifts, sensibility and instincts is, after all, simply an insensitive, sadistic, revengeful and petty egomaniac. And Mr. Samuel himself never seems to realize this. Indeed, by giving the story the title he gives it, you are left with the appalling inference that the great thing in life is to escape from life altogether. His hero's escape is into the world of abstract thought. But, before doing this, he takes a particularly devilish revenge upon his wife for her misguided effort to keep his love; he sheds obligations and responsibilities he has willingly incurred, leaving many people holding the bag; and he thinks he is a great fellow who has preserved his integrity when he forswears women forever and takes up again the study of mathematics and a life of poverty. The only thing that would justify such action would be that the hero be a genius as great as Newton, Kepler or Einstein. And there is nothing in the book to indicate that the hero has any genius at all—only arrogance, vanity, conceit.

Nevertheless the novel is an impressive one, challenging the recognition of an interesting and cultivated talent. It is a most unusually good unsatisfactory book.

There have been so many wails from authors about the way their stuff has been mangled by the motion picture producers, so many complaints that Hollywood touches art only to degrade it, that I wish to cite an instance where a Hollywood scenario-writer or adapter, a director, a producer, some actors and a cameraman took a short story and made it about ten thousand times as good as the original. I refer to the motion picture, "Little Miss Marker" and the short story by Damon Runyon from which it was derived. It is an instance where an almost illiterate piece of hokum, banal, badly told, cheap, sloppy, unreal and sentimental, was made into a credible human story, touched with truth and beauty.

I had seen and liked the picture and naturally the first story I turned to in Damon Runyon's new collection of short stories, *Blue Plate Special* (Stokes, $2), was

Continued on page 175

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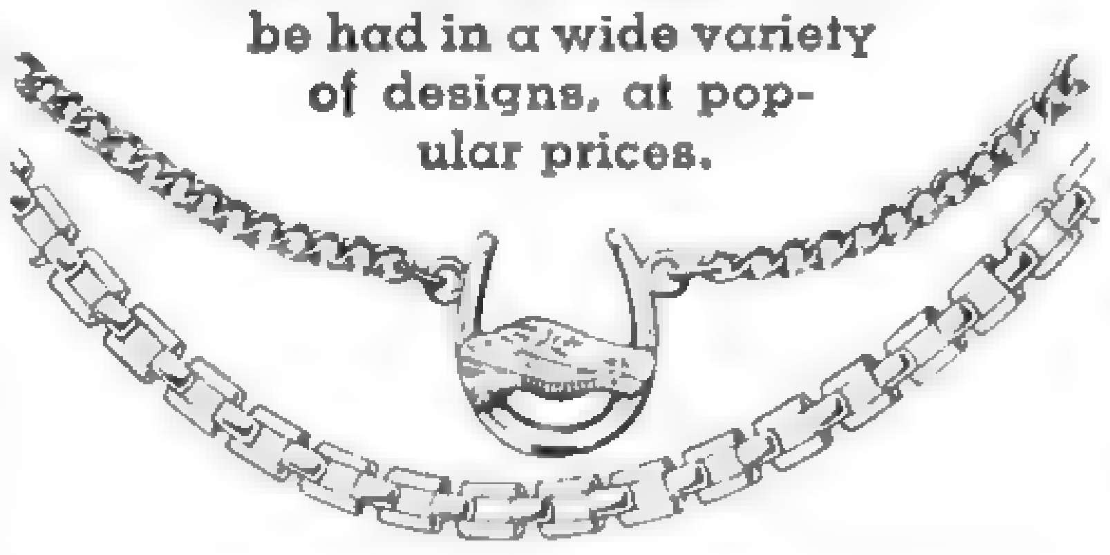

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 174

"Little Miss Marker." I read the thing with mounting incredulity. I couldn't believe that any yarn so palpably bad, so crudely synthetic could get into print these days. Everyone who knows him speaks of Damon Runyon with affection. He commands respect from the sporting fraternity as a reliable and disenchanted veteran of sports reporting. From all sides I hear that Mr. Runyon is a real guy and a swell fellow. Maybe that is why his fiction gets into some of the better-paying magazines. Maybe it is because he is "the highest salaried sports writer of his time" that editors are blinded to the obvious truth that, as a fiction writer, he can't come up to some of the anonymous, poorly paid hacks who concoct "real true life stories" for the great and gullible public. Maybe that is why Heywood Broun wrote a flattering introduction to one collection of Mr. Runyon's short stories and Walter Winchell wrote a blurb for this one. Maybe that is why some admirers have mentioned him in the same sentence with Ring Lardner.

Well, there is no doubt that Damon Runyon makes you think of Ring Lardner. You think how hard he tries to imitate Lardner and how completely he misses. Among many things, the late Ring Lardner was an extremely careful technician. If he was having a busher tell a story in his own language, he never let the busher speak out of character. He carefully differentiated between a busher's spoken language and his written language. The illiteracy of the former was the phonetic rendition of the former; the illiteracy of the busher's written language was that strange mixture of what he had been taught to write and what was natural to him. It was authentic.

As a case in point you will notice in Lardner's stories that in a busher's letters the unfamiliar words are always spelled correctly but the familiar words (i. e., the words the busher always thought he knew how to spell) would frequently be misspelled. That is because Lardner knew that his illiterate would look up or ask for the correct spelling of words he didn't use often.

In Mr. Runyon's stories the stories are supposedly in the vernacular of hard-boiled Broadwayites on the fringe of the sordid half-world of gambling, bookmaking, bootlegging, prize-fighting, and small-time vaudeville acts. Mostly their talk is in slang and Mr. Runyon's ear for it seems to be highly deficient, because his narrators tell stories in the most unholy miscegenation of authen-

Continued on page 176

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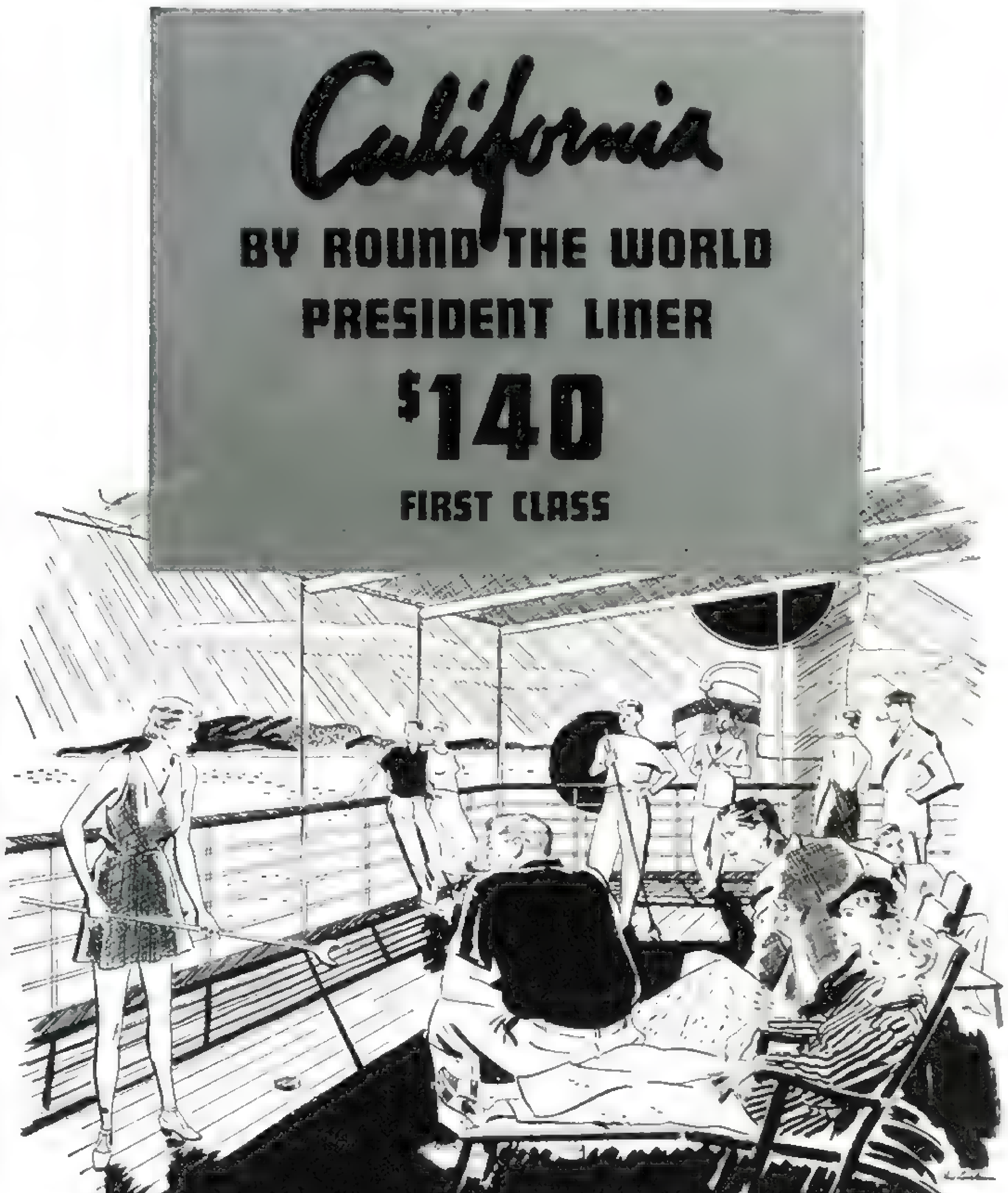

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 175

tic slang words and exemplary sentences from college textbooks on rhetoric that it is possible to imagine. Even the slang sounds phoney and when slang sounds phoney there is nothing phonier.

Mr. Runyon's stories read as though he first thought up a plot that would combine the hard-boiled and the sentimental, had written it out in an amateur manner but in correct grammar and spelling and then had gone over it and substituted "doll" for "woman," "little girl" or wherever he had used a synonym for a female of whatever age, kind or condition; "potatoes" for "money"; "citizens" for "persons," "people," "men" or "fellows"; "bladders" for "newspapers" and "a deuce" for "two dollars," arbitrarily and without reference to whether the slang word would naturally fit into the sentence or not.

The Balliols (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50) by Alec Waugh is one of those obligations the professional writing man in England nearly always thinks he has to pay an older generation once he has thoroughly got over the pastime of kicking the older generation in the slats. He recalls that, to date, he hasn't written one of those solid, well-documented novels about a large family wherein the members have lived through the momentous changes that thirty years can make in styles, customs, means of locomotion, fads, morals and finance. So he has to write such a book. *The Balliols* is Mr. Waugh's expected deference to custom: he has otherwise followed the general routine. The novel is substantial, competent and dull.

Magpie (Little, Brown & Co., $3) by Lois Vidal is as startling as Mr. Waugh's novel is conventional, as anguished and passionate as his novel is complaisant and re-assuring. It is a human document of a kind which Mr. Waugh most likely would find unrestrained and disturbing. The subtitle is "The Autobiography of a Nymph Errant" but don't imagine from this that it is one of those spicy confessional stories which pop up ever so often. This is the story of a gifted girl with a psychopathic personality who has an eagerness so great for life that she appears to have lived each day with as

Continued on page 177

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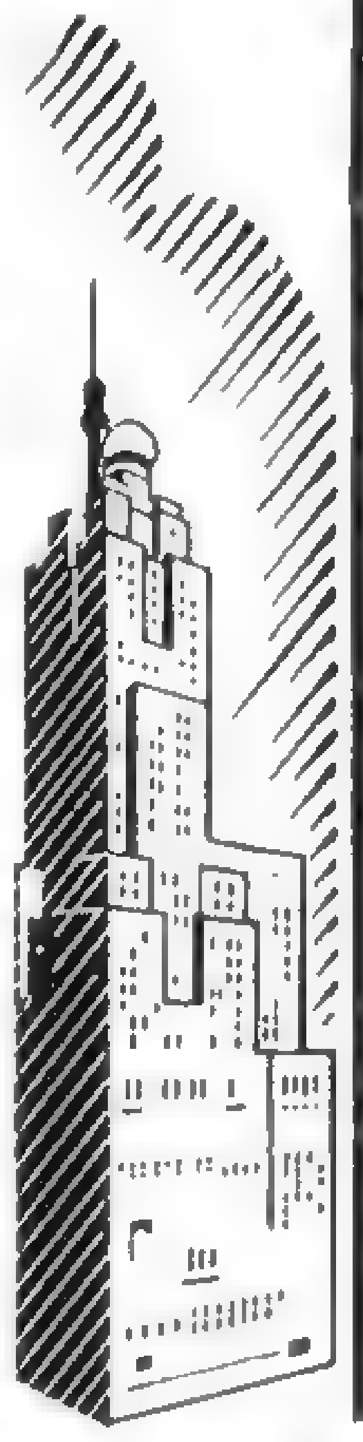

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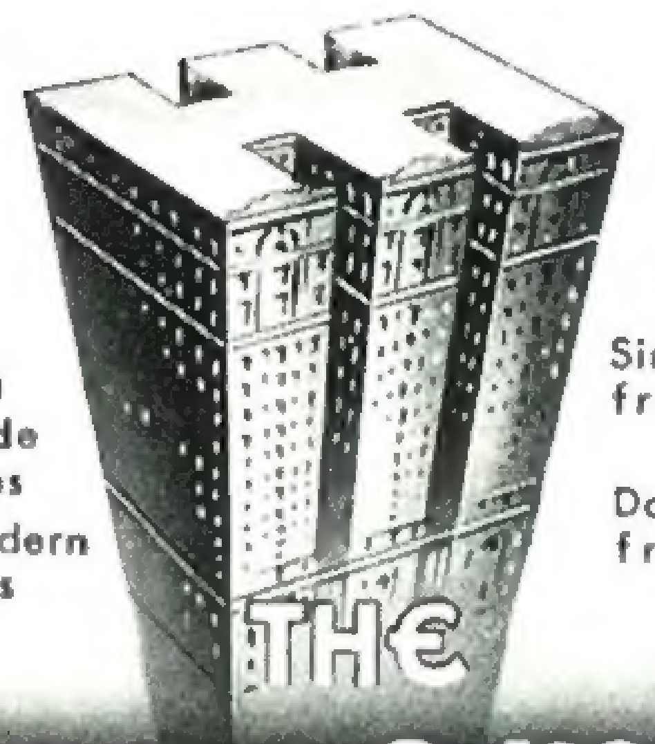

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 176

much intensity as if it were the last day she had to live. In turn she has been an infant prodigy, precocious poet, slavey, war worker, hobo, lunatic, governess, kept mistress, journalist. She has starved, slept under culverts and lived luxuriously at the expense of people she didn't know. She has gone through the ecstasies of romantic young love, taken up casually with men on a basis of sexual freedom, lived with the freedom and irresponsibility which youths desire but rarely achieve; and she has written this strange, candid, almost defiant book about it.

John Collier's *His Monkey Wife* was a fairly amusing, if distasteful satire on love and marriage and English customs, much too long and much too strained. *Defy the Foul Fiend* (Knopf, $2.50) by the same author is an attempt to be Shandyesque, featuring the bastard son ("begotten in the most casual manner imaginable"—that's a sample of the wit) of an impoverished earl as the wenching, roistering, irresponsible hero. Gets tiresome after fifteen or twenty pages. You wonder that Mr. Collier hasn't a hernia, he has strained his guts so hard to be rowdy and witty.

Brothers and Lovers (Farrar & Rinehart) by John Hampson is the story of a boy's worship of, and domination by, his older brother and how he achieved manhood and spiritual independence by marrying his slain brother's sweetheart, not for love but humbly and self-sacrificingly to legitimatize his brother's son. He actually does not achieve selfhood until he himself becomes the father of a child by the same girl. You can read the story in about an hour. It is simply and concisely told, with all the subtle psychological points brought out unobtrusively and convincingly. The publishers tout the story as akin to the work of D. H. Lawrence in "Sons and Lovers" and they are justified.

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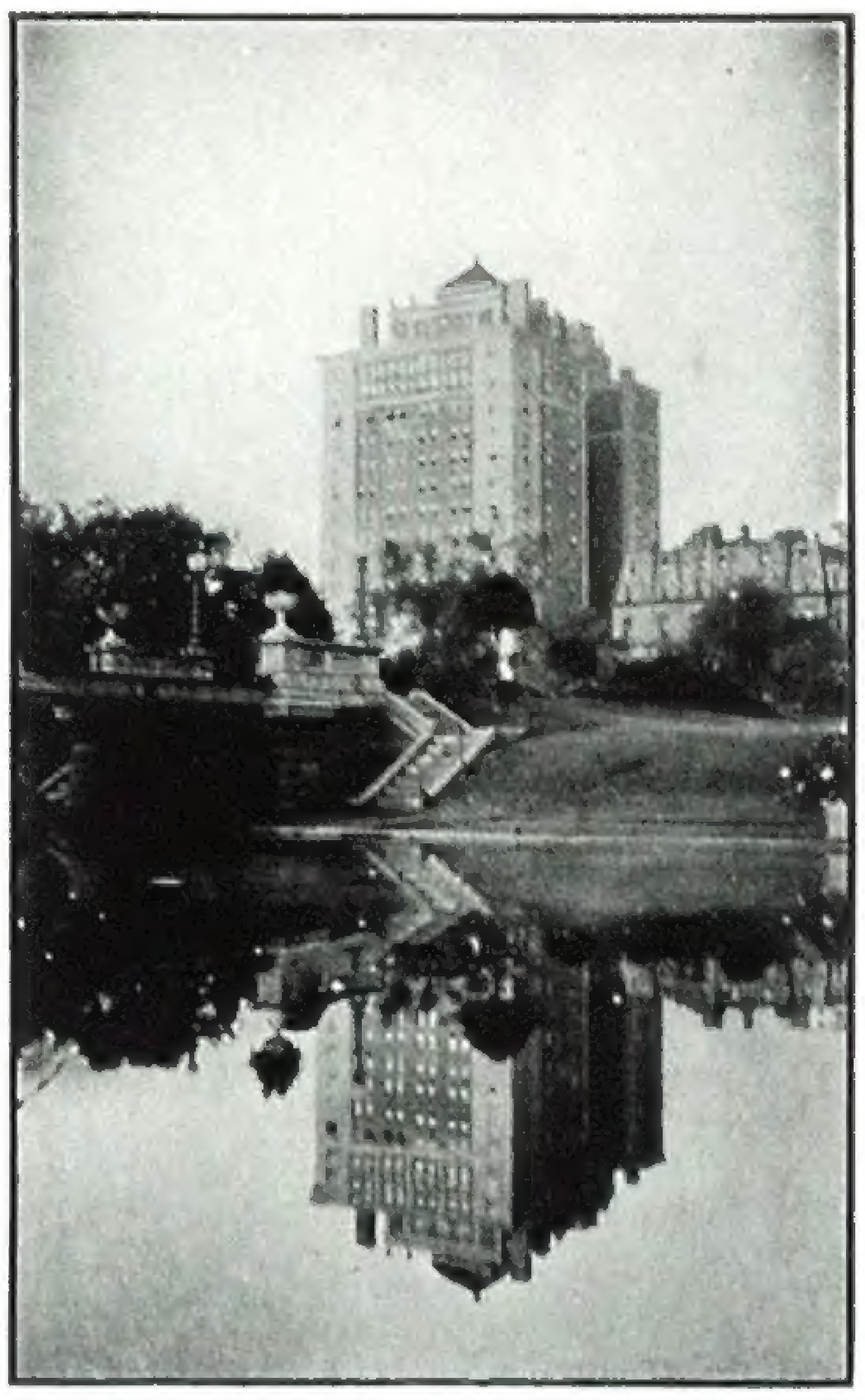

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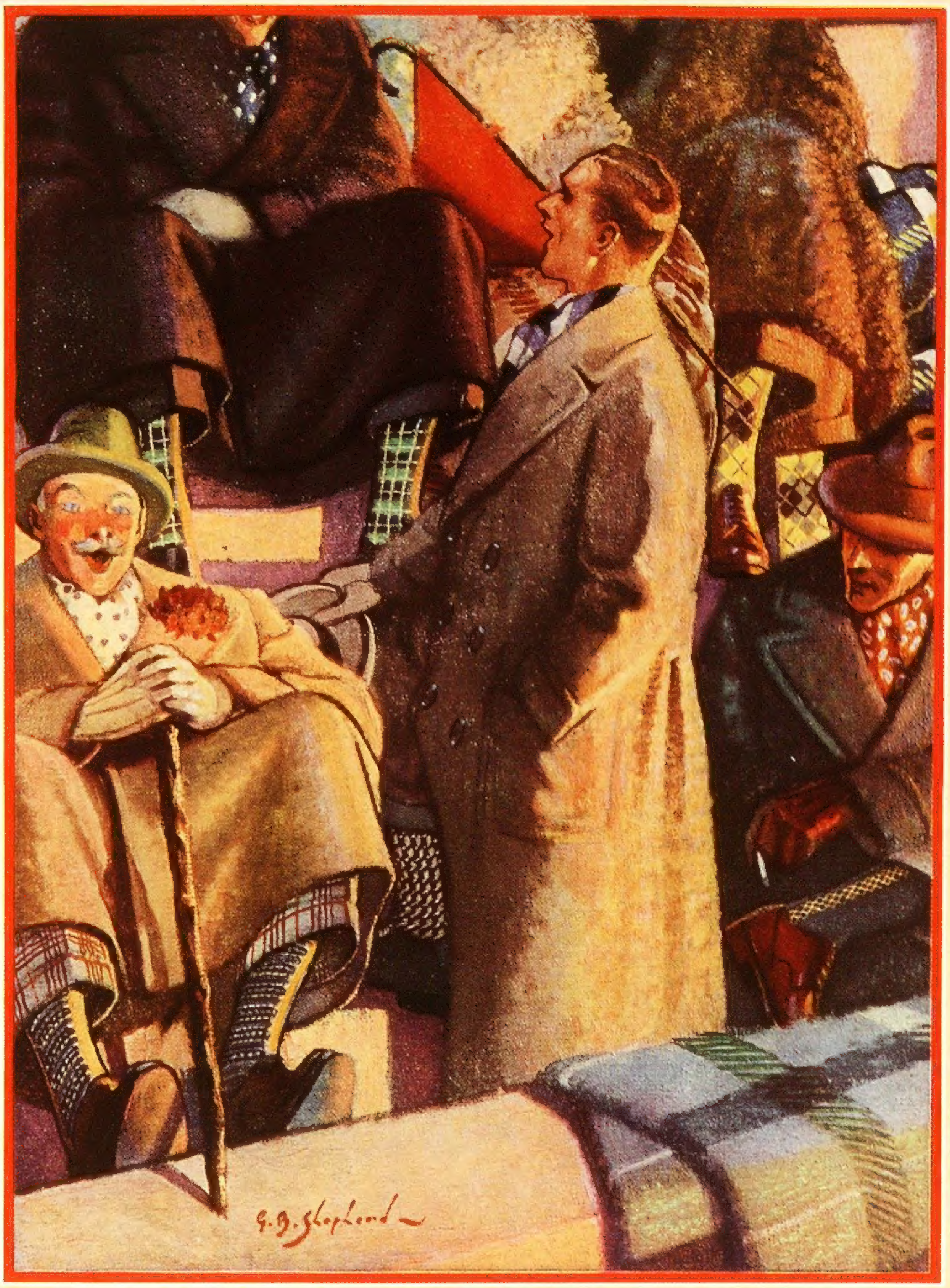

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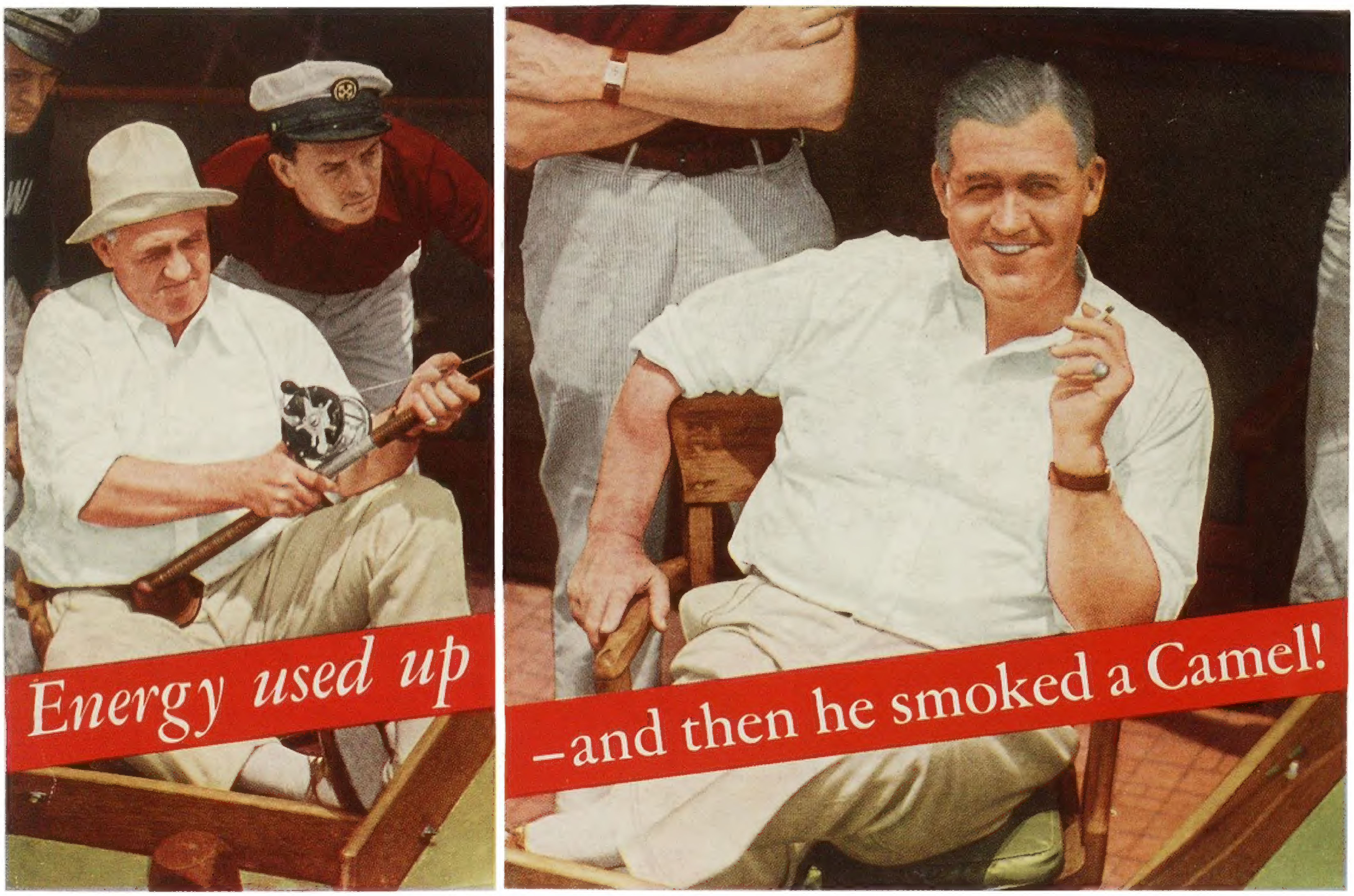
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